THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D¹ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE—MARY BRECHT PULVER—HAL G. EVARTS
JOHN SCARRY—OCTAVUS ROY COHEN—JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

Thanksgiving.

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ADLER COLLEGIAN CLOTHES

THEY KEEP YOU LOOKING YOUR BEST

The McBedwin Finish

A big, burly coat, this, with its all-around belt. Raglan sleeves emphasize the stylish fullness of the back. The extra ticket pocket on the outside of the right-hand pocket is a welcome convenience. This year's Adler Collegian Overcoats are being shown in many beautiful over-plaids, plaid-backs and other wanted weaves.

The Adler Collegian dealer in your community has the above and other new models in Overcoats and Suits at moderate prices. Have him show them to you. Smart styles for every man of 17 to 70.

"Button, button," he had *the buttons*

Once upon a time, gentlemen wore buttons by the peck. The prominent citizen shown here is arrayed in the "very latest" of 1670.

The buttons on our clothes are fewer, now, but all the more important because they are fewer.

Vegetable ivory buttons are used on all Adler Collegian suits and overcoats. Coal tar composition buttons would cost considerably less. And the coal tar article *looks* all right when new. But coal tar composition buttons are brittle and break easily, and when heated by the presser's iron they frequently soften and curl up into the most curious shapes.

So it pays to have a suit or overcoat with vegetable ivory buttons—buttons that are *not* brittle nor easily broken—buttons that are *not* affected by the heat of the pressing iron.

Then the buttons used on Adler Collegian suits and overcoats are sewed on by hand with all-linen thread, which is first double-twisted and then waxed. It would cost less to sew them on with ordinary thread by machine—but you want your buttons to stay on. The holes in the buttons we use are hand reamed so they will not cut the thread.

Buttons are only one of many examples of the great care we take in materials and in methods to make your suit fit well, look well and wear well—to make it *keep* you looking your best.

We shrink our woolens in cold water. Steam shrinking is cheaper for the manufacturer—but not for you. For your coat foundation, we use pure Irish all-linen canvas; cotton canvas can be bought at one-third the price. Every Adler Collegian seam is securely sewn with new silk thread. Costs could be cut by using old, brittle silk thread and, for the hidden seams, cotton thread. To insure the fit we attach coat collars by hand, instead of doing it in the cheap way, by machine.

You get one hundred cents' worth of value for every dollar of the moderate price you invest in Adler Collegian Clothes. For seventy-four years that has been the policy of this house.

If there's no Adler Collegian dealer in your town, we shall be glad to send you the name of one near you.

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Milwaukee, Wisconsin

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HART SCHAFFNER & MARX
MAKE THE COAT YOU WANT

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, T. B. Costain,
Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

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IN OR OUT

By ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

CARTOONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

MOST American men and women want to do what is best for the American nation and all the people in it—and also to help the remainder of the world as much as they can. So there is no sense in our being angry with one another because of difference of opinion as to the League of Nations, World Court, or, indeed, any question whatever, foreign or domestic, which arises from time to time. We should work out our problems in good temper. In this spirit let us consider some of the matters which now disturb us.

Take, first of all, the various plans for our political interference with international troubles. Should we go into foreign politics at all? That is the real question. The manner of going in is not important. Once we are in, we are in—we can depend upon that. We shall find it hard to get out after we make the plunge, no matter what style of bathing suit we wear.

Of course, Europe wants us in on any pretext. Mr. Lloyd George declared in the House of Commons that "what really matters is getting the Americans in with or without the League of Nations." And the latest English book in defense of the League, published this year, admonishes the British people that "we should do everything possible to facilitate American adhesion to the International Court and participation in such League activities as may interest her. If we can do these things it is as certain as anything can be that in three or four years at most the United States will be putting at the service of the League all the immense prestige conferred upon them by her size and power," and so on.

In the shower of vituperation poured during the first League controversy upon those who upheld the American traditional policy of political detachment from foreign broils, two epithets stuck; and they have been more effective than all pro-League arguments put together.

"Isolationists!" That word found lodgment in the public mind. "We can no longer be isolated"; "we can no longer keep inside our shell"; "we must coöperate with other peoples to prevent war, since our war with Germany proved that we shall surely be a combatant in any future conflict," and so on.

Of course, the late war proved the reverse, as I shall presently show.

Large Private Loans to Europe

BUT how are we isolated? How have we ever been isolated? We never have been and most certainly are not now isolated financially. Foreign loans assisted us in the winning of our independence from Great Britain; foreign loans helped us finance the national cause in the Civil War; foreign capital aided mightily in the economic development of the republic—the building of railways and every form of industrial enterprise. It was the heavy investment of British capital in the Bank of the United States that so gravely alarmed Jefferson, and later in our history Jackson.

To be sure, all these foreign loans and investments were faithfully and promptly paid, with interest. Those who made them profited by them financially and otherwise.

On the other hand, the prodigal generosity with which some $10,000,000,000 of the American people's money was shoveled into the hands of European governments during the late war, is the most startling exhibition of financial expenditure in all history.

Even before we ourselves drew the sword, colossal loans amounting to billions were made with the consent of our Government, although neutral; and since the Armistice several billions—a powerful, trustworthy and fervently pro-League journal estimates the total at over $4,000,000,000—has been invested abroad in the form of loans, extension of credits, purchase of government and municipal bonds, and even industrial securities, as well as tangible property.

During the present year American tourists left more than three hundred million American dollars in Europe—principally in France—and this flood of American money helped to keep the franc from sinking farther than it did. Though these travelers spent their money for their own pleasure, the effect was the same as if they had invested it abroad.

When the Japanese earthquake came, American financial generosity was as opulent as it was praiseworthy. Very many millions, all told, have been spent by the Red Cross, the Society of Friends—Quakers—and other humanitarian organizations on the feeding, clothing and medicining of destitute European countries. Even our Congress appropriated $20,000,000 for the relief of suffering Russians.

America Not Isolated Except Politically

THESE examples prove that America is not now and never has been isolated financially. So we may check off from the dread word "isolation" the monetary phase of it. Surely America has done her part financially—there are able, informed and intensely patriotic Americans who think that America has done a good deal more than her part in this respect at least. Our citizens are reminded of it every time they pay their taxes.

Are we isolated commercially? Have we ever been isolated in business matters? Of course not! Witness the tremendous volume of imports in spite of our tariff. On the other hand, although our exports are only a trifling per cent of our total business, still American goods go to every corner of the world. We sold more farm products last year than ever before in our history, and we are now exporting more foodstuffs than before the war. Ocean freight rates are so much lower than rail rates that foreign markets are brought closer to our centers of manufacture than are many sections of our own country. If we would pay as much attention to over-sea trade as our rivals have, we could easily increase our exports many fold. Every transaction on the stock exchange of Chicago or New York is known almost instantly on the bourses of every foreign commercial city, and purchases and sales are made accordingly.

So we can check off business from the word "isolation," since it is obvious that America is not isolated commercially.

It is just as plain that we are not isolated socially—that fact is even more conspicuous than the others. The social relationships of Americans with people of foreign countries are far more numerous and intimate than those existing between the citizens or subjects of other nations. International marriages—especially those of European men to American women—are so many and are so constantly increasing in number that the whole world comments upon it.

So we may check off social intercourse from the word "isolation." What then remains? In what other respect are we isolated?

We are isolated solely and exclusively in the political sense—solely and exclusively in the sense that we are not mixed up in the quarrels, intrigues, plots, ambitions and hatreds of older countries; and we should bear in mind that all these alien antagonisms and aspirations—every one of them—have

their roots deep in the soil of a distant past, deep in centuries-old racial conflicts, deep in fundamental opposing interests.

The American people do not and cannot understand any of these profound elements of the foreign situation, because without extensive and painstaking research and thorough and prolonged study, supplemented by intimate personal contact with those people, it is impossible to comprehend or even apprehend the various forces that move them.

This political aloofness is the only attitude in which America can, by any possibility, be said to be isolated. Yet is not this exactly the kind of isolation we want and ought to have for our own good? And that of the world also? Suppose we did not have this political isolation vouchsafed us by our history, our traditions and, above all, by our geographical situation on the globe; is there anything we would not give to get it?

If some miracle were to place us in Europe, instead of being 3000 miles away with one of the world's greatest oceans between us, would we not deplore the change—passionately deplore it? Yet is not that the condition, as nearly as it can be humanly brought about, in which all the schemes for our political association with Europe would place us?

Or take it the other way round: Suppose that by uttermost sacrifice any European people could exchange their situation for ours—cleansed as a people of all racial feuds, freed from historic national ambitions, cut loose from the meshes of intrigue, and transported far away to a new, fresh land teeming with natural wealth, there to work out for themselves and their children a happy destiny under their own institutions of orderly freedom—would they not give all they possess to secure that blessing? And if they could secure it, does anybody imagine that they could be induced to surrender, impair or imperil it?

Must We Join in Europe's Wars?

OF COURSE, they are not to be blamed for trying to get us to share their burdens and troubles—that is only human nature. Their diplomats could use us constantly as pawns in their never-ending national rivalries, as was done when they did get hold of us, as witness the performance at Versailles! In any case, would not the pretexts for getting money from us be multiplied in number and strengthened in plausibility? But is it sensible or prudent on our part to allow ourselves to be so used?

Would not our risk of getting into future wars be increased by surrendering our traditional American policy of political independence? We are told that we are in now up to our necks, and that we shall be drawn into future wars just as we were drawn into the late war. If this is so, it is very important—perhaps decisively important. But is it so?

After the hideous blunder—not to speak of the sheer wickedness—of the German high command in attacking us and thus forcing us into the war, does anybody imagine that any other nation hereafter at war with another nation will repeat that tragic folly? In view of our demonstrated man power, financial might, physical resources and efficiency in the use of all these elements of military strength, is it thinkable that in the future any nation in deadly conflict with another nation will repeat the insanity of the German high command?

America makes war when attacked, not otherwise. Congress, the only agency that can plunge America into war, solemnly declared that we made war on Germany because Germany had been and was making war on us.

Suppose Germany had left us strictly alone, would Congress have declared war upon her? Everybody knows that Congress would not have done so. Germany brought her defeat upon herself; and with that awful fate in the memory of all mankind—and it never will be forgotten—is it conceivable that any other nation will ever bring upon itself a similar catastrophe?

And "irreconcilables." That stuck too. There is something forbidding about that word. It implies the reprehensible. It carries the suggestion that those on whom it is branded are opposing, from unworthy motives, some noble purpose, some righteous plan.

But irreconcilable to what? Certainly not to American traditions, American interests, American institutions. On the contrary, irreconcilable to the admitted purpose to abandon American traditions; irreconcilable to the avowed plan to modify American institutions; irreconcilable to the conceded hazarding of American interests. But is not that patriotism?

The fact that this very word "irreconcilable" was stamped upon George Washington when he scorned the British offers of conciliation in 1778–9 makes that word rather stale, does it not, when used 150 years later—and especially when employed against the advocates of Washington's policy? The British urged us to end our Revolution on our own terms, excepting only separation from the British Empire. When Washington and the Continental Congress refused, blistering epithets were applied to them, the least offensive of which was this very word, "irreconcilable."

So let us have done with these and like unsavory and misleading terms and get down to the real question: Is it best for us—or the world—to scuttle our traditional American policy of political detachment from foreign controversies and engage in world politics? If it is, let us do so whole-heartedly and with good will, as becomes Americans.

As I look at it, the basic fact of American life makes it impossible—at least disastrous—for us to have any political connection whatever with old and alien peoples.

What is that basic fact of American life? It is the racial structure of our population. We Americans are not yet racially homogeneous; as yet we are racially heterogeneous.

Speaking by and large, the people of France are French; of Italy, Italian; of Germany, German; of Holland, Dutch; of Spain, Spanish; and more than 1000 years have been necessary to compound the inhabitants of England, Scotland and Wales into the British people.

But racially we Americans are everything. Moreover, no one racial group among us now outnumbers all the others. American citizenship includes millions of Italian blood, more millions of Scandinavian blood, still a larger number of Irish blood, a larger proportion of German blood, and so on. Even Belgium, the Balkans and Greece, taken together, have contributed some 2,000,000 to our variegated citizenship.

All this may be a good thing or a bad thing; but, be that as it may, our job is cut out for us. That job is to weld these diverse racial groups into an ethnological unit. It is no less an undertaking than the creation of a people, in the sense that the French, Germans, Dutch, Italians, Spanish and British are peoples.

Unifying Influences

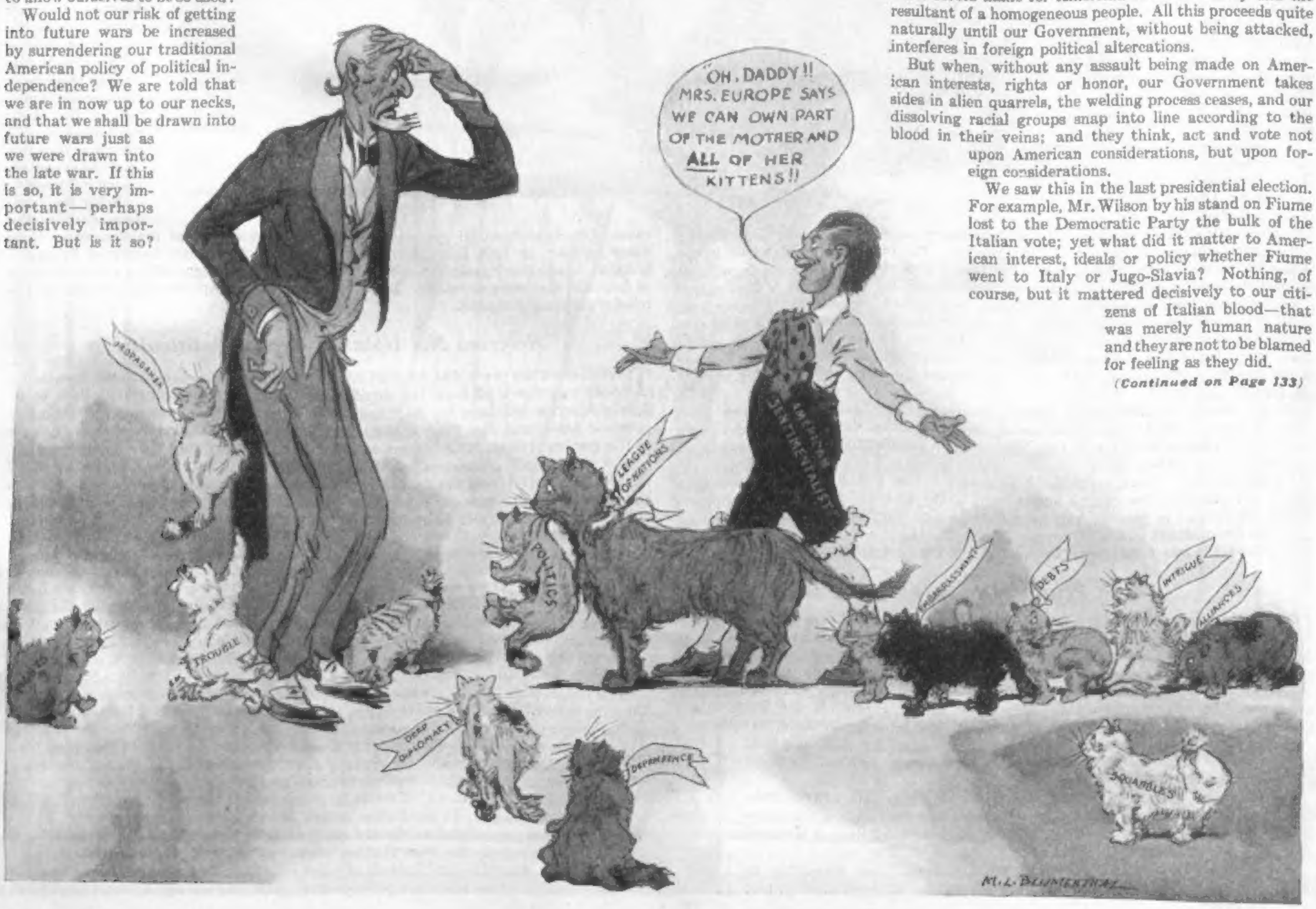
VERY well! So long as we attend exclusively to American affairs and look after American interests solely, the welding of our racial groups makes reasonable progress; in fact, it goes on rapidly in comparison with the long centuries of British amalgamation, for example. Practically all our citizens of so-called foreign blood want to be good Americans, and are good Americans and nothing but Americans, so long as America attends to her own business; and, even when she meddles with foreign quarrels, these citizens think that they are still good Americans when they take the side of the land of their origin.

Intermarriage, business intercourse, mutual interests, a single language, rapid transit, common schools and many other forces make for American racial solidarity and the resultant of a homogeneous people. All this proceeds quite naturally until our Government, without being attacked, interferes in foreign political altercations.

But when, without any assault being made on American interests, rights or honor, our Government takes sides in alien quarrels, the welding process ceases, and our dissolving racial groups snap into line according to the blood in their veins; and they think, act and vote not upon American considerations, but upon foreign considerations.

We saw this in the last presidential election. For example, Mr. Wilson by his stand on Fiume lost to the Democratic Party the bulk of the Italian vote; yet what did it matter to American interest, ideals or policy whether Fiume went to Italy or Jugo-Slavia? Nothing, of course, but it mattered decisively to our citizens of Italian blood—that was merely human nature and they are not to be blamed for feeling as they did.

(Continued on Page 133)



NOT WANTED

By Jesse Lynch Williams

And when at last they put his first-born in his strong arms and the little pink tendril-like fingers closed about his thumb a strange tenderness suffused the father's frame, and so on.

PHIL had read it in a book. But life did not come true to literature. When they put his first-born in his arms a strange nausea suffused this father's frame and he handed the warm little bundle back to his sister hastily, as if it were hot.

"Take it away," he whispered to Mary. "I might break it."

And he bolted out of the room, for the doctor said he could see Nell now. The only joy he felt was over a less vainglorious but more important matter than becoming a father. The beautiful brave mother was all right.

This young man had not wanted to become a father; not in the least. He and Junior's mother had been happy together. Now they would have to be happy apart, if at all, for whole years at a time, until Junior was big enough to stand trips to the wilds of Alaska or Africa or wherever else mining engineers had to go. Nell had always gone along until this usurper spoiled their life together. So Junior was really doing a scandalous thing, coming between husband and wife. No wonder that Phil had not wanted him.

Well, Junior's mother wanted him anyway. She wanted him terrifically, more than anything in the world except Junior's father. And as her husband wanted her to have everything she desired, why, probably it was all right. There was not much else that she had lacked.

Junior did not seem to understand that he wasn't wanted by his father, and took to Phil from the first. "All babies do," said the jealous young aunt. "It's a great gift and it's wasted on a man." Mary was a maiden, but she had hopes.

"He's so big and so kind," said the contented mother. "Children, dogs and old ladies always adore Phil."

With Junior it was clearly a case of love at first sight, and he did not act as if he were a victim of unrequited affection. For example, unlike a woman scorned, he had no fury for his father at all except when Phil left the room. Then he howled. His father could soothe him when even his mother failed, and Junior would settle down into Phil's arms with a sigh of voluptuous satisfaction, quite as if he belonged there; and, of course, he did. That was the dismaying part about it to his father, who scowled and looked bored. This made the young mother laugh; and that in turn made Junior laugh, too, and look down at her from the eminence of his father's arms, as if trying to wink and say "Rather a joke on the old man."

"I suppose I've got to do this all my life," said Phil.

"All your life," said Nell, rubbing it in; "but after a while you'll like it."

She had great faith in her son's charm.

Junior was five years old when his father came back from the Alaska project. He could not remember having met this grown-up before, but he might have said "I have heard so much about you." His mother had told him. For example, his father was the best and bravest man in the world. Also, according to the same reliable authority, he loved Junior and his mother enormously and equally. He was far away, getting bread and butter for them. A wonderful person, a great big man, six feet two inches "and well proportioned," and such an honorable gentleman that—well, that was the only reason he was not coming home with a huge fortune, she explained. But at any rate he was coming home at last, and would be awfully glad to see what a big boy Junior had become.

He was, but Phil had always been rather shy with strangers, and he did not pay so much attention to his namesake as Junior had been led to expect. You see, everyone in this tyrant's kingdom worshiped him, and Junior assumed that his father would follow conventions. For every night before he went to sleep his father's name had invariably been mentioned first in the list of people and animals and playthings that loved him.

Junior, though quite small, was a great lover, and much given to kissing. On momentous occasions, such as the start for the picnic the day after his father's arrival, Junior manifested his excitement by hugging and kissing everybody in sight, including the dogs. It was his earliest form of self-expression. His father, as it happened, was absorbed in packing the tea basket and had never been accustomed to being kissed while packing in camp. Besides, Junior had been helping his mother prepare the luncheon. That is, he had taken a hand in the distribution of guava jelly, and there was just one hardship in the life of this immaculate mining engineer he could never endure—sticky fingers. But Junior had not yet learned that, and so, taking advantage of his father's kneeling posture, he tackled him around the neck and indulged in passionate oeculation.

"Call your child off," said Phil to Nell. She laughed.

"Come, precious, don't bore your father."

Junior did not know what that new word "bore" meant, but he released his father and transferred his demonstration to his mother. She never seemed to get too much and did not object to sweet fingers.

"Mamma," said Junior as they started off in the car, "I don't believe that man in front likes me."

"He adores you, darling; he's your father."

Well, it sounded reasonable, but he remembered the new word. That evening when they came home the dogs, not having been allowed to go on the picnic, thought it was their turn and jumped up on Phil with muddy paws. Junior took command of the situation and of the new word.

"Down, Rex!" he said to the sentimental setter. "Don't bore my father." And he pulled Rex away by the tail.

At bedtime, when the nurse came to bear him off, he raised his arms to Phil.

"Can I bore you now?"

Phil laughed and kissed him good night.

"Funny little cuss, isn't he?" said Phil.

"He's a very unusual child," said this very unusual mother.

"Unusually ugly, you mean."

But he couldn't get a rise out of Nell.

"Oh, you'll learn to appreciate him yet."

Shortly before Phil left for his next trip the paternal passion had its way with this reserved father, for once. Some little street boys, as they were technically classified by the nurse, had been ordered off the drive by Junior, who was playing out there alone. They did not like his aristocratic manner and rolled him in the mud. They were pommeling him in spite of his protests, when Phil heard the outcry and, getting a glimpse of the unequal contest from the library window, gave forth a shout that made the intruders take to their heels, the infuriated father after them.

As he raced down the drive he saw the wide-eyed animal terror on his child's face and it aroused within him an animal emotion of another kind, one he had never felt before, though he had often seen it exhibited by wild beasts—usually the mothers. It was a lust to destroy those two little boys, to render them extinct. He might have done so too; but fortunately they had a good start, and by the time he caught up with them civilization caught up with him sufficiently to make him realize what century he was living in. So, with a few vigorous cuffs and an angry warning, he hastened back to his bleating offspring, recognizing with astonishment and some alarm how near blind parental rage can bring a man to murder.

Junior was not so much damaged as his white clothes were, but his childish terror was pitiful. He rushed into his father's arms and clung, quivering. Phil held him close.

"There, there, it's all right now. I won't let anybody hurt you."

Without realizing it, this fastidious father was kissing an extremely dirty face again and again. Junior, still sobbing convulsively, clung closer.

"You'll always be on my side, won't you, father?"

"You bet I will!" said Phil. "You're my own darling little boy."

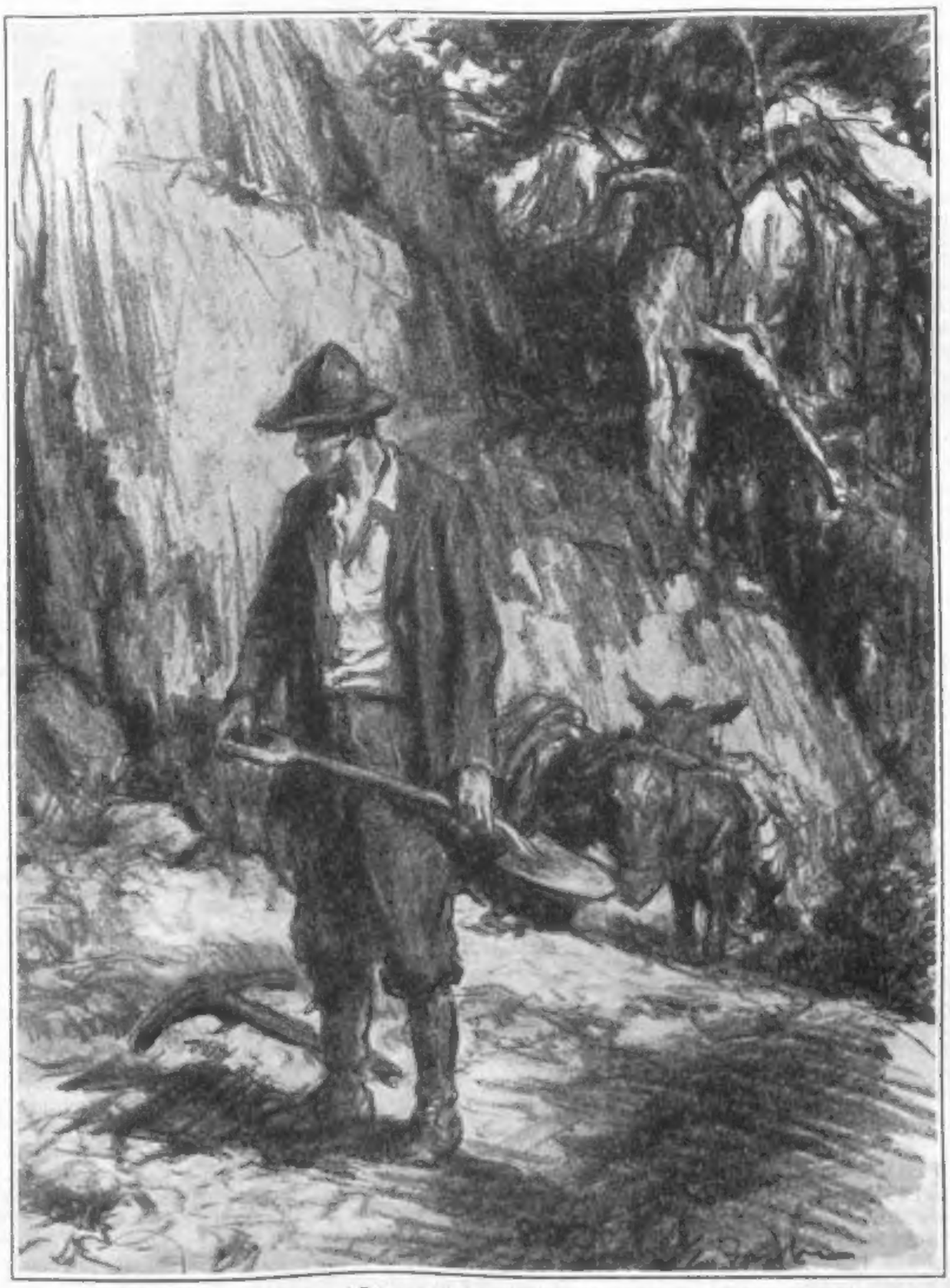
He had had no intention of saying things quite like that, and didn't know that he could; but it sounded all right to Junior. This moment was to be one of those vivid recollections that last through a lifetime.

With a final long-drawn sigh of complete and passionate comfort, the small boy looked up into the big man's face and smiled.

"You love me now, don't you, father?" he said.

"You bet I love you!"

The boy had got him at last. But perhaps Junior presumed upon this new privilege. The next morning he awoke with a bad dream about those street boys, and as soon as the nurse permitted he rushed in to be reassured by his big father. Phil was preoccupied with shaving and



His Father Was the Best and Bravest Man in the World. He Was Far Away, Getting Bread and Butter for Them

did not know about the bad dream. Junior tried to climb up Phil's legs.

"That will do," said his father in imminent peril of cutting his chin; "get down. Get down, I tell you. Oh, Nell!"—she was in the next room—"make your child quit picking on me."

"Come to me, dearest. Mustn't bother father when he's shaving."

Junior wasn't piqued but he was puzzled.

"But I thought he loved me; he told me he loved me," he called out. "Didn't you tell me you loved me, father?"

Phil laughed to cover his embarrassment. He had not reckoned on Junior's giving him away to Nell, and knew that she was triumphing over him now, in silence.

"Your father never loves anybody before breakfast," said Junior's mother, smiling as she covered him with kisses.

Apparently fathers could never be like mothers.

Nell knew it was a risk, but she wanted to be with Phil as much as he wanted to be with her—the old life together they both loved. So they decided that Junior was big enough now to stand the trip to Mongolia. It was a great mistake. Before they had crossed Russia all of them regretted it—except Junior. He was having a grand time. At present he was working his way back from the door of the railway compartment to the window again, and for the third time was stepping upon his father's feet. Phil had had a bad time with the custom officials, a bad time with the milk boxes and a bad night's sleep. His temper broke under the strain.

"Oh, children are a damn nuisance," he growled.

"Come, dear, look at these funny houses out of the window," said Junior's mother. "Aren't they funny houses?"

That night when she was putting him to sleep with the recital of those who loved him, Junior inquired, "Mamma, what is a damn nuisance?"

"A damn nuisance," said his mother, "is a perfect darling."

All the same he had learned that he must avoid stepping on his father's freshly polished boots. One more item added to the list. Mustn't touch him with sticky hands, mustn't play with his pipes, mustn't make a noise when he takes his nap on the train—so many things to remember, such a small head to keep them all in.

There was no more milk. There was very little proper food of any kind for Junior in the camp, although Phil sent a small-sized expedition away over the divide for the purpose. The boy became ill. Phil ordered a special train to bring a famous physician. He even neglected his work on the boy's account, something unprecedented for Phil. But this was no place for children. The boy would have to go home. That meant that his mother would too. . . . All the beautiful dream of being together spoiled.

"I'm going back to America because I am a damn nuisance to my father," Junior announced to Phil's assistant.

Phil neglected his work again and went with them as far as the border. "But you do love him," said Nell; "you know you do. You'd give up your life for him."

"Naturally. All I object to is giving up my wife for him."

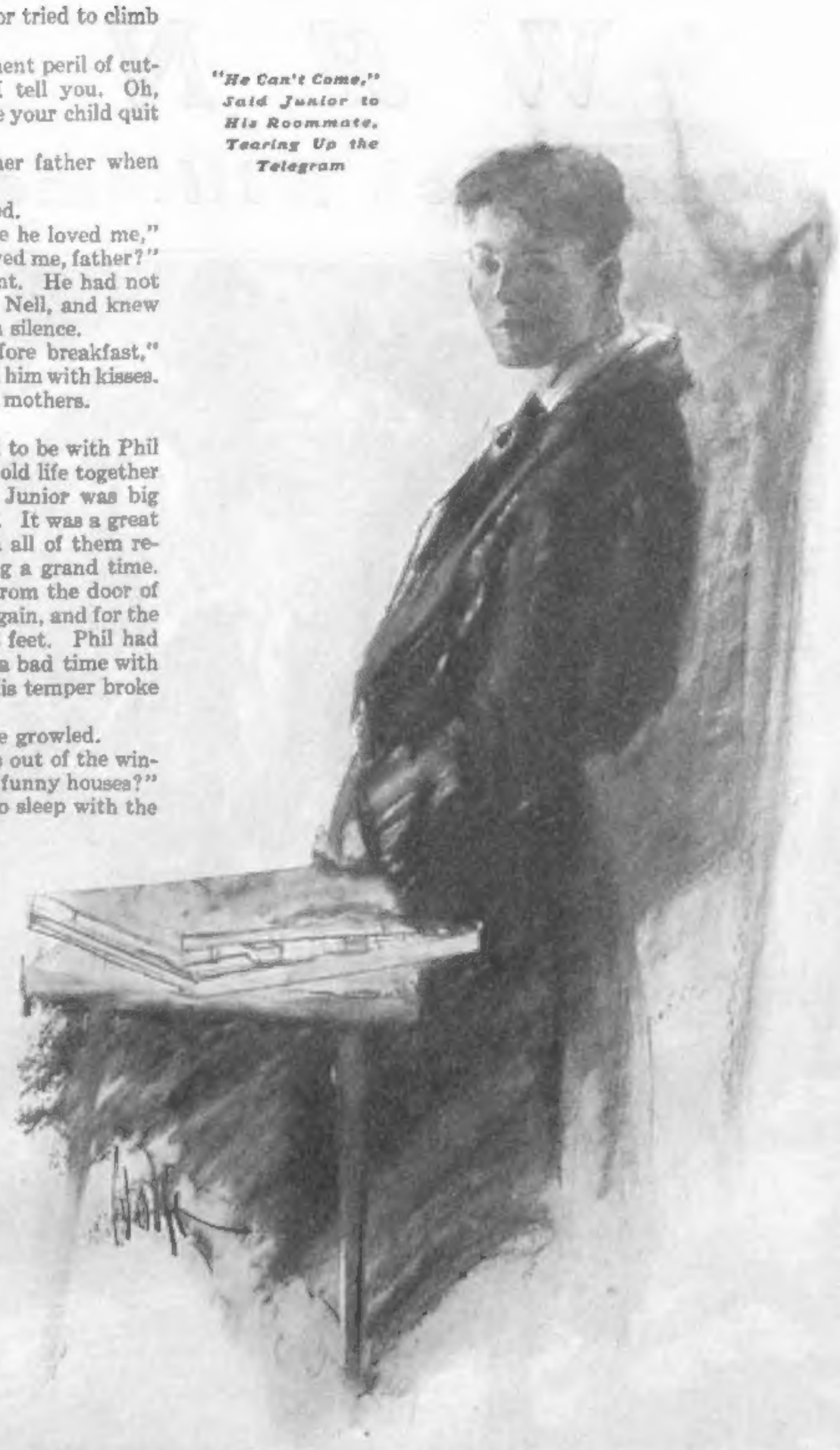
But Phil's last look was at the poor little sickly boy. He wondered if he would ever see him again. He did. But he never saw his wife again.

It was too late to do anything about it. His assistant, who had seen these married lovers together, marveled at the way his silent chief went about the day's work until his responsibility to the syndicate was discharged. Then he marveled more when just as the opportunity of a professional lifetime came to Phil he threw up his job and started for home.

He meant to stay there. He would get into the office end of the work and devote the rest of his life to Nell's boy. That was his job now. Previously he had left it to her—too much so. The brave girl! Never a whine in all the blessed years of their marriage. The child until now had seemed merely to belong to him, a luxury he did not particularly want. Now he belonged to the child, a necessity, and being needed made Phil want him. But the Great War postponed this plan.

So Junior continued to live with his devoted Aunt Mary. She cherished his belief in Phil's perfection, but she could not understand why her busy brother never wrote to his adoring little son. But for that matter, Phil never wrote to his adoring little sister. He never wrote letters at all, except on business. He sent telegrams and cables—long expensive ones.

On the memorable day when father and son were reunited at last an unwelcome shyness came upon them and fastened itself there like a bad habit. Neither knew how to break it. Each looked at the other wistfully with eyes that were veiled.



"He Can't Come," Said Junior to His Roommate, Tearing Up the Telegram

Junior was more proud of his wonderful father now than ever. Phil had a scar on his chin. The boy was keen to hear all about it. His father did not seem inclined to talk of that, and Junior had a precocious fear of boring him. He had made up his mind never to be a damn nuisance to his father again. He had long since discovered the meaning of those words.

Phil soon became restless and discontented with office work. He had done the other thing too long and too well to enjoy civilization for more than a month or so at a time, and the financial crowd infuriated him. He was interested in mining problems. They were interested in mining profits.

Owing to changes wrought by the war another great opportunity had arisen in a part of the world Phil knew better than any other member of his profession. "It's a man's job," they told him, "and you're the only one who could swing it."

Phil shook his head. "Not fair to the boy."

"But with the contract we're prepared to offer you, why, your boy will be on Easy Street all his life."

That got him. "Just once more," thought Phil. "I'll clean up on this and then retire to the country—make a real home for him—dogs and horses. I'll teach him to shoot and fish. That ought to bring us together."

So Junior's father was arranging to go away again. He told the boy about the plan for the future. "And we'll spend a lot of time in the woods together," said Phil. "I'll make a good camper of you. Your mother was a good camper." This comforted the silent little fellow and he did not let the tears come until after Phil's back was turned.

Meanwhile Phil had been going into the school question with the same thoroughness he devoted to every other job he undertook.

And now the epochal time had come for Junior to go away to boarding school. He was rather young for it, but Aunt Mary, it seems, was going to be married at last.

She volunteered to accompany the boy on the journey and see him through the first day. His father was very busy, of course, with preparations for his much longer and more important journey. Junior had always been fond of Aunt Mary, had transferred to her a little of the passionate devotion that had belonged to his mother. Only a little. The rest was all for his father, though Phil did not know it, and sometimes watched these two together with hungry eyes, wondering how they laughed and loved so comfortably.

On the evening before the great day his father said, "I know several of the masters up there." A little later he added, "One of the housemasters was a classmate of mine at college." Then he said, "I've been thinking it over. Maybe I better go up there with you myself."

"Oh, if you only would!" thought the little fellow. But he considered himself a big fellow now and had learned to repress such impulses, just as he and the dogs had learned not to jump up and kiss Phil's face. So all Junior said was, "That's awfully kind of you, but can you spare the time?" He always became self-conscious in his father's presence.

"You'd rather have your Aunt Mary? Well, of course, that's all right."

"No, but"—Junior dropped his eyes and raised them again—"sure I won't be a nuisance to you?"

Phil had forgotten the association of that word. All he saw was that the boy wanted him more than he did Mary and it pleased him tremendously. "Then that's all fixed," he said.

The housemaster was of the hearty pseudo-slangy sort. He said to Junior's father, "Skinny little cuss, isn't he? Well, we'll soon build him up."

"Aleck, I want you to take good care of this fellow," said Phil. "He's all I've got, you know."

"Oh, I'll keep a strict eye on him, and if he gets fresh I'll bat him over the head."

Junior knew that he was supposed to smile at this and did so. He did not feel much like smiling. He discovered that he was to be in the housemaster's house. He did not believe that he would ever like this Mr. Fielding, but he did in time.

As it came nearer and nearer his father's train time the terrible sinking feeling became worse, and he was afraid that he might cry after all; and that would disgrace his father. They walked down to the station together. They walked slowly. They would not see each other again for a year—maybe two. Both were thinking about it, neither referring to it. "I suppose that's the golf links over there?" said Junior.

"I suppose so," said Phil. He hadn't looked.

There were a number of fathers and a greater number of mothers saying good-by. Some of the mothers were crying, all of them were kissing their boys. Even some of the fathers did that. Junior and Phil saw it. They glanced at each other and then away again, both wondering whether it would be done by them; each hoping so, yet fearing it wouldn't be. Phil remembered how when he was a youngster he hated to be kissed before the other boys. He did not want to mortify the manly little fellow; and the boy knew better than to begin such things. ("Don't bore your father.")

"Well," said Phil, looking at his watch, "I suppose I might as well get on the train." Then he laughed as though that were funny. "Good-by," he said. "Work hard and you'll have a good time here. Good-by, Junior." The father held out his hand.

The son shook it. "Good-by, father. I'll bet you have a great trip in the mountains." And Junior laughed too. The train pulled out, and the forlorn little boy was alone now. Worse. Surrounded by strangers.

"Well, I didn't mortify him, anyway," said the father.

"Well, I didn't cry before him, anyway," said the son. But he was doing it now.

The veil between them was not yet lifted.

Junior had a roommate named Black. So he was called Blackie. Blackie had a nice mother who used to come to see him frequently. Junior took considerable interest in mothers, observed them closely when even the most observant of them were quite unaware of it. He approved of his roommate's mother, despite her telling Blackie not to forget his rubbers, dear. Blackie glanced at Junior to see if he was listening. Junior pretended that he wasn't.

"Aren't mothers queer?" said Blackie after she had gone.

"Sure," said Junior.

"Always worrying about you. You know how it is."

"Sure."

"I bet your mother's the same way."

Junior hesitated. "My mother's dead," he said. "Bet I can beat you to the gate." They raced and Junior beat him.

But he soon perceived that he would never make an athlete, and so he was a nonentity all through the early part

of his school career, one of the little fellows in the lower form, thin legs and squeaky voice.

The things on the walls of Junior's room—spears, arrows, shields and an antelope head—first drew attention to Junior's only distinction. That was why he had put them there.

"Oh, that's nothing," he said with some arrogance, after the expected admiration and curiosity had been elicited. "You just ought to see my father's collection." And this gave Junior his chance to tell about the collector. "These things—only some junk he didn't want and sent to me."

This was not strictly true. His father had not sent them. Junior had begged them from his aunt, and she was glad to get them out of her new house. They did not go in any of her rooms. It was soon spread about the school, as Junior knew it would be, that this skinny little fellow in the lower form had a father who was worth while, a dare-devil who led expeditions to distant and dangerous lands and seldom lived at home. He had killed his man, it seems, had nearly lost his life from an attack by a hostile tribe in Africa. He became a romantic, somewhat mythical figure.

"When my old man was in college," said Smithy, also a lower-form boy and envious of Junior's vicarious fame, "he made the football team."

"My father was the captain of his eleven," said Junior.

"My father was in the war," said Smithy.

"Mine was wounded."

But he soon observed that one could not boast too openly about one's father. Smithy made that mistake about the family possessions—yachts and the like. He was squelched by an upper-form boy. Junior became subtle. He caused questions to be asked and answered them reluctantly, it seemed.

Many of the boys had photographs of fathers in khaki. Junior went them one better. After the Christmas holidays the crowded mantelpiece included an old faded kodak of Phil in a tropical explorer's costume—white helmet, rifle, binoculars, cartridge belt. It had been taken as a joke by one of his engineer associates in Africa but it was taken seriously by Junior and his associates in school.

"Where is the scar from the African spear-thrust?" asked Smithy.

"It doesn't show in the picture," said Junior, "but he often lets me see it. He and I always go fishing together in the North Woods when he's in this country. Long canoe trips. I enjoy camping with him because he's had a pretty good deal of experience at that sort of thing."

Junior established a very interesting personality for Phil.

"Gee! I wish my father was like that," said one of the boys. "My old man always gives me hell."

One day during the second year Blackie said, "June, why doesn't your father ever come here to see you?"

"Oh, he's so seldom in this country, and he's terribly busy when he gets here. Barely has time to jump from one large undertaking to another." He had heard Aunt Mary's husband say "large undertaking."

"Well, some of the fellows think you're just bluffing about your father."

"Huh! They're jealous. Look at Smithy's father. Nothing but money and fat. Huh!"

Then came the great day when a wireless arrived for Junior. Very few boys get messages from their fathers by wireless. "Land Friday," it said. "Coming to see you Saturday." Ah! That would show them!

Junior jumped into a sort of first-page prominence in the news of the day. He let some of his friends see the wireless. And now all of them would see his father on Saturday. That was the day of the game. Junior would have a chance to exhibit him before the whole school. "Six feet two and well proportioned." "Captain of his team in college." He planned it all out carefully. They would arrive late at the game and Junior would lead him down the line. But he would do it with a matter-of-fact manner as if used to going to games with his father.

On Friday he received a telegram. "Sorry can't make it stop am wiring headmaster permission spend week-end with me stop meet at office lunch time stop go to ball game and theater in the evening." It was a straight telegram at that, not a night letter. That would show the boys what kind of father he had.

"Hot dog!" they said. "But look here! You'll miss the game."

"The game" meant the great school game, of course, not the mere world-series event Junior was going to.

"Well, you see, he doesn't have many chances to be with me. I'll have to go." A dutiful son.

But on Saturday morning he received another telegram. "Sorry must postpone our spree together letter follows."

He was beginning to wonder if his father really wanted to see him. It was a great jolt to his pride. He had counted upon letting the boys know where they lunched, what play they saw together, and perhaps there might be a few hairbreadth escapes to relate.

"He can't come," said Junior to his roommate, tearing up the telegram.

"Why can't he?" asked Blackie. Did Blackie suspect anything? His parents never let anything prevent their seeing Blackie.

"Invited to the White House," said Junior, tossing the torn telegram into the fire. "The President wants to consult him about conditions in Siberia."

"Gee!" This made a sensation and it would spread. "But aren't you going to see him at all?"

"Of course. Going down next week probably, but you know an invitation to the White House is a command."

"That's so." Junior's father's stock was soaring.

That evening Smithy dropped in. He had heard about the White House and the President.

"Huh! I don't believe you've got a father," said Smithy.

Junior only smiled and glanced at his roommate. Later Blackie told the others that Smithy was jealous. "His father has nothing but money and fat." Junior was always too much for Smithy. But suppose the promised letter did not follow. It hardly seemed possible. He had received occasional cables, several telegrams and that one notable wireless, but never in all his life a letter from his father.

It came promptly. It was brief and it was dictated, but it was a letter all the same, and he was much impressed. He had a letter from his father, like other fellows. It explained that the writer had been called away to New Mexico by important business, but that he hoped to join his son during the summer. "It's time we got acquainted. With much love, Your Father."

"Well, we're going to meet during the summer anyway," thought Junior, folding up the letter. And his father had sent his love. To be sure, he sent it through his secretary. But he sent it all the same.

That evening Junior arranged to be found casually reading a letter when the gang dropped in.

"What have you got?" asked Smithy.

"Oh, just a letter from my father," remarked Junior casually. "Wants to know if I won't go out to the Canadian Rockies with him next summer." He seemed to keep on reading. It was a bulky letter apparently. Junior had attached three blank sheets of paper of the same size as that on which the note was written.

"Gee! Your old man writes you long ones," said Smithy. "What's it all about?"

"Oh, he merely wanted to tell me about his conference with the President."

"Hot dog! Read it aloud."

"Sorry, Smithy, but it's confidential." Folded in such a way that its brevity was concealed, Junior carelessly exposed the first sheet bearing his father's engraved letterhead. "Confidential" had been written by pen across the top. Junior had written it.

All this produced the calculated effect for his father, but it was cold comfort for the son.

Well, he did see his father at last, but it was during the summer vacation, and the boys would know nothing about it until the fall term opened. Junior was staying with Aunt Mary in the country, and came in for the day. Phil was dictating letters and jumped up with a loud "Hello, there, hello!" And this time he kissed his son, right in front of his secretary. She was the only one of the three not startled. Phil and Junior both blushed.

"Mrs. Allison, this is Junior," said Phil. He seemed to be really glad to see the boy, and Junior's heart was thumping. Mrs. Allison said "Pleased to meet you," but Junior liked her all the same. She looked kind. And while her employer finished his dictation she glanced at Junior and smiled. The letter progressed slowly and had to be changed twice. Mrs. Allison knew why, and smiled again, at her pencil this time. She understood them both better than they understood each other.

"Thank you, Mrs. Allison," Phil said; "that will be all today. I'm too tired." She knew he never tired. "I'll sign them after lunch and mail them myself." Then he turned to Junior. "Now you and I are going out to have a grand old time together, eh what, old top?"

He slapped Junior on the back. Then Mrs. Allison left the room, and father and son were alone together. It frightened them.

Already the old clamping habit of reserve was trying to have its way with them, though each was determined to prevent it. Both of them laughed and said "Well, well!" hoping to bluff it off.

"First, let's have a look at you," said Phil; and he playfully dragged Junior toward the window. The boy's laughter suddenly died, and Phil now had a disquieting sense of making an ass of himself in his son's eyes. But that was not it. Junior dreaded the strong light of the window. With his changing voice had arrived a few not very conspicuous pimples; such little ones, but they distressed him enormously.

"Well, feel as if you could eat something?"

"Yes, thank you," said Junior. He feared it sounded cold and formal. He couldn't help it.

They went to a club on the top of a high office building. Junior's name was written in the guest book, which awed him agreeably. A large, luxurious luncheon was outlined by Phil, beginning with a cantaloupe and ending with ice cream—a double portion for Junior. This was first submitted to Junior for approval. He had forgotten his facial blemishes.

"Golly! You bet I approve," said Junior laughing. That was more like it.

Phil summoned a waiter and then sent for the head waiter. A great man, his father, not afraid even of head waiters. And he ordered with the air of one who knew. No wonder the waiters seemed honored to serve him. Only, how was one to "get this over" to the boys without seeming to boast?

"A little fish, sir, after the melon?"

"Yes, if you'll bring some not on the menu." That was puzzling. Phil explained. Fish which had arrived at the club after the menu had been printed was sure to be fresh.

"Oh, I see," said Junior. This would make a hit with the boys.

There was no doubt about it, his handsome father was the most

(Continued on Page 138)

"Come, Precious, Don't Bore Your Father"

SPRUCE JUNGLES

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

The Bird Called a Derisive Farewell as it Took Wing, and Matsee First Came to Associate Sound With Meat

WOODMEN though they were, and versed as to the ways of the fish that swam in the streams, the creatures that traveled on land and the birds that winged through the air, no Bannock had ever looked upon the nest or the young of the blue-gray jays of the hills. They knew, of course, having caught many martens, that the fur of that animal ranged through all shades of brown, from deepest chestnut to pale fawn, and that an occasional individual wore a coal-black pelt, while still others had been taken with fur as white as the snowdrifts.

There was the legend, handed straight down from Manito, who knew all things, that once, many moons ago, when the hills were young, a marten had been born with a pelt of gold. Whoever should follow this strange marten would be led to that mysterious country to which the blue-gray jays retired to nest and rear their young, and his reward should be the golden pelt. But the one appointed to carry through this difficult feat felt his courage weaken as the trail of the marten led him upon strange trails toward the unknown land, and, fearing lest he lose both the pelt and the knowledge that was to be his, he decided to have one, at least; so he slew the marten and stripped off its golden pelt, returning to his people with a lie upon his lips as to the nesting ground of the blue-gray jays—a land he had never seen. In view of this offense against the wishes of Manito, it was of small avail to seek for the nest of the jay until such time as the Great One should choose to send another golden marten to lead the way. This tale was very old; so old indeed that it had been well-nigh forgotten before ever the first white men came to the hills. Thus it was that Anderson did not know of it during his life, which is to be regretted, since it was Anderson who followed the trail of the golden marten through the hills that had once known only the tread of the Bannocks.

Matsee, the she marten, born long after the last Bannock had left his tracks in those hills, had no way of knowing that she differed from all others of her kind. Her brothers and sisters accepted her as one of them, which acceptance was evidenced by the fact that they savagely contested her right to every morsel of food whenever the mother brought meat to the den, yet exhibiting no greater degree of ferocity toward her than was shown to any other member of the family circle. If they had recognized any essential difference between Matsee and themselves she would have been torn to shreds long since. As to that, the difference was not an essential one, consisting merely of a freakish coloration of the fur; while her other qualities—the slender body, the native ferocity, a fearlessness that bordered upon stupidity, the spitting snarl, and, above all else, the scent—were identical with those of her fellows.

Matsee's coat was all of deep golden orange that flamed in sharp contrast to the more modest garb of her relatives, standing brilliantly forth against the somber background of weathered trunks of spruce and fir and the moss-darkened slabs of the rock slide.

As the six young martens emerged from the den there was a queer movement a dozen yards down the slope; a big dusky grouse flopped aimlessly in the pine straw under the trees with a convulsive whirring of wings. The mother marten sat before the den and smoothed her ruffled fur, paying no heed to the snarls of the disappointed brood that had swarmed from the den in expectation of finding food.

Matsee's ears caught the whir of wings, her eyes detected the fluttering movement down the slope, and she was off, a flashing orange streak. She was savage and ravenously hungry, yet it was mere curiosity that led her to investigate the strange object near the den, for as yet she had not come to associate movement with meat. Devoid of fear, Matsee exercised no care in her approach, where the young of more timid animals would have neared the flopping object with extreme caution if at all.

The half-grown marten halted when within a few feet of the bird, whose body was suddenly shaken by a convulsive muscular contraction, and at the movement Matsee snarled a casual warning as she had learned to snarl at every suspicious movement on the part of her brothers and sisters. Movement might mean a sudden onslaught, and her own teeth were ready. Then her nostrils were assailed by the taint of hot blood, and her snarl took on a note of stark ferocity. The movement ceased and she covered the remaining few feet to the bird. Here was meat! She drove her teeth into it, and again the body of the big bird swung into action, floundering about in aimless but vigorous bounces. Matsee, having tasted hot meat, retained her hold, even though her slender body was snapped about with the threshing convulsions of the big grouse. She fought for a firmer grip, driving her teeth deeper into the quivering flesh, and her spitting snarls attracted the five young martens at the mouth of the den. They swarmed down the slope and as each one scented the blood it pounced upon the form with which Matsee struggled.

Feathers puffed aloft and whirled in little eddies along the slope as one after another of the young martens missed its strike for a tooth hold in firm flesh and instead wrenched a mouthful of feathers from the bird. The grouse was torn to shreds and devoured to the last morsel. When only the bones were left, each youngster withdrew, defending whatever fragments he had been able to secure, and as they crunched these last remnants of the prey they snarled to warn off any other member of the family group that might be inclined to approach. As each one finished his own he darted for his nearest neighbor and fought for a share of his bone. The feast over, they licked the blood from their coats.

Thus Matsee, the orange marten, learned to associate movement with food. There was life in meat. Matsee did not know that the bird had been killed before she drove her teeth into it; that the mother marten had dragged it to that point near the den and clamped her sharp fangs through its skull. The movement had been mere muscular contraction after death, yet to all practical intent and purpose Matsee had made her first kill. Thereafter she investigated movement, since movement meant meat.

After completing their toilet, every coat sleek and shining, the martens retired to the den and slept for two hours. Matsee grew restless and prowled outside. Hunger pangs once more assailed her, and as her eyes detected movement down the slope she flashed at once to the spot, but found only a tuft of feathers that had been stirred into motion by a vagrant breeze. She ventured farther down the slope and turned into a patch of windfalls, exploring in the depths of the tangle, then darted again toward a moving object, and again she found only a stray tuft of feathers from some former kill. For two days Matsee scoured the locality at odd intervals. She made no kills; yet, in a way, she had learned to hunt.

Twice again the mother dragged prey to the vicinity of the den and summoned her brood forth to find and pounce upon it without her aid. Matsee's five brothers and sisters thus learned as she had, and thereafter they scouted the neighborhood for meat.

Matsee had learned that not all movement was meat, yet she persisted, and on the third day of her new activities she caught the scent at the instant that her eyes made out the movement. This combination of sight and scent had always meant meat in the three instances of her fancied kills, and she bore down upon the object with lightning speed, prefacing her rush with a snarl.

The bird, a Canada jay, hopped to a limb above her head and Matsee whisked up the trunk in pursuit. The jay spread its wings and flitted to a neighboring tree, the orange marten following with a reckless leap that carried her to the feathery tip of a limb. The bird called a derisive farewell as it took wing, and Matsee first came to associate sound with meat.

Thereafter she investigated all strange sounds in the vicinity of the den. Some of these stray noises led to nothing; others led her to various birds, which invariably escaped. Matsee had not the faculty of reasoning; could not put two known facts together to make a third. She must learn by experience; but certain elements, repeated in her experience, but vaguely understood at first, gradually assorted themselves as facts and became adopted as settled tactics in her ceaseless round of hunting.

Movement detected by sight was not to be depended upon as indicative of food; sounds that reached her ears led her on many a fruitless quest, but whenever the scent of meat drifted to her sensitive nose it invariably led to food, even though the food took wing and eluded her. She continued to investigate messages received by both eye and ear, but these must be verified by her nose. More and more she came to depend upon her power of scent. She learned to hunt into the wind, not through reasoning but from the fact that she turned naturally in the direction from which all stray scents were borne to her nostrils.

Birds took wing at the sound of the snarls with which she prefaced her rushes, and she came to associate their disappearance with the first sound of her voice. Thereafter she rushed in silence. Still they eluded her. Little by little she learned to take advantage of cover; to keep well out of sight of her prey and to draw close before pouncing. Several times she was on the verge of success. In fact, to her own satisfaction, she several times succeeded, for she continued to make kills upon the flopping victims brought to the vicinity of the den by her mother.

Her hunting range increased and she wandered far from the den, crossing and recrossing the trails of her brothers and sisters on the hunt. After perhaps a week of this sort of thing, Matsee caught a sound that was new to her, a sharp chattering bark jerked out in swift repetition, and she turned to it. The wind carried the news of live meat to

her nostrils; then she detected movement, the quick flirt of a bushy tail some yards ahead. A red squirrel was digging in the pine straw and trash at the foot of a tree Matsee made her pounce, but the squirrel, with a single sharp squeak of terror, leaped ten feet to one side and darted up a tree in frenzied haste, with Matsee in hot pursuit. The squirrel reached the top of the spruce and launched forth in a desperate leap that carried him far out and down, landing on the feathery tip of a limb well down the slope. Another form duplicated his leap, an orange meteor flashing through the air against the dark green of the trees, and Matsee landed on the limb which the squirrel had just left in another spectacular spring to the trunk of a tree down the slope. Without seeming to pause even to right herself the marten, too, flung out and down in relentless pursuit. The squirrel made off down the steep pitch of the mountain in a series of incredible springs that carried him from the tip of one tree to that of the next below, doubling through tangled masses of limbs to leap away at unexpected tangents, employing every ruse he knew and drawing on every ounce of reserve speed; but each frenzied twist and each wild leap through the air was duplicated by the flashing golden streak that followed him.

Once Matsee struck a springy bough before the squirrel had recovered his poise for another spring, and the jar of her landing dislodged him, snapping him into empty space. Matsee tumbled after him, the one made careless of distance and destination through fear, the other driven by the ferocity induced by hunger and the lust to kill, and both fell into a tangle of limbs. There could be but one end to such a contest, for the marten is the squirrel's master in the trees and there is no feat accomplished by the squirrel that is not excelled by the marten. Matsee's teeth closed on the squirrel with a lightning snap and both killer and victim rolled earthward through the limbs. The resulting thud jarred the breath from Matsee, but she retained her hold, killed the squirrel and devoured it.

The ceaseless activities of Matsee's mother in foraging for her ravenous brood had resulted in a serious scarcity of meat within a considerable radius of the den, and the task of dragging heavy prey for long distances was becoming burdensome; so she summoned the six young martens forth on the meat trail, leading the family to the kill instead of transporting the kill to the family. There came a day after a night-long hunt when the old marten failed to return to the den. She curled up and slept in the depths of a windfall jam. The youngsters selected comfortable quarters for themselves.

Matsee never again viewed her birthplace, for the family now wandered continually in search of meat. The young martens learned to hunt independently, but held to the same general course, sometimes gathering to quarrel over the same kill.

Bit by bit Matsee added to her knowledge of the arts of the hunt. She learned to differentiate between those sounds that meant meat—the voice of the forest creatures—and those of the elements. She knew the whir of wings and the patter of feet on the pine straw from the stirring of the breeze through the boughs and the creaking of dead trees. She could distinguish between the soft-footed padding of the big cats, the shuffling progress of the bear and the solid jar of hoofed animals. She acquired cunning in stalking her prey, learned to gauge her rush with precision, and before the coming of the big snows Matsee was as able a killer as ever followed the meat trail.

The first heavy snows of the season melted and disappeared from the open ridges, but the white blanket remained in the sheltered spots; and it was in such spots that Matsee ranged. She kept to the matted tangle of fir and spruce that clothed the sidehills near timber line, the gloomy rock-studded gorges that tumbled down from the naked peaks, their floors littered with rock slides and down-timber jams. Snow followed snow and each succeeding storm added its quota till the whole expanse of the hills was a solid glare of white and the temperature seldom rose to the zero mark.

The family of martens had roamed on and on in their hunt for a land where meat was plentiful. Instead, they wandered into a wild and isolated country where signs of small life grew fewer as they progressed and the tracks of other killers were more frequently seen in the snow. They crossed and recrossed the trails of other groups of martens. The big round tracks of bobcats and lynxes were numerous, as were the tiny, wide-spaced tracks of weasels; occasionally they crossed the trail of a wolverine. Still the big snows fell and buried the world under a shroud of white, and the cold grew more intense. Every killer was constantly on the meat trail, looping and doubling through the hills, penetrating every wild gorge and threading every down-timbered sidehill jungle of spruce and fir; and the trails of the big white hares grew fewer, the chattering bark of red squirrels was seldom heard in the pines, and grouse seemed gone from the hills, while the saucy Canada jays and the nutcrackers had spread their wings and sailed to other parts.

There were natural reasons for this corresponding abundance of killers and scarcity of meat. This section of the range had been trapped bare of fur, then abandoned by the trappers, and for years past no trap line had been spread on that slope divide. Then, as always happens, the killers had commenced drifting in from meatless or overtrapped localities and remained to multiply; this condition in turn resulting in Nature's inevitable cycle of balance and the recurrence of famine when killers multiply in too great profusion. Left to themselves the meat eaters would have solved their own problems, thinning out in ever-widening circles until the balance between those that prey and those that are preyed upon was not so disproportionate. But they were not to be permitted to work out their own destiny in Nature's ordained way without the intervention of man, the most accomplished killer of them all.

Anderson, whose cabin stood at the mouth of a deep gorge on the far slope of the divide, had caught the fur out of his district in preceding years, then had shifted to still another locality and trapped it out the winter past. Now he had crossed the divide to determine whether or not fur bearers had increased to any appreciable extent during the years that the section had been trapless. He found fur sign in abundance, and on the day of Matsee's arrival Anderson was putting out the last loop in a hundred-mile trap line. The orange marten, after a meatless night, persisted in her hunting instead of denning at the break of day. The breeze suddenly brought tidings of meat and she darted up the ribbon of scent till she came to a strange track in the snow—the swath left by the toboggan that Anderson towed behind him as he followed the trap line. This trail, one strange to Matsee's experience, reeked of meat. The trapper had filled a two-gallon tin with ground meat and fish saturated with the oil of rotting minnows, allowed the mass to freeze, then punctured the tin in a hundred places with the point of a nail, wrapped it in burlap and tied it behind his toboggan. The oil oozed gradually from the holes and saturated the burlap, and the evil-smelling contraption left a scent that lingered for days. Even the lynx and the bobcat, creatures of inferior powers of scent, could follow such a reeking trail as this, and Matsee, with a nose equaled by few animals of the hills, could have followed it after it had been buried by a six-inch fall of snow.

She followed it at top speed, the tantalizing odor whetting her hunger with every leap, yet leading her to no actual food that would satisfy the cravings it aroused. Then the scent of live meat drifted to her nostrils. A Canada jay fluttered helplessly, head down, suspended by a shining steel contrivance that gripped its feet. Matsee mounted the tree against which it fluttered, tore the jay from the trap and feasted, devouring it to the last morsel. A dead squirrel was fastened to the tree a few feet above the point from which Matsee had secured the bird. A four-inch log leaned against the tree, affording an easy route of access to the meat, and Matsee mounted it, reared upon her hind feet, resting them upon the flattened end of the log where it met the tree, and tore savagely at the squirrel until she wrenched it from the tree.

Matsee knew nothing of traps, and she would never learn to be trap-wise, for of all the animals of the hills the marten, fearless and aggressive, is the least difficult to trap. Except for the fact that the jay had first attempted to feast upon the squirrel bait and had stepped in the trap, Matsee herself would have thrust a foot into it as she mounted the log and Anderson's first catch of the season would have bagged the lustrous golden pelt of the orange marten.

The birds of the hills are meat eaters and a large percentage of the trap sets on every marten line are sprung by birds before a fur bearer comes to the bait.

Again Matsee was saved in the same fashion. The next trap, a mile or more along the trail, held a nutcracker. The bird was quite dead and his fellows had devoured the original bait. Matsee ate the frozen carcass of the bird whose life had been lost in the trap.

Full-fed and comfortable at last, Matsee wandered on until she found a suitable nook beneath a tangle of blow-downs, and curled up for a nap. The first flakes of a snowstorm filtered down through the trees as she slept. It snowed for two days and buried the windfall jam beneath a new layer of white; but the orange marten, snugly entrenched in her comfortable retreat, did not stir abroad during the storm. All meat and all the killers that sought meat would be holed up while the storm raged across the hills.

Matsee Was Startled by the Snapping of a Savage Beak Close Overhead as Some Owl Floated Above Her

(Continued on Page 90)

SKIMPY

By JOHN SCARRY

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

"I Got It, I Tell Ye. I Got Cholera. Just One Drink! I—I Feel It Tearin' Me—Inside!"

GAWD, wot a swine!" Skimpy Odgers, a moist-eyed white rat of a man, dragging himself painfully along at the head of Hobakian's coolie train, actually trembled with hatred; his tortured soul welled up to his lips at the ever-present thought of his grievances. He was a swine Hobakian, his boss.

A greasy Armenian swine! No human with a spark of feeling in his breast could do what Hobakian had done each night of the four since they had struck inland from Palembang.

"Gawd, if I only dared!" the small man almost whimpered. "If I only dared t' mush 'im! But wot chawnce 'as a dwarft like me wiv a bleedin' mount'in? But I won't beg 'im, I'm damned if I do!"

No, Skimpy would not beg; not if he died for it. And that was strange, for there was not a great deal of manliness about him.

He probably would die, he reflected in panic. He could not stand it much longer. Here it was the fifth afternoon, nearly time for his fifth session in hell. Skimpy could picture the scene that must presently unfold; it seemed to him that he could even hear the maddening clink of glass upon glass. Soon, directly in front of him—so close that the mellow breath of it would flood his nostrils—Hobakian would drain every last drop of a bottle of brandy. Drain it alone! Henderson's Three Star, it was. Skimpy cursed, and licked his parched lips.

Of course he remembered that Hobakian had served him what he had called fair warning; had told him that if he drank up his money in Palembang he would certainly go thirsty for the month to come. But the Armenian had made the same threat a score of times before, and nothing had ever come of it. Never until this time, when Hobakian had brought only one case of brandy for the twelve-day journey to Kotta Chilaka! One case of twelve bottles; and the swine was guarding his purchase every foot of the way as though it were raw gold; and drinking a bottle a night all by himself, the black-hearted sod!

"I'd like t' mush 'im!" said Skimpy.

Some five years previously Skimpy Odgers had drifted from the verge of London's underworld into the fireroom of a tramp freighter. Two months later, at the first foreign port, he had fled in terror of his life from a bullying second assistant engineer. The foreign port chanced to be Palembang, on the east coast of Sumatra, and Skimpy had gone into close hiding until his ship had sailed. Hobakian, an unimportant trader with some of the up-country villages, had subsequently uncovered the runaway in a state of pitiable destitution, and hired him.

He hired Skimpy at a wage no other white man would dream of accepting; nor, in the succeeding years, did Skimpy prove himself worthy of a penny more than he got. True, the little Englishman was reasonably honest—only because he lacked the courage to steal—and able to exert that modicum of white man's authority Hobakian needed in his business; but he was as drunk as he could contrive to be from one end of the year to the other.

Probably nothing but his cheapness recommended him to Hobakian, who had all the business instincts of his race.

To be sure, Skimpy was not drunk on the trail; neither was he strictly sober. Hobakian believed in liquor as a medicine; and himself could consume fairish quantities of it without showing any ill effects. For reasons of economy the Armenian specialized in the cheapest sort of brandy. A full bottle—approximately two-thirds of a quart—every night after supper was his regular ration. Skimpy fared as well when in the interior.

To Skimpy a bottle a day was drought, but it kept him going until he got back to Palembang.

There his sprees took an extraordinary turn. Now that he was safely ashore from its rigors, sailoring became the avocation nearest his heart. Not to the extent of going back to it; no fear of that. But, when occasion offered, he answered the call of the sea by forgathering with the crews of the shipping in Palembang's water-front dives. A mean enough creature in the abnormal condition of sober senses, Skimpy swaggered when gloriously in his cups. He squared his narrow shoulders and learned to talk big talk about the seven seas.

The Royal Navy was his toast and his boast. Nothing exalted him so much as joining nasally in some maudlin forecastle chorus.

But now—five days' hiking removed from Dutch Charlie's bar—there was no chantey on his lips.

Skimpy had not known about the short supply of brandy upon leaving Palembang. If he had known, no power on earth could have induced him to stir a step. He had not heeded Hobakian's monitions, nor even bothered to inform his boss that his funds had gone the usual way. Hobakian, he took for granted, would provide, and charge the price against his next month's pay

But Hobakian did not provide. He saw fit at last to stick to his word. The first night's enforced abstinence struck the Englishman as a dismal sort of joke on himself. Hobakian, it would seem, was in a playful mood. The second night—when it was too late to turn back alone Skimpy raged from one end of the coolie train to the other, incredulous, futilely abusive, shaking like a scared rabbit as he turned over box after box; searching as far as his employer would permit for concealed liquor; even trying to procure *arak* or *tuwak*, stomach-rotting native concoctions, from the Malays.

The third and fourth nights, convinced, he sat in dumb misery and watched the Armenian drink alone.

Not once, however, after his first frantic outburst, did Skimpy ask the other man for brandy. The reason for this fortitude revealed itself all of a sudden, and seemed good. Unknown even to himself, throughout the years he had looked down on the giant Hobakian as an Asiatic and an inferior Skimpy was an Englishman; he could not beg from a goo-goo.

"If I c'd only mash 'im!" he wailed to the trees and the sky as he tramped along—until suddenly his whining was checked by an interruption.

A loud shouting boomed far behind him. He turned, and saw forty coolies staggering to a halt Back along the crowded path there arose the confusion of twenty heavy loads striking sun-baked earth Forty bare brown bodies, glistening with rivulets of perspiration, wilted promptly into attitudes of rest. Some—the freshest coolies of the lot—squatted on their heels, their heads lolling between quivering knees; some simply fell panting across the boxes and bales that comprised their burdens. Left to themselves, in another minute a full half of them would be lost in the easy slumber of wild animals.

But they were not left to themselves. The two white men charged savagely among them; Hobakian, a great hulk of a man in faded khaki, surging up from the rear with his hoarse bull's bellow, and Skimpy snarling at the head of the column.

There was no play, however, with whip or fist. Skimpy by now was an old hand at the game; both men knew better than to maltreat Malay coolies in the heart of the Sumatran wilderness. Hobakian's automatic pistol, the only firearm in the party, would have little effect against forty. Words only, the white men used; but unspeakably foul words; a vivid clamor of obscene invective that could never have been matched for vileness in any Occidental tongue.

Followed slow unwilling movement as insult upon insult lashed exhausted muscles to further effort. Four Malays, grumbling as they worked, stretched tarpaulins on a grassy shelf that gave gently to a fair-sized river. The others put their shoulders once again under creaking bamboo yokes. Before the eyes of the white men there grew a fat pyramid of assorted trade goods: Cases of cheap printed cloth from the looms of Dutch and English mills, American kerosene in shiny five-gallon tins, burlap sacks of broad-bladed hoe heads, cases of rank Payacombo tobacco, stinking casks of Makassar redfish.

Nothing the night air could damage seriously. But the month was October. The rainy season could come on the wings of the west monsoon between a dark and a daylight. Hobakian took no step to insure his own or Skimpy's comfort until his property lay pegged down under stout canvas covers. Designated coolies, curiously rested by this last half hour of lighter toil, had already set about preparing an evening meal of rice and dried fish and fiery peppers for their fellows.

The white men always got their own meals. Hobakian had held back one biggish box from the pyramid. This contained supplies for himself and his assistant—including, Skimpy knew, eight full bottles of brandy; and although it had formed half the load of two stalwart Malays, the

Armenian now swung it to his shoulder as though it were empty.

Skimpy caught up two blanket rolls. His arms sagged under their weight; and realization of his own puny strength hit him again with the force of a blow. His mind knew a sharp sense of hopelessness as he followed the strong man to a rise of ground somewhat apart from the natives.

Hobakian immediately unlocked the hinged cover of the supply box, brought forth an empty jug, which he tossed toward Skimpy. Skimpy picked it up and started down to the river for water. From there he soon returned to a supper of tinned sheep's tongues, ship biscuits and scalding tea. Physically and mentally sick, Skimpy ate very little.

Hobakian ate enough for two. The Armenian stuffed his mouth with handful after handful of food, crunched down on it with his big white teeth. He seemed blissfully unaware of any tenseness in the atmosphere

Lacking the turmoil of the coolie train, the place would have been one of faultless peace. The two men sat in the deepening shadow of a high-arched ironwood at the edge of the jungle; creeper-festooned teak and banyan bordered somber corridors behind them. The east, beyond silhouetting sago palms, was still pale blue and reflected pink, with rainbow patches of evening mist drawing down to the river to hide the farther bank. In the motionless air above, silent flights of green pigeons drove past toward the dying fire of the setting sun.

But Skimpy saw nothing of all this beauty. He was watching Hobakian's every move.

His heart jumped into his throat when the Armenian arose to put away what was left of the supper; it stood still again as his employer turned empty-handed from the box. He saw the man roll a long cigarette out of native tobacco and specially shaped dry corn husks; and after a few puffs he saw these luxuries come sailing toward himself. Hobakian's gesture—unconsciously, perhaps—was that a man would use in feeding a cur.

Skimpy looked in agony of mind at the two small packages. Second only to a drink, he wanted desperately to smoke; but the consideration that all along had kept him from begging for liquor urged him now to hurl this lesser largess straightaway back into the Armenian's swarthy face.

Such discourtesy, however, he began to argue to himself, would irrevocably ruin his chances for a share of the brandy. Although he felt like clawing and spitting like a wildcat, it occurred to him that it would not be the part of cunning to do so. Somehow the extravagant hope still lingered that Hobakian's heart would soften.

"'E'll ask me! 'E'll ask me! T'night 'e'll ask me!" Skimpy's unspoken chant, as he reached humbly for the cigarette materials, had the fervency of a prayer. Invitation—if he got it—would satisfy his poor pride's law.

There was no talk between the two men; they sat side by side in utter silence. But that fact, Skimpy understood from long association, meant nothing one way or the other. Hobakian, when sure of the safety of his property, was a slow-witted mild-mannered individual, not given to chatting. Dreamily, now, he slouched at ease, his thick hairy hands relaxed on his massive thighs. And at last he snapped away his cigarette, arose to rummage again in the big box beside him

Skimpy's eyes stuck out in complete fascination. As though in another world he saw his boss pull the cork of a fresh bottle of brandy; he heard the musical lok-lok-lok of poured liquor, and saw Hobakian's hand lift a glass to his mouth. The Englishman trembled so he spilled the tobacco when he tried to fashion himself a second cigarette.

"Now—will 'e ask me?" he wondered.

He waited a full hour, and he waited in vain. Hobakian made no offer to part with any of his supply. The Armenian doubtless was well aware of the torment he was causing the other man; yet that seemed not to have place in his mind. There were cruelty and perhaps a degree of cowardice in such behavior; but he showed no active vindictiveness. Now and then he filled his glass afresh, sipped from it abstractedly, his soft brown eyes fixed on the darkening slope beyond the coolies' row of fires. He might have been dreaming of a girl he had known long ago on the swarming housetops of Ispahan.

A craving that approached nausea seized Skimpy in every fiber of his frame. He had sworn he would not beg, but it seemed to him now that he was very close to worse than begging, that he was ready to crawl on his hands and knees for just enough of the precious fluid to moisten his tongue. And his agony finally gave birth to a sophistical notion.

To argue the matter straightforwardly, he saw of a sudden, would not be the same as to beg; it would be man's talk. If he held his peace Hobakian would think he had accepted the inevitable. Wherefore, giving himself no chance to examine the soundness of such reasoning, Skimpy opened the way to argument by coolly asking for a drink.

The Armenian's thoughts seemed to come back from far away. He turned a slow incurious regard upon his helper.

"Brandy?" he asked in the thick painstaking English his sort picks up in the bazaars of Calcutta and Bombay. "I have only enough of it for myself."

"Ye got a 'ole case, man," dispassionately.

"Only seven bottles left. And there will be seven more nights before we reach Kotta Chilaka, where I shall be able to get a new supply. I must drink a bottle every night—just the same as you."

"W'y—I ain't got none."

"The same as you usually drink," came the careless reply. "I told you you would not have anything for this trip. I warned you to save enough money to buy your own brandy. You see I meant it? From now on you must not expect me to buy for any such appetite as yours."

Skimpy straightened at this crude injustice.

"Buy fer me!" he protested with some warmth. "Ye don't 'ave t' buy for me, 'Obakian! It comes out o' me pay, don't it? Ye know damn well it does. That's w'y I wuz short this larst time in Palembang. Ye 'eld out all but a lousy fifty guilders fer September. Fifty guilders!" scornfully. "Wot's fifty guilders? An' ye pays me rotten, anyways."

"Then leave me," said Hobakian largely. "You are not my slave."

There was a note of finality in the Armenian's answer, and Skimpy changed front a little.

"Aw, no, 'Obakian; I ain't wantin' t' leave ye. 'Ell, no! Ye've al'us done the right thing by me. W'y, I—I like ye, 'Obakian!" he half-fawningly insisted; "but, Gawd, I want a drink—t'night."

The Armenian shook his head.

"I shall not give you a drink. This must be your lesson. You had fifty guilders in Palembang, you say? And no

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Midshipman Jenswold—Whatever He Was Doing in the Forecastle of a Tramp Freighter—Appeared and Ordered Skimpy to Go Through With the Song

INSTRUMENTS OF DARKNESS

III

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

THE absence of the Bethsons was so prolonged that Ross appeared in the interval and suggested with respectful firmness that it was time for Mr. Duncan to go to bed, if he were to make an early start in the morning.

"Must you make an early start, sir?" Banks asked.

He himself hated early starts, and thought that if he were Duncan he would never get up till noon.

"Yes," answered the old man; "I've sent the car back for Mr. Duffield, who's drafting some papers for me tonight, and he's to be here early in the morning and we shall motor to town together, before the roads are crowded. I like that better."

He rose and put his hand on his servant's arm. Stairs were to be avoided, but the Bethson house afforded only one spare room, and that was on the second floor. It was necessarily in the angle of the sharp roof, but it took up all the second story of the main house, except for a dressing room, and where Ross was sleeping, and a bathroom. It was large and airy, with windows on three sides.

Banks went upstairs, giving the old man an arm on the other side, and when he came down stepped out on the terrace. Something seemed to be moving stealthily in the orchard.

"Who's there?" he called out; and his partner's voice answered.

"Oh," said Banks, "I thought you had gone to bed. Your uncle has just gone up. He seems ever so much calmer and better than this afternoon. It was just the thing for him to do—to come here for the night. He thinks Lila is perfection. He was telling me driving over that there is some jewelry belonging to his wife, locked up in the safe since her death, that he intends to give Lila. Poor old fellow, he's so lonely in that great dungeon he built for himself that he can't get used to the comfort of a little house like this."

The two men couldn't see each other's faces in the dark, and there was perfect naturalness and ease in Bethson's voice as he replied: "If we'd had a little more warning we could have made him more comfortable—given him our rooms on the ground floor. I don't like making him go upstairs with that heart of his."

"Oh, it didn't hurt him a bit," Banks answered. "He was delighted with his big room—like a tent, he said. I'm off myself. I hope I shan't dream of those prophetesses. It was queer, wasn't it, Beth—their telling you you were to be chairman of the Luna?" He shook his head wonderingly.

In His Ear She Breathed: "Be a Man!" "The Thing That's Sitting in My Chair Isn't a Man"

"I haven't given it a second thought," Bethson said, and then he added, "It might be interesting, though, to compare our recollection of what they did really say, and see if there isn't some obvious explanation. I'd like to get my facts right."

"It seems difficult to be perfectly honest with yourself about the occult," said Banks. "I get the idea that you believe it all a little more than I feel inclined to. Good night, old man."

"Good night, Banks. Sleep well."

He saw his partner to his small room in the servants' wing. There was a door from this wing into the main part of the house. When this was shut and locked the occupants of the main house were completely cut off from those in the wing. It could not be locked, however, until Ross, who, after putting his employer to bed, had returned to the kitchen, had gone up for good. Some discreet merrymaking was evidently going on in the kitchen. The Swiss couple did not often have a guest, and Ross, though of a severe exterior, was of convivial habits.

Bethson sat smoking for a long time on the terrace. At last he saw the kitchen lights go out, and presently the lights in the upper dressing room next to Duncan's were lit. Then Bethson knew he could go in. He locked the communicating wing into the back of the house, and went to his own room on the ground floor.

The door into Lila's room was open, and he knew of course that she was not asleep, that she was waiting for him; but he had no wish for company. He walked over to it and shut it. He undressed as methodically as usual, laying out his things for the morning exactly as he always did. When he had finished he put out his light; he must not appear to be watching. Duncan's room overhead was perfectly still. All sounds had ceased except the cries of treetoads in the woods, and the rumbling, now growing louder, of the thunderstorm. It seemed to be coming back. Was it to be desired, or not? The crash of thunder would hide other sounds, and yet people were apt to be wakeful during a night storm.

Bethson sat down on the edge of his bed, erect and still, in the darkness. It seemed to him that nothing lived but his own vibrating imagination. In the drawer of the table was the bottle which Lila had prepared in the exact likeness of that which stood beside Duncan's bed. The plan was that on entering Duncan's room he was to substitute one bottle for the other, and then openly and at his leisure give the old man the drops from the new bottle. Then if Ross or anyone else should come in, it would simply appear that Bethson was giving his uncle his usual stimulant. It was, however, impossible that Ross should wake. The faithful Scotchman was always allowed a nightcap of whisky and water, and Lila had mixed it for him herself. If Duncan woke and found his nephew in his room, there was nothing in that to startle or alarm him.

Four o'clock was the hour decided on. Lila had been thoughtful enough to leave her little traveling clock in his room, where he could see its luminous hands creeping slowly towards four. The storm, like a person who has been brooding over wrongs and suddenly loses all self-control, now broke in a tremendous crash—and another and another. Except for the strange tingling in his wrist, Bethson hardly noticed the noise. The rain poured down. It must make a terrible racket on the roof, he thought, but there was no other sound. No one moved in the house, not even Lila. He sat with his eyes still fixed on the dial of the clock. He shut them, and still that pale luminous circle was before him. And then it changed; it was not a clock, but a phial hanging pale and shining in space—the very one that Lila had prepared for him. He opened his eyes wide on the blackness, but it was still there, hovering in front of him so clear that he stretched out his hand to touch it. Of course there was nothing there—and yet he could still see it.

It wasn't four o'clock, but he could not wait any longer. He rose, took the little bottle from the table and opened the door of his bedroom. He stood an instant at the foot of the stairs. Yes, the storm was over. The rain was still falling, but there would be no more thunder to wake those who slept. He began to mount the stairs, keeping close to the wall.

But noiselessly as he had moved, one person had heard him. Lila knew the instant he crossed the floor of his own room. She had been lying rigid on her bed when he had shut the door between the two rooms. It startled her to find that he had wished to shut her out at such a moment. It hurt her, too, and yet it also gave her confidence in him. It showed that he had no need for her strength; he had enough of his own.

As soon as he left his room she got up and looked out of her window. She could see the window of Banks' little room in the extension; it was a black square. He had not been disturbed by the storm. Presently she heard slow, stealthy steps overhead.

He was about it now.

All that was maternal in her was stirred to pity. She should have done the thing herself, she thought, and spared him. He was more sensitive, more open to remorse than she was, only the old man would have been surprised to find her ministering to him. She did not know how long she stood straining her ears. Except for the treetoads, which, after the storm, had begun their cries once more, the night was silent. Then far away in the woods an owl hooted—a prolonged terrible scream like a child in pain. On the stairs she heard her husband's voice speaking quite loudly. "Who's there?" he said

She went into the hall, took his hand, and led him back to his room. He had not really spoken loud, but in contrast to the silence his voice had seemed to ring out. But there was no answer, no movement anywhere, no sound. She could feel him shaking like a man in a chill; his hand was like ice

"It's done," he whispered. "What was that noise I heard? Who spoke to me?"

"There was no noise," she whispered back again, "except an owl hooted, and the treetoads. You said something yourself as you came downstairs, didn't you?"

"When?"

"Just now"

"As I came downstairs?"

"Yes"

She could not hold his attention "Who is in the room beyond me with the door open?"

"Ross. That's Ross' room."

"Something seemed to come out of that room — "

"Good heavens, what?"

"Nothing; a force, a power trying to stop me. What could it have been, Lila?"

She put her arms about him. "Don't tremble so, my dearest," she said. "Don't think about it any more."

"But what emanation could come from an empty black doorway, Lila?"

"Beth, if you talk like that you'll drive us both mad."

"I felt it—I thought I felt it—trying to shake my hand as I poured out the medicine."

"What do you mean? Oh, Beth, it isn't manly to dwell on it like this. Tell me what happened. Why were you so long?"

The short summer night was over, and as they talked the windows began to grow gray and visible. It took a long time to get a connected story of what had happened A shaded light had been burning in the old man's room when he entered.

He had said at once, "I suppose it's your drops you want, sir?"

The old man had waked up, dazed. "Yes. Did I call?" he kept saying.

His nephew assured him he had called loudly twice, and that he, Bethson, not hearing any answer from Ross had run up.

Bethson turned to Lila. "Did you ever see anyone turn blue, Lila? It looks so queer—a blue face."

"Don't think about it any more," she said tenderly. "Go to bed. Try to sleep."

He gave a short laugh. "Sleep?" he said. "I shall never sleep again. I gave all the sleep I had to my uncle."

The wildness of his manner frightened her. "My dearest," she said, "you are letting yourself become hysterical."

Her hand slipped down his arm toward his hand, and as it touched his fingers she felt the bottle in them. She took it and looked at it. It was the wrong one—his uncle's medicine, which should have been left at the bedside.

"Look," she said, "you've brought the wrong bottle. You must take it back."

He covered his face with his hands, shaking his head "If our bottle is found everything will be clear, Beth."

"I will not go back to that room," he answered. "I cannot bear even to think of that blue face; I dare not look at it."

"Very well, I'll do it," she answered contemptuously.

But he had passed beyond the dread of her contempt. He was rocking himself to and fro as he sat on the edge of his bed, and she left him.

He was still in the same position when she came back. She induced him to go to bed. Everything was well, she kept telling him—Duncan dead, Ross still sleeping. She made him lie down, and she herself sat down on the edge of the bed, holding his hand in hers.

She did not know how long she had sat there—the sun was already streaming in the window—when she heard a motor drive up and the doorbell ring. Far off in the servants' wing she heard someone moving. She smiled at her husband reassuringly.

"Emil's coming to the door," she said. "The bell must have waked him."

"I wish it could wake my uncle," said Bethson. "I wish it could. I wish it could."

He buried his face in his pillow. She ran out and unlocked the door into the extension, just in time.

She could hear Emil's footsteps in the hall outside her door now. She had only a few seconds to get her husband into a state in which he could meet the new demands upon his courage. Now she could hear the front door being unlocked, and Mr. Duffield's cheerful voice ringing out:

"Well, well! Were you all so dissipated last night? No one stirring at half past seven?"

And then Emil's difficult English explaining that he and his wife and Ross had sat up a leetle late. He entered into great detail.

"Is Mr. Bethson up?" Duffield asked.

The moment had come. Lila, who had succeeded in getting Bethson into a dressing gown, now opened the door and almost pushed him into the hall. Then she herself stepped back, listening to every syllable.

She could tell that he had pulled himself together, for his voice sounded natural and firm.

"Good morning, Mr. Duffield. Good morning, Leonard." This she knew was addressed to a young clerk in Duncan's office "You're rather an early bird, aren't you?"

"Is Mr. Duncan awake yet?"

Lila drew a long breath, and against the door her whole figure grew limp. It was going to be all right.

"Not yet, I think."

"He told me to get here early. I'm a little behind time as it is." *(Continued on Page 125)*

"I Suppose It's Your Drops You Want, Sir?" The Old Man Had Waked Up, Dazed. "Yes. Did I Call?" He Kept Saying

I BEAT THE BUILDING GAME

By Harold Cary

The Modest Little House That Might Have Cost $12,000, But Actually Cost $4709.49
Below—The Amateur Architect's Plan

WE WANTED a terrace between the two wings of a long, low, rambling house—hot-water heat, of course, an extra bath, and oh, such a whale of a living room! There was to be a study or studio for me, three or four bedrooms and a kitchen. We thought in our simple way that we might eliminate the dining room and thus save a great part of the cost. That from the first we were willing to sacrifice. The plans we drew and the plans an architect worked out for us were stunning.

The figures the contractor worked out for us were more than stunning. Their ability to shock us was about equal to a good healthy two-power bolt of chain lightning.

Our modest little house was estimated to cost $12,000 to $14,000. Judging from the experiences suffered by others, we doped out that the real cost would perhaps be $18,000 or $20,000.

But we could not build that house. The house we did build, the little cottage in which we now live, has no relation to the house the architect put on paper for us except that it also meets our requirements. You see then the reason why this is a cheery story. I have nothing much that is bitter to disclose. The facts are pleasant, for I write at a table in our own new house. It has hot-water heat, an extra bath, three bedrooms, a studio for me and oh, such a whale of a living room! It cost but $4709.49.

Of course, before we built it our standards were those of New York apartment houses, so that maybe you won't think that room is so big; but to us it is a joyous comfort. I submit plan and photograph so that you may either take heart or deprecate it; and if you merely grin at our little achievement in roof-raising, when we think it worthy of admiration, it will merely mean that you and I don't thoroughly understand each other.

In the beginning, after the electric shock of the first estimates, we were in a slough of despond. My wife and my infant and I had been driven from bungalow to apartment and back again. The proud furnishings of our early married state took on the seedy look of a departed respectability. Ungentle handling by movers had long ago sealed their fate. We succeeded once or twice in making a home out of a house, only to have the physical structure torn down to make way for a New York office building or to have the owner decide to live in our rooms himself. We put up with inconveniences and paid our rent on the dot, in advance. In a period of nine years our total payments rose to somewhere in the neighborhood of $9000.

Building Sites at Half Price

ALL the propaganda on Own Your Home, Pay Like Rent touched us to the quick, but we never had the money to make the down payment and we did not like the houses, or they weren't where we wanted them to be, or they cost what seemed a fortune to us. There was nothing left but to build, and to build where we wanted to. We went more deeply into the subject than most house builders, I suppose. We figured backward and forward and never could we see why rooms today average about $1500 each. The experts gave us the dope in many forms and the figures always came out over our heads. That is, one man would tell us that it costs about $1100 a room to erect a house. Another said $1700 to do it properly, and how else should we do it except properly? Another put it in terms of square feet—seven dollars. Another put it in cubic feet—forty-nine cents. And no matter how we figured the perfectly lovely and in reality tiny dwelling we wanted for protection from the elements, it ran into a greater down payment than I had ever seen except in photographs of the mint in Philadelphia.

Moreover, we believed in figuring the cost of the house in a businesslike way to see how much rent or carrying charges we were letting ourselves in for. Take that $14,000 or $15,000 edifice upon which the contractor figured and there is no denying that it would have cost us a cool $150 a month for life. You cannot escape the fact that money is capable of earning interest. The interest on a $500 bank loan for three or four months won't buy many tennis balls, certainly not enough to last you while the loan runs. But the interest on a $10,000 building-and-loan mortgage is fifty dollars a month, and I won't even argue with you about it. And the other $5000, the one-third interest you ought to have in your own house, will earn you some $300 a year—let's say enough to pay the butcher for all the meat a family of our size has any business to eat in twelve months. Going on adding, you come to taxes. There may be sharp lawyers who know how to beat the income tax, but I never met one yet who could put anything over on the village of Croton-on-Hudson, the township of Cortlandt and the county of Westchester. Have some water, too, and some insurance, and some upkeep. Don't forget to pay fifty a month on the principal, too.

All of which facts are leading me on and on to my confession. It can briefly be stated by me here that my standards of living do not require a house at $1700 a room. Yours may, but mine don't. I am a little happier with my overhead of fifty dollars a month on my six-room house, which has linoleum on the bathroom floor and not tile, than I could be in your $150 a month domicile with a tiled bathroom. I know the statisticians say that on my income I can afford a house like that. But clever as they are, sweet as they are, there is not a one of them who has yet offered to buy any gasoline for our six-year-old six.

So we have progressed to the point that although I had to have six rooms, I could not pay the market price. I reduced standards for my income class to gain my house, and everyone who knows about it says he is willing to do likewise, only howinell?

The answer is by utilizing your own ingenuity and your own spare time in hunting bargains and by cutting corners which are technically all right to cut. You can go much farther than I went by actually doing manual labor during your spare time, but I could not do that, and moreover, I hate manual labor. It cuts into my tennis time.

The first step is to buy the land for your house at not over half of what it is worth. I am not trying to be funny. I know it can be done, because I have now done it twice on pieces of land within 100 yards of each other. Moreover, still in Westchester, I know another chap who did it thirty miles east of me. Which is to say that the asking price of land in the neighborhood had nothing whatever to do with the actual price. The price may be $3000 an acre, generally speaking. But holding land is expensive business and men become pressed for money. Sales are rare unless you count those in a real-estate development which is highly advertised and depends a little upon the desperate urge of a crowd of anxious persons, which is a psychological mob. In a way, such buyers are either buying in a particular place because they want that location at any price or they are buying for a rise. Millions may have been made that way, but not by me. No, this is a story of how I got my house at half price, or thereabouts.

Practical Difficulties

HAVING purchased the land—on time, of course—we began to see what we could do. We discarded our plans and our architect. We began to study and think. We knew that a square house of two stories, all frame, is the cheapest possible thing to erect anywhere outside the adobe district, where the Pueblos use mud. Next to a natural cave, frame and adobe have everything stopped for low cost. Our land had no cave. There were lovely field stones in plenty, but the work of masons in my country is surpassed in cost only by that of bank presidents. Frame it was to be.

We don't like square houses usually, so we first compromised on a rectangular one, the next cheapest shape. We wanted to build cheaply, but after all we have some aesthetic sensibilities. No matter how many designs we drew, no matter how many books of plans we examined in the library, no matter how we stewed, we ran into the difficulty of building in two stories. We had no building experience, and by now we knew that we were going to have to act as our own contractor as well as architect on this job, and we could not figure how carpenters make a house two stories high and save money at the same time. I know all the arguments, and, of course, in the hands of experienced persons it is true; but in our hands we thought we could do it more cheaply, stronger, more conveniently in one story.

So we started on a one-story house, and that we built, except that when we got through it was a two-story house. But it has no inside stairway, and the downstairs room is usually called the cellar. In most

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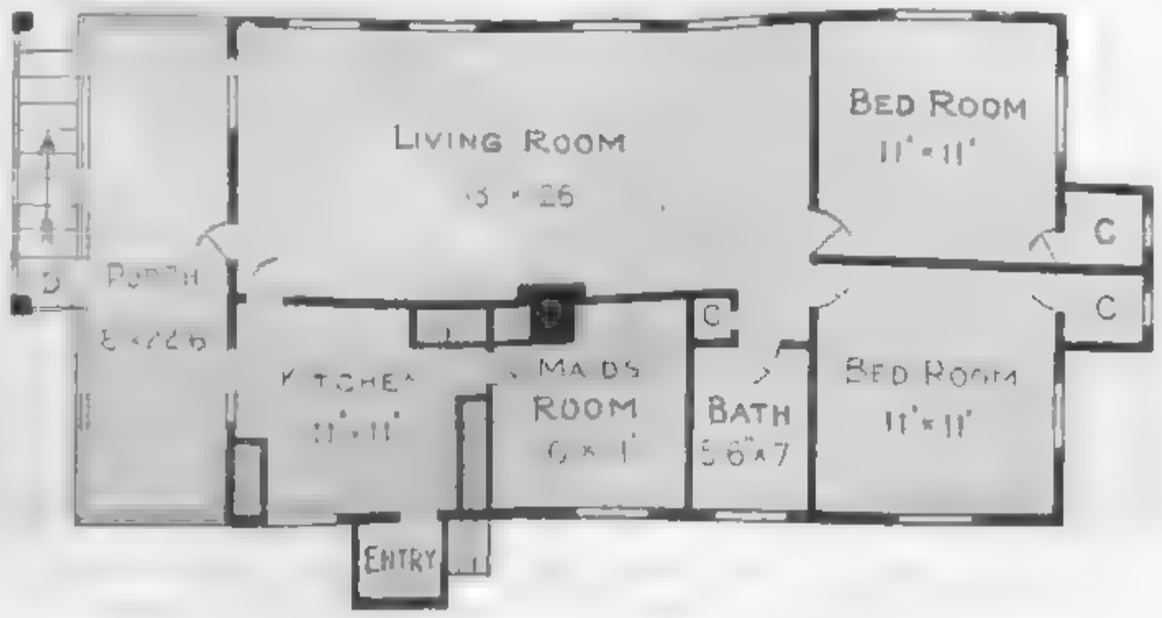

SWORDFISH—By Elmer Brown Mason

STEAMER!" It was the second time during the night that this warning had been shouted down into the forecastle. We trooped slowly on deck. Thick smothering fog was all about us; there was a heavy fog sea and the wind was blowing hard. Came a raucous whistle off our starboard bow.

"How's she heading?" the captain asked.

"So'east," answered the helmsman.

The cook placed our foghorn box on the rail, pointed it in the direction of the sound, and sent a single blast out over the rough Atlantic.

There was a breathless listening wait. To windward we could hear the engines of the rest of the fleet starting up. At last the steamer spoke again.

"Changed her course," the man at the wheel said. "Heading so'west now."

The sound of the fog warnings from the other fishing schooners came to us faintly. The steamer blew again and yet again. The last note sounded worried, as though she were saying, "Are you darned fishing boats everywhere?"

"She's in among 'em," the captain remarked. "Give it to her again, cook!"

The fog scaled up for a moment and a great dim shape was outlined astern of us. There was a roar from her whistle which seemed to go prickling right down to my toes.

"Safe by," said the captain. "Let him know where we are, cook."

As we once more groped our way through the darkness down into the forecastle the remembrance of another foggy night came back to me. I was standing with the captain on the bridge of a liner, and he was telling me an interesting story. At close intervals a sirenlike blast from the whistle broke the thread of his narrative in a manner most annoying to me. Suddenly the great steamer twisted abruptly to port and we looked down into the startled faces of the crew of a fishing schooner!

"Close shave, that," the captain said as the fog swallowed up the little vessel. "We should cut down to half speed, of course, crossing the Banks, but we can't do it and keep to schedule. My whistle blows every minute, though—which is more than most of 'em do."

Chances of Collision

"IN THAT case they ought to be able to keep out of your way," I remarked carelessly. "You were saying ——"

As I lay in my bunk in the peak of the Alice M. Doughty, two hundred and thirty miles out from Portland, on the northeast edge of Georges Bank, this conversation came back to me distinctly. Oddly enough I could not remember the story the captain had been telling me, although I considered it very interesting at the time.

With the deck timbers of the staunch little schooner a foot above my head, and an inch and a half of oak separating me from the waves that beat against her bow, I reviewed this matter of steamers in a fog. It was uncomfortably obvious to me that though a liner to windward might hear our hand-operated foghorn, again it might not! We could, of course, hear its whistle a greater distance if it were coming with the wind, and could get out of the way by starting our engine—that is, if the liner blew often enough to let us know where it was. But a steamer blowing once every five minutes, as most of them do, could be on top of us before we knew it. As a matter of fact, in the greater number of cases when steamers were to windward of us we did not hear their warnings until they were comparatively close. Let it go down here as a matter of absolute record that some liners do not cut down to half speed during a fog. Many of them do not cut down at all, nor do they follow the one-minute-interval rule.

It took us a day and a night to cover the two hundred and thirty miles from Portland to the swordfishing grounds. After we had left yellow water behind us, and were in the deep blue water of the Gulf Stream, that floods over Georges, we ran into fog—eight straight days of it. Each morning, after the cook had wakened us with two blasts on an exceedingly shrill whistle, we climbed out of the forecastle to a deck dripping with moisture and shrouded in yellow vapor.

There was always a heavy sea with fog, often wind. Sometimes during the day the fog would rise for brief intervals and we would get under way, but always it scaled down again.

At night the watches were doubled, and when a steamer was heard all hands were called.

"If you're on deck you've a chance of getting into the dory astern," the captain explained succinctly. "If you're below when we're hit you've no chance at all."

The fog was an uncanny thing. It always seemed as though it must lift, go and never return. Indeed, one day it cleared completely, so that there was not even a dark line on the horizon. The sea smoothed down, the wind fell. An hour later a man standing at the stern could not see the fog-shrouded bowsprit.

Nevertheless we fished. On the tenth day out we had twenty-seven, enough to cover all expenses, the captain announced. They were all small, however, not one of them weighing more than two hundred pounds, and so it was decided to jog down to the eastern edge of Georges, where the halibutters anchor in the Gully, and try our luck there. That night a plover came aboard this a hundred miles from land—and uttered his plaintive cry about the little vessel until morning. When the sun rose there was a beautiful under-wing moth fluttering about the deck—and the morning was clear!

In spite of the fog we were never alone. All night long great blackfish puffed about the Alice M. Doughty like old and corpulent gentlemen climbing the steep steps of a club, and sometimes in the morning they would be within ten feet of the vessel. In the daytime sea porpoises, graceful as swallows, played about us. We saw a huge sunfish, looking like a great millwheel, and a sleeping turtle. Twice swordfish leaped clear of the water; their strange forms seen through the fog were suggestive of some prehistoric time. Portuguese men-o'-war, vividly purple or pink, floated by. White and black hags, planing above the waves, replaced the gulls which cluster inshore, while everywhere and always Mother Carey's chickens, the butterflies of the deep, tiptoed over the water or wove fluttering patterns astern.

The Striker Leaned Forward—Poised His Pole

The Tide Rips of the Gully

WITH clear weather we became more conscious of the sharks. They were, for the most part, great, grim, yellow-green fish, as long as a dory. They circled about constantly when a swordfish was hauled—hungry yet fearful. One of them actually did bite off the back fin and take out a chunk lower down the body of a fish that got hung in a dory near us. There were also slate-colored sharks, one of which our striker punched playfully with the butt of his pole as it lay sleeping on the calm water, sending it in a frightened rush straight downward. At a distance it is hard for the mastheader to distinguish between shark and swordfish. The back fin and tail of the latter have more rake, however, the two fins of the shark coming down straight. Also a shark's tail does not stick up above water, as does that of the swordfish, and it kicks up a slight wake.

We saw our last steamer at twelve o'clock of the night we started for the Gully. She went by two hundred yards from us. Through the open portholes we could see the heads of dancers. The band was playing Home, Sweet Home. From that time on we were clear of the traffic ways, and the deadliest menace of the Banks.

The Gully is a fifteen-mile-broad stretch of water which separates Georges and Brown banks. It is a place of furious tide rips, a place where no swordfishing vessel could hold its position without repeated soundings or anchoring, were it not for one circumstance. Since farther back than the oldest man on board our vessel

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A Two-Hundred-and-Fifty Pounder on Deck Before Being Shorn of Sword and Fins

This Swordfish Attacked the Dory and Was Hoisted With His Sword Through the Bottom

THE LATE LAMENTED

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

SEPTIC SIMS died vicariously. Comfortably ensconced in a Chattanooga boarding house he perused at leisure the newspaper account of his sudden demise and jazz-tinted funeral

As a matter of fact, Septic's nerves had not yet entirely recovered from the shock of the blast-furnace explosion. Fond as Septic was of Birmingham, his aversion to blast furnaces was passionate and permanent. From the very first day that Saline, his Amazonian wife, sent him to work in the vicinity of the huge belching cupola, Septic had toted around with him an unpleasant hunch that something dreadful was about to happen, with himself as the happenee.

When it did come Septic stood not upon the order of his going. He negotiated the first mile in nothing flat and shaved that record several seconds on the next. He possessed no clear recollection of how or why or when he boarded the Chattanooga local, but he did remember that it was sans suitcase or ticket, although fortunately with sufficient cash to satisfy the grim-visaged conductor.

Septic's finances compelled a stop at Chattanooga. That was not entirely to Septic's liking. His ambition at the moment was to place illimitable distance between himself and the temperamental blast furnace. And not until he was safely settled in the metropolis of Eastern Tennessee did the most pleasant thought of all occur to him—namely and to wit, that he had forcibly and effectively separated himself from his militant spouse.

Two days later Septic secured a job and a copy of The Birmingham News. Therein he read a graphic account of his passing out. Seven colored gentlemen, it appeared, had been in too close proximity to the blast furnace at the moment of its most pernicious blasting. All of them had been left sadly the worse for wear. Certain remains had been identified by Mrs. Saline Sims as being the property of her husband, and immediately thereafter The Over the River Burying Society had taken unto itself the joyous task of providing a glorious funeral for the departed Brother Sims.

Instantly Joe's Backbone Liquefied, His Jaw Dropped and His Eyes Distended

The intriguing possibilities of the situation smote Mr. Sims with redoubled force. Theretofore he had entertained grave doubts as to his status. Saline was a purposeful lady. Septic had always been an excellent though unwilling provider, and Mrs. Sims was not averse to being provided for. Hefty and positive to the last degree, she had seen to it that her husband labored earnestly and well, and until this moment Mr. Sims had entertained grave fears that somehow Saline would discover his whereabouts and convert them into hereabouts.

Now, however, all was changed. Mr. Sims was dead; completely, utterly and absolutely defunct. There was the paper to prove it, and Septic had divine faith in the veracity of newsprint. Not only was he dead but he was buried as well, and many daisies blossomed luxuriantly above his final resting place. The idea tickled Septic; his mousy little face twisted into a chuckle as he visioned his muscular widow. "Hot dam!" he soliloquized. "This is heaven, sho' nuff!"

As to the corpse which had substituted for him, Septic was not worried. He knew just how that happened. Some itinerant laborer, without friends or family, had drifted into Birmingham, secured a job at the furnace—and departed for parts unknown.

As a matter of fact, Septic felt that he had done his departed brother a genuine favor; for if he was really friendless in Birmingham he certainly would have been laid away without the pomp and pageantry which had attended the Sims funeral.

Septic liked Chattanooga. It was not so large as Birmingham, nor so bustling, but there was a gentle quietude about it which appealed to Septic's peace-loving soul. He determined to remain there for a while and then, perhaps, journey northward—or westward or wherever the wanderlust directed. A rather negative person was Septic; too downtrodden to elope away from his wife, but yet with sufficient initiative to remain actively dead once he had attained that enviable estate.

Freed once and forevermore from earthly cares Septic turned a bright eye upon the future. It was a roseate prospect of wifelessness. He assumed another name and went cheerily to work in the shipping department of a wholesale-grocery concern. Birmingham became to him a mere memory—a mixture of pleasant recollection and terrible reminiscence.

And so two months passed over Septic's head. He was drifting contentedly, fairly well satisfied with his lot, mourning not at all his recent death and having no faintest regret for this informal divorce.

Life had become one long sweet song—when Simeon Broughton flashed across his horizon and brought tidings which visibly disturbed the serenity of Septic's anomalous existence.

Septic would have avoided Simeon had not Mr. Broughton seen him first. Mr. Broughton stared in pop-eyed amazement.

"Septic Sims!" he gasped.

"Simeon Broughton!"

"Wiggilin' tripe, Septic! What is you doin' in Chattanooga? I thought you was dead."

"I is."

"'Course you is. Di'n't I atten' yo' fumral my ownse'f?"

"I hope so, Simeon. I suttinly would hate to think I should git blowed all to pieces an' you not come to see me laid away."

Simeon's eyes glowed. "Golly, that sho'ly was one mo' gran' fumral, Septic. You should of been there; music an' flowers an' a swell barbecue at the house afterwards; an' Saline done the loudest screechin' of any widder I ever seen."

Septic made a grimace of distaste. "Shuh! Raisin' hell is the one thing that woman never did do nothin' else but."

"She suttinly do mourn elegant. There wasn't no chance of mistakin' who was yo' widder."

"N'r neither there wasn't no chance of mistakin' who was my wife when I was alive."

Mr. Broughton reached out a tentative finger and pressed the flesh of his friend. "It's you, all right. How come you escaped fum yo' fumral?"

Septic grinned. "I run away fum that accident befo' it got a chance to happen to me. When that explosion come I di'n't think of bein' nowhere 'cept somewhere else."

Simeon grew thoughtful. "The folks down in Bumminham sho'ly will be s'prised when I writes 'em that you ain't daid."

Septic's face took on an expression of terror. He clutched the lapels of Simeon's coat. "Golly Moses! Brother Broughton, you ain't gwine do nothin' liken to that, is you?"

"Liken to which?"

"Tellin' folks at home that you was talkin' with me."

"Why not?"

"'Cause, boy! It ain't no easy job fo' a feller to get daid in this world, an' Ise one which aims to stay there. I an' you has always been good frien's—we is brother members of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise—an' you say yo' ownse'f that I treated you swell at my fumral. Now it do seem to me that you oughtn't to ruin things by 'splainin' to that wife of mine that she ain't no widder."

Slowly Mr. Broughton's face expanded into a grin. He nodded affirmatively. "Shuh! Septic, I ain't cravin' to 'splode no frien's happiness. An' besides, I has lef' Bumminham pummanent an' forever. Ise bound fo' Chicago, where I has got me a good job janitoring; so it ain't none of my business is you daid or alive."

Septic sighed with relief. He knew that Simeon could be trusted implicitly. "You suttinly is the fondest man I is of, Brother Broughton. I sho' would be regretful was Saline to locate my whereabouts."

"Yeh." Simeon nodded thoughtfully. "I kinder reckon Saline would too."

Septic bridled instantly. He considered himself a very vital part of his widow's existence and did not relish the insinuation that she would not move swiftly and well to recover him.

"What kin' of foolishness is that you talks with yo' mouf, Simeon?"

"Ain't no foolishment, Septic. 'Tis sense."

"Words!" sizzled the dead man. "But they don't mean nothin'."

"H'm! Things has happened in Bumminham which you don't know nothin' of."

"Meanin' which?"

"'Bout Saline."

"They ain't nothin' concernin' that woman I don't know."

"Yes they is too. I reckon you ain't heard that her an' Joe Bugg is engaged to git ma'ied."

Septic's eyes sparkled delightedly. "No?"

"Yeh."

"Hot dam! I always has craved to see that cullud man git hisse'f into trouble—an' boy! he's in now." Then, briefly, the smile left Mr. Sims' face and a thoughtful frown supplanted it. "Cain't understand 'bout Joe Bugg gittin' engaged to Saline. He never was no marryin' man."

"This is diff'ent," explained Simeon. "Joe aims to live comfuttable all the rest of his life."

"With Saline? Undressed gol'fish, tha's funny! Saline is the uncomfortablest woman in the world. Big as Mistuh Bugg is, Saline is gwine give him hell proper does they trot befo' the parson."

"That," said Simeon, "ain't the way Brother Bugg figures it. What he's after is Saline's money."

Septic chuckled. "Haw! You ain't standin' up there an' tellin' me that Brother Bugg thinks Saline has got some money, is you now?"

"Un-huh."

"How come him ever to g't such a ridiculous idea?"

"'Tain't so foolish, Septic."

"You says. Saline has got mebbe two hund'ed dollars in the savin's—it's my money an' her name. An' tha's all."

"No-o. That ain't all—n'r neither it ain't half."

"Says which?"

"Things has happened. Just befo' you was buried, Septic, the comp'ny which k.t you paid Saline two thousand dollars' damages."

A sudden silence fell upon the late lamented. The portent of his friend's words percolated slowly, though none the less effectively. His lips formed the word "Damages?"

"Uh-huh."

"Fo' me?"

"Yeh."

"Two thousan' dollars?"

"Ev'y las' nickel of it."

"Great pickled tripe! All my life that woman gits ev'rything I earns an' then when I dies she gits two thousan' dollars' bonus. 'Tain't so, Brother Broughton; tell me 'tain't so."

"'Tis so."

"Goodness goshness Miss Agnes! Ise bettin' Saline never knowed I was wuth that much cash."

"Bet she di'n't. N'r neither Joe Bugg."

Septic lighted a flagrant cheroot. Dull anger mounted slowly in his breast. "Dawg-gone that Joe Bugg anyway! What right has he got marryin' my widder on my deadin' money? 'Tain't hern an' 'tain't hisn."

"Whose is it?"

"Mine!"—explosively. "Ain't I the corpse? Di'n't I do the dyin'? How come I should let other folks collec' my benefits?"

"That," said Mr. Broughton, "is up to you. But remember this—does you try to collec' that money yo' own-se'f the comp'ny which paid it takes it back. You was valued at two thousan' dollars daid but alive you ain't wuth a dime."

Mr. Sims shook his head sadly. "Ain't it the truth, Simeon! Ain't it just! This dyin' business sho' is gittin' complicated."

Mr. Broughton eventually bade his defunct friend farewell, after renewing his pledge of secrecy. Septic returned to work, but much of the beatitude had departed his life.

Being dead was all right when one considered that state to be an improvement over earthly existence, but it was quite something else again to reflect that others were profiting by his demise—existing luxuriously upon the fruits thereof.

"My Price fo' Corpsin' is One Thousand Dollars"

This Joe Bugg angle, now; there was the unkindest cut of all. For years Mr. Bugg had been Septic's particular *bête noire*. Mr Bugg was a large gentleman and muscular. His manner was annoyingly supercilious, and for many moons he had seemed to pick particularly upon the small and shrinking person of Mr Sims.

Septic hated Joe Bugg, hated him cordially. Nor was he particularly enamored of his widow. The very idea of the pair of them living upon the profits of his death was unbearable, impossible. "All my life that woman makes me wuk fo' her. An' then when I dies she collects a dividend. 'Tain't to be stood for!"

That was the one idea which stood out clearly in Septic's mind. The situation was unbearable. Peace and contentment vanished. No longer was he reconciled to his death; yet Simeon's words of warning gave him thought. The money had been paid for his death; if he returned to Birmingham entirely alive the money would be recalled. Thus the prospect of a reincarnation, however brief, did not make any immediate appeal to the dear departed.

He reached the conclusion that his lot was hard, but the attainment of that conclusion did not make it easier. He tried to forget the two thousand dollars and Joe Bugg and Saline; it was like trying to forget an aching tooth. At length he folded his extra trousers and silently slipped away from Chattanooga.

The clock at the Terminal Station indicated the hour of midnight when Septic arrived in Birmingham. The downtown section was heavy-laden with the pungent smoke of furnaces, and Septic did not like the odor; it reminded him too vividly of the occasion of his passing out.

He walked slowly through the colored waiting room and stood staring wistfully down the arc-studded valley which was Fifth Avenue. Westward lay the civic center of Birmingham's Darktown—the Penny Prudential Bank Building, the Frolic and Champion theaters, Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor, the Gold Crown Ice Cream Parlor, the business and amusement world which was of negroes, by negroes and for negroes.

Septic's near-paper suitcase was not burdensome as he trudged determinedly down the Avenue. He came at length

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"But—But—It Cain't be You, Septic. I Seen You With My Own Eyes When You Was Buried"

THE BLACK PIGEON

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

"ZISAY, Mr. Reeny, we want our Alma to do like other childurn. In fact, Alma wouldn't let us be any other way. The minute she heard Lola she said, 'Now there, mamma, that's just the way I want to play.' 'Zisay, you can't make a child unhappy, Mr. Reeny. Every one of Miss Lanigan's pupils are on pieces like that. Lilly Cable, I remember, and she was two years younger, played October Fantasy in four sharps at the last musicale. And such a looking child too! If Alma could of played it and worn her new pink taffeta —— But, anyway, it don't seem to us that Alma ought to be behind Lola. A girl with her ear. And so – well, Alma won't be happy unless she plays the Elves' Waltz and March of the Playthings. And—well, you understand how a child is, Mr. Reeny."

"But, perfectly, madame." The pale young man in the tightly buttoned up black coat, sitting up, bodkin straight, on Mrs. Martin's overstuffed chair, bowed acquiescently from the waist.

"Well, I'm glad you do, Mr. Reeny. It isn't that I don't think you don't do well—in your way. But you don't give musicales, for one thing ——"

Mr. Reeny shook his head.

"—— and you say that you wouldn't teach a child the Elves' Waltz! I think that's a mistake, Mr. Reeny. Miss Lanigan has taught that waltz to all her pupils, and she's one of our very best teachers. People come from all over to attend her musicales, and her program is always printed in the newspaper, along with her pupils' names. And then, too, I think if you'll excuse me, Mr. Reeny—it's a handicap to have to speak so much French. Alma finds it so. She finds it hard to understand your words. 'Mother,' she said to me only the last lesson, 'Mr. Reeny makes my head ache.' Well, anyhow, Mr. Martin and I have talked it over and we feel that it is better to make a change."

If any imperceptible flicker of incandescence played across the finely boned, palely clear, delicately sardonic face above the black coat no sign reached Mrs. Martin, whose devoted eye embraced the passive figure of Alma on the piano stool, turning a bangle on a plump, sallow wrist.

"But it is madame's privilege!"

"Well, that's what we think, Mr. Reeny. When you've been in this country longer you'll understand more about things. You can't just teach childurn exercises; you got to have—results."

"It will be desirable, deferring to madame's pleasure, that my instruction be discontinued." The young man rose, stiff yet graceful, and picked up the flat, shabby leather portfolio.

"Why, Mr. Reeny, yes! And paying you this way—after each lesson—well, we're all through, I guess. You won't have to come back to finish anything."

Mrs. Martin drew a crisp one-dollar bill from a silver mesh bag and proffered it.

Imperceptibly Mr. Reeny hesitated, then accepted it with a bow.

"The wages of sin is death," he murmured in his precise, funny fashion, which had no meaning at all.

Really, he was too funny! He picked up the black felt hat he wore and, crossing to the doorway, bowed again. This time his heels clicked together a little.

"Madame—mademoiselle—I bid you adieu! Madame, I entreat you—if you will be so excessively kind—convey to my conqueror, the lucky Mademoiselle Lanigan—my heartfelt felicitations." His eye ranged in a wheeling circle and included his late pupil. Her round, light blue eyes stared from a saucery sallow face.

He was really too funny!

When the door closed Mrs. Martin called Alma, and they peeped out through the scrim curtains. Across the porch went Mr. Reeny and down the steps and onto the hot burning pavement.

"I don't believe Mr. Reeny is right in his head!" said Mrs. Martin. "Just look at his clothes."

Certainly his clothes weren't right. They were black, unless the strong sun caught them, then they became a queer dull green. And the shape of his coat. It was a frock coat he wore, with a velvet collar! And quite a fly skirt! It was buttoned right up on the chest and his waist was ever so tight and small. He carried his back stiff and flat—"as though something stuck him," Mrs. Martin reflected.

She remembered a legend about Mr. Reeny.

They Fell With Dainty Greed on His Largess of Scattered Crumbs

He always stopped at the Vick Street fire station, near his boarding place, to feed the pigeons. He had cracker crumbs in his pocket. And this, his daily way with the pigeons, who seemed to know him, and the way his long romantic coat swung out in a pointed tail like a bird's, when he walked, had earned him an epithet from Ed Buller, one of the fire-station boys. Ed Buller had named him, the black pigeon.

"And upon my word, he's right," mused Mrs. Martin. "He struts just like a pigeon. Ed Buller's a scream anyhow!" Ed was always interlocutor in the local minstrel shows. "But at that, he isn't so bad looking." She was not now speaking of Ed Buller.

Then she pinched the scrim curtains together carefully lest the Poplaks, across the way, could see her. Really, things were getting simply heroic in the factory nowadays. Anybody with high pay could move just where they pleased. Look at the Poplaks in that new stucco house! Lithuanians if you please—and about a hundred children, all out on the street now. One of them came up to Mr. Reeny.

It was Mary Pickford Poplak, aged six. A promiscuous soul, plain, broad of cheek, with shoe-button eyes and a kindly smile. She offered Mr. Reeny a bit of crushed red flower.

Mr. Reeny accepted it. More, he bowed—"just the way he did to me and Alma—only if anything his face was more agreeable, kind of"—and he put the bit of red into his lapel.

Then he marched on, his coat tail pointing out with its queer resemblance to a bird's, his portfolio under his arm. And the corner swallowed him.

Mrs. Martin dropped her scrim and Mr. Reeny together.

"That's the end of him—and thank goodness!" she said briskly. "And now, darling, now for Miss Lanigan and the Elves' Waltz."

It is quite possible that Mr. Reeny would have been glad to get rid of himself with the same simplicity Mrs. Martin used. There are times—our darker moments, when we are going cheap – when it would facilitate things mightily to drop ourselves and walk away, as one drops a curtain, opening on nowhere in particular. Unhappily, the baggage we must drag with us, provide for, listen to, take counsel with, makes this prohibitive. Mr. Reeny's baggage naturally made this utterly impossible. It was at best not sturdy baggage—a matter that harassed him, and took a certain tithe from him—but its demands had to be listened to. They brought him now—as they bring most of us in like case—to a question of arithmetical computation.

When he had walked four blocks along the scorching asphalt he came to a bit of boulevard trying to burn up in the hot July, and, furling his hot black cloth plumage, lowered himself to a green bench under a small locust tree, and removed his black felt hat.

Directly opposite him, near a sort of kiosk, stood a white stele of expensive granite, faced by four human figures made of a material colored not unlike moist chewing gum. They were a marine, a gob, a doughboy and a Red Cross nurse, and their presence, capped by a symbolic figure of Victory bearing wreaths, connoted the homage of Westlawn to its dead factory workers in the World War.

In the hot sunlight the chewing-gum marble glistened, moistly viscid, and the great brass plate that bore its inscribed heroes gave back a blinking glitter to the eye. Mr. Reeny looked at it involuntarily. It was intended to command the eye.

"Jésu!" he murmured, and his face, always pale and a little sunk under the cheek bones, altered slightly, with a curious grimace of distaste. But whether this was caused by the contours of this monument of hot splendors or some implication, one could not have told. His eye, always a little sardonic, grew markedly so—then softened at an idea.

He fanned his pale moist face with the felt hat.

"After all, there are always left the shoes." He smiled faintly.

But there was first, of course, this matter of personal arithmetic. One from ten leaves nine. By no possible readjustment or computation will it leave more. And nine times one dollar—the fee of a music lesson—equals nine dollars. A not inconsiderable sum, but by no means adequate to the powers of ten—if ten be the least possible amount necessary.

"I might by a compromise have managed to retain her. If I could have compromised on the damnable Elves' Waltz opus. No, by God's love, I have a conscience! Let her waltz with her accursed Lanigan! Sausage!"

The last word was, I fear, directed at the absent form of a departed pupil—who at the moment, curiously enough, was executing a dance of joy.

Mr. Reeny drew out a handkerchief and wiped his hot neck.

"It must be managed," he said; "that sees itself. But how? I cannot teach the Elves' Waltz—yet it is expensive to have an ideal. This Lanigan woman and her arts are the devil. She comes here with her musicales and destroys things. I shall surely lose Madame Haverty's two boys, now that Madame Martin has forsaken me."

It seemed very likely. Madame Haverty had seemed displeased at the last lesson. The boy, Edouard, the elder son—the one with the so many warts on his hands—had been incredibly stupid, and Madame, his mother, had insinuated it was because he had not played pieces, merely finger exercises. In that case it would not be nine dollars, but seven. And that was impossible. Five for Mrs. Bolden's room and three for piano rent.

"There must be more," reflected Mr. Reeny, "but where?" Where, indeed, for him—in the heat of summer, in the commercial center of Westlawn?

Mr. Reeny pulled a great sigh. He had no solution. Nor, indeed, did he particularly blame Westlawn.

It was unlikely to be better anywhere. He reflected anew on the vicissitudes that had attended him in all the four towns he had attempted since coming to America. One of them had been a university town too. Westlawn was no worse, no better than the others.

In each case the issuing of modest cards of introduction, the offer of a public recital as an invitation to the inspection of one's wares had pointed the beginning of a progression, downward, that was beginning to be painful for its repetition.

There was clearly no good fortune for him, not even adequate for bread and butter, in this America, where good

fortune—yes, actual fortune plucking—was said to be so easy. For some. At least there was none, surely, to attend the correct and ethical practice of a beautiful art.

A motor car, a dingy, black, respectable family affair, sputtered by, raising little white fans of dust at heel. At the wheel sat an elderly, quiet-looking man, with shell glasses, and a collar buttoned in the back. By his side sat a motherly-looking elderly woman. Mr. Reeny did not realize the fact, but fortune was passing in person.

In the back of the car, under a carelessly tossed motor robe, were two very large traveling bags. On top of each bag, inside, was spread a folded union suit. Underneath the suit was a capacity quantity of the best bottled Dominion whisky, and under the cushions of the rear seat was a rack neatly fitted with similar substance. The elderly couple drove through Westlawn to the next point on the wet trail from the Canadian border, practically every day, on a little venture of their own. They would have been quick to assure Mr. Reeny—sub rosa—that he was in error. Fortune plucking in America never offered more fertile opportunity. As for art!

Behind the black car passed a closed coupé in which rode the wife of a factory official, like a handsome preserved peach under glass. She was on her way to meet a group of kindred spirits at her club. They would listen to an imported lecturer, speaking on The Influence of Zuloaga on Modern Spanish Art.

A bell broke forth suddenly with a plaintive sweet chime from the tall pointed tower of the corner church. The bell and Mr. Reeny's reflections carried him with Aladdinlike speed to a past very remote from Westlawn, to a city of Southern France, hardly more than a big town. He saw an abbey with ivy on its yellow-gray walls, and a chatter of starlings from the olive trees in the garden. Doves wheeled slowly against the tower with its angelus bell—and in the choir loft, behind an age-blackened grille, a musician-priest counseled a young pupil: "Remember always, my son, Art is long—and takes its price."

"It is indeed true," reflected Mr. Reeny; "and it is equally true that I dislike merely to teach music." And he made a very wry face.

This much was very certain. In a path beset with many difficulties he had selected giving lessons only as the most judicious and profitable arrow in his quiver. In none of the

She Had Heard the Magical Strains of Mr. Reeny's Music

four towns he had essayed were a pair of hands and a temperament versed in the intricacies of Bach fugues, the compositions of Handel or Mozart, much in demand—for themselves; nor a mind and tongue nimble in Romance literature, and the bypaths of French idiom. Teaching music—instructing little pig-tailed or becurled girls or wriggling absent-minded boys their *do, re, mi*—out of a succession of precarious experiments in the economic world, was all that kept the wolf from his door.

"And now," said Mr. Reeny with a faint sigh, "even he is gnawing my doorpost. Still, there are left the shoes!"

This thought was occasioned by the appearance of a big red-and-green truck that rattled suddenly around the corner of the church and its bell. The truck was laden with nailed pine boxes—and meant shoes.

Westlawn itself meant shoes. It made them. It made them, as its chamber of commerce proclaimed, for the whole world. The pretension was not immodest. Every year statistics were offered—growing yearly more prodigious—as to the number of herds that, reduced to hides, were offered, literally, at the feet of man. To shoe men—and shoe them superlatively—was the ideal that had found expression industrially in great factories to be seen just beyond the church corner, a vast acreage of steel and brick and glass addressed to turning out facilities for men's easier motion on the face of earth; that civically bloomed in a profit-sharing concern, with white boulevards and clustering golden lights to make them lovely; libraries, pleasure parks, swimming pools, hospitals; and streets with amazingly smart little ban lnox houses, where polyglot householders, in shirt sleeves watering Dutchman's pipe, radishes and salvia, called to one another in the summer dusk. And knew a common unity of purpose; a common chauvinism. "Westlawn shoes the world! Boost Westlawn," cried its workers—clinging openly to the stubborn Saxon integrity of the word. The town's secondary motto might easily have been "Every Home its Overstuffed Sofa!"

But none of this prosperity was, so it seemed, for Mr. Reeny, and his arithmetic brought him no nearer any contact with it. Westlawn and its shoes didn't, apparently, want him, care about him at all.

"I have, it appears, nothing for them," he reflected. "Still, one must live." How best this might—and very immediately—be arranged escaped him for the moment. "It is possible that I eat too much," his reflection continued. "It is not necessary to take *déjeuner* regularly in this so hot weather. Better, perhaps, to abstain. The breakfast of the Continent, light and temperate, and partaken at intervals, should be sufficient."

It may be stated that Mr. Reeny was a fairly good authority on the staying power of this sort of diet—and on a regimen eschewing a *déjeuner*. Still, even the breakfast of the Continent requires chocolate for its proper preparation. And this thought recalling a need, Mr. Reeny

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Arabia Webb Called Out in Stiff Schoolbooky French: "Bon Jour, Monsieur René! Comment Vous Portez Vous?"

SAIL HO!—By Harold Durst Hail

THUMP! Thump! Thump! Clatter, bang! Two heavy galvanized-iron buckets, two well-packed dress-suit cases, two bulging canvas sea bags, two black japanned-tin strong boxes and two very much surprised midshipmen, all attached to a two-yard length of two-inch iron pipe, constituted the conglomerate avalanche that bumped its way down second-class stairs and landed in a heap in the corridor of the second deck of the second wing of Bancroft Hall. Incidentally it was on a second day of June, but here the number changes, for they were first classmen going on their third midshipmen's cruise.

"Ow, get off my neck!" came a stifled wail from the bottom of the pile.

"Patience, me lad, patience!" composedly replied the young man who, luckily for himself, surmounted the wreckage. In his own unhurried fashion he regained his feet and, lifting one end of the pipe, allowed his less fortunate partner to rise. Venus Kent made it a policy never to get exercised greatly—a wise course for him, since his gross tonnage put him in the class of the late lamented Jumbo. This physical characteristic of his was what contributed most to the ire of his long, lean and less placid roommate, Marmaduke Pendleton Satterlee, 3d, Midshipman First Class, United States Navy.

"It's enough to be the receiving end of a half ton of cruise gear without having you contribute your buxom carcass to the landslide," he growled.

"You did break my fall quite nobly," Venus admitted; "but it was your foot that slipped in the first place."

"And whose lazy idea was it to carry everything at once?" snapped Marmaduke. "Grab the front end and let's go—yes, the front end! Next time anybody lands on top of the pile, it's not going to be the champion heavyweight bean buster of the Mississippi Valley. Your upholstery is better suited to shock-absorbing than mine."

Venus readily grasped the front end of the pipe and with a "Ready? Lift! Let's go!" they swung it to their shoulders and proceeded on their way, with Marmaduke calling the step. It was getting out of step on the stairs that had precipitated their last disaster.

A Sunset Silhouette

The Midshipman's Bucket

THEY were carrying their cruise equipment to the embarkation dock. It was the morning of the beginning of the summer practice cruise of the regiment of midshipmen, and everywhere about Bancroft Hall and the adjacent water front dozens of cheerful midshipmen were hurrying back and forth laden with their luggage.

Each man was allowed to carry only a specified list of things; only the most necessary clothes, toilet articles, textbooks, a tin strong box for his valuables, a sea bag and his hammick—the "mick" is stressed—with mattress and blankets rolled inside. And, of course, there was the inevitable bucket.

The midshipman's bucket is worthy of a special paragraph. Each midshipman is required by regulations to carry a brand-new bucket to sea with him. Now, at sea a bucket constitutes a midshipman's bathtub, his laundry, his washbasin and his shaving mug—that is, as long as he keeps it. For the enlisted personnel of a ship seem to believe that a midshipman and his bucket soon should be parted, and descending on this legitimate prey their first night aboard ship, they steal the buckets and steal away with the soundless celerity poetically ascribed to the tent-folding Arabs. This occasions the midshipmen acute distress, for besides being deprived of this most necessary household commodity they are punished for not being able to produce a bucket at inspection. Venus, who on a previous cruise had done much extra duty for losing his bucket, had determined to keep his at all costs, and so had circumvented the theft of it by cutting a large hole in the bottom of it. Not its serviceability but its presence at inspection was what concerned him most.

This was to be the last cruise of Marmaduke and Venus' their first-class cruise. It was also to be by far the pleasantest of their three cruises, for they would be the senior midshipmen aboard. Their duties and responsibilities, and consequently their privileges, would be almost those of junior officers—that is, until they ran afoul of Van, the chief engineer.

The summer cruise is one of the most important features of the Naval Academy curriculum. It is the practical side of a midshipman's training and is unique among all the educational and recreational features found in American schools. A number of colleges have summer camps or hikes, but none of them offers an extensive sea voyage of from ten to twenty thousand miles, taking in one or two oceans and several foreign countries.

The cruise begins the day after graduation. The first, second and third classes go, leaving the entire facilities of the academy free for the training of the new fourth class, which is taken in during the summer. It also permits the plebes to become accustomed to their new surroundings and the restrictions of the rigid military régime, unhampered and unembarrassed by the presence of their critical seniors.

"All Hands, Up Anchor!"

SIX ships of the Atlantic Fleet were assigned to the midshipmen for their cruise. They were designated the Midshipmen's Practice Squadron and were commanded by a rear admiral. The Commandant of Midshipmen went along as chief of staff to the admiral. Cruises are planned, year by year, so that each cruise will follow one of three general itineraries. The first of these is across the Atlantic to Norway or Sweden, then down the coast of Europe to Portugal and Spain, and back across to Cuba or the Chesapeake capes. The second is an Atlantic Coast and Caribbean cruise extending from Halifax on the north to the islands of the West Indies on the south. The third is the West Coast cruise, from Annapolis to Panama, usually out to Honolulu, back to Seattle and down the West Coast to Panama and return via Guantánamo Bay, Cuba. It was this last cruise that was to be the first-class cruise of Marmaduke and Venus.

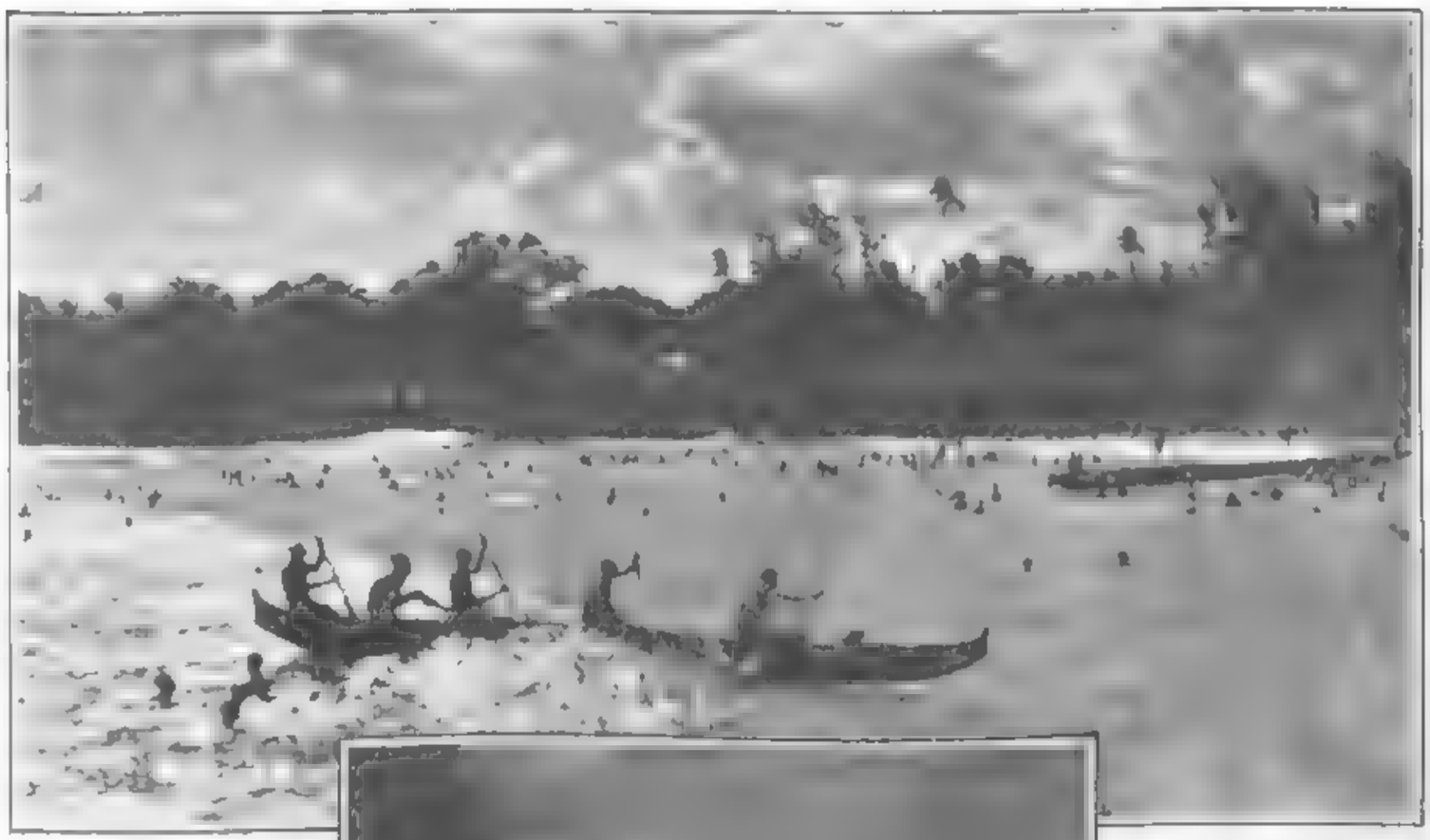
Motor launches and submarine chasers carried the midshipmen and their baggage out to the ships anchored off Greenbury Point Light. As soon as they were all aboard and their equipment had been piled on the quarter-deck, the bos'n piped "All hands, up anchor," and the ship's force busily and noisily prepared to get the vessel under way.

The midshipmen were quartered on the starboard side of the gun deck, and the regular crew of the ship occupied the port side. Their living conditions were practically identical; they followed the same routine, ate the same meals, the ship's general mess, and did the same work, with the exception that the midshipmen had classes and studies during the large portion of the day that the gobs were permitted to sleep, or otherwise occupy themselves as they chose—though there is no incident on record where a bluejacket had an opportunity to sleep and chose to do otherwise.

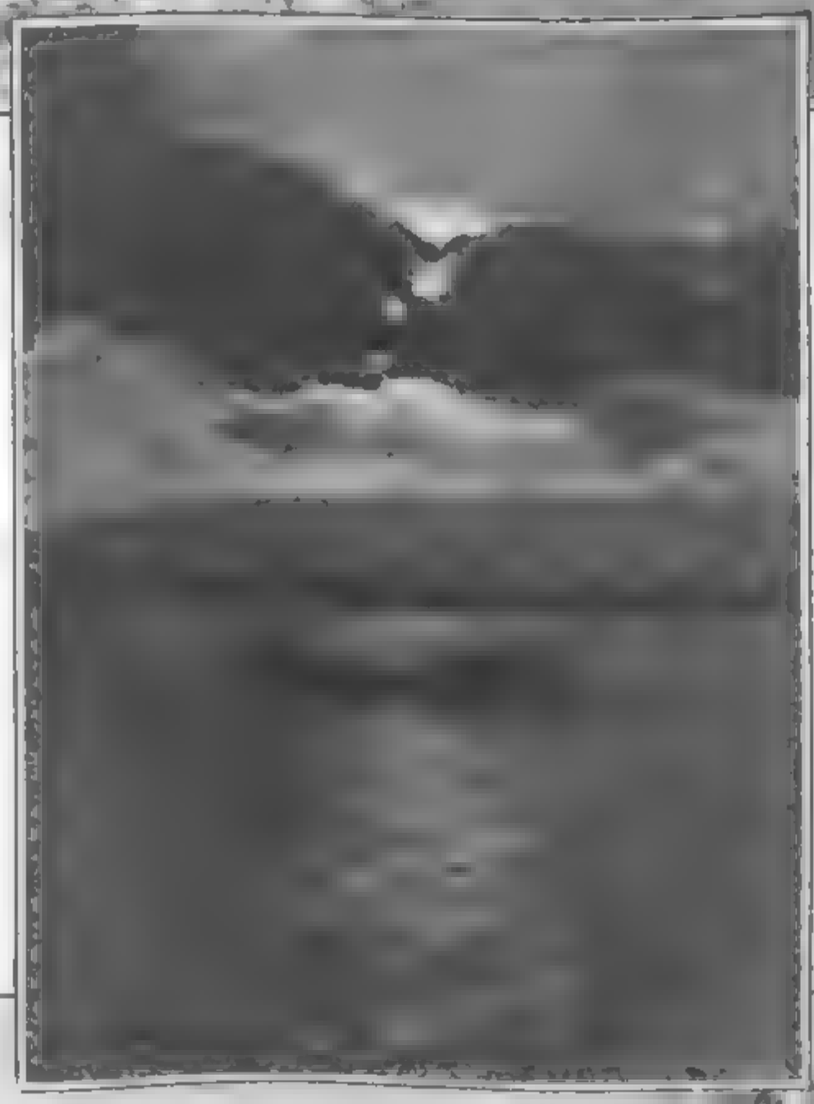
The organization of a battleship's crew is divided into a number of divisions and major departments, each of which has some special part of the ship

An Informal Class in Mathematics, With the Gun Turret as Blackboard

for its own. There are the forward-turret divisions, the after-turret divisions, the broadside divisions, the fire-control division; the navigators' organization; the engineering department, or black gang; and so on. Each of these departments receives its quota of midshipmen, who work shoulder to shoulder with the enlisted personnel thereof and also keep notebooks and make sketches of the guns or machinery under their care. Every ten days the details shift and each squad of midshipmen progresses to another department to master the practical and theoretical phases of its functioning. The cruise is so arranged that each midshipman spends half of the cruise topside, or in the upper-deck divisions, and the other half below with the black gang.



Where the Midshipmen Enjoy the Surf in Honolulu—Waikiki Beach



At the Left—Getting Back to Their Ship Before Sundown

Marmaduke's squad of midshipmen contained eight first classmen, fifteen second classmen and twenty youngsters. In alphabetical rotation, each first classman had command of the squad for a period of ten days, so that each had, in his turn, his full measure of responsibility and authority.

The youngsters came aboard ship boisterously happy in their recent rise from plebedom. They anticipated much joy from the freedom and ease of their new station. They soon realized, to their dismay, that they still were the lowest-ranking class present and that upon them fell all the lowly and unpleasant duties. The hardest work, the fewest privileges, the least consideration—all were accorded them. When there was some task to be done it was "Heave out, you youngsters, and carry stores!" or "On deck, all third classmen, to rig the quarter-deck awning!" The most of the deck scrubbing, paint chipping, brightwork shining was theirs.

Ten Days on the Bridge

THE second classmen were the passengers of the voyage. All responsibility to the first class; all work to the youngsters; yo ho! for the lazy life of a second classman! Of course there were cases where the second classmen caught it hard, notably the fire room, where they were the actual firemen while the youngsters did the less skilled work of coal passing and the first classmen were in charge as water tenders.

There were two officers on each ship detailed from the corps of instructors at the academy to make the cruise as officers in charge of midshipmen. Under the executive officer they were directly responsible for the training and disciplining of their charges. Their problems in number and variety ranked second only to those of the old lady who lived in a shoe. They had the advantage of the harassed dame in that they knew exactly what to do, and did it, with the result that the extra-duty squad came to look like a muster of the midshipmen detachment.

First classmen were allowed to send all their clothes to the ship's laundry, second classmen half of theirs, and youngsters none of their personal wardrobe except their white service, which they were unable to launder.

Marmaduke was delighted to find that his first detail was to the navigators' division. That meant that he would spend his first ten days on the bridge, concerned with the steering of the ship, the compasses, charts and signal system. And also he would have to do a full day's work in navigation each day—that is, he would have to take sights of the sun, moon and stars, figure the day's run, and the position of the ship every few hours in exactly the same fashion as the navigating officer himself. With his classmates he stood regular watches as junior officer of the deck. The second and third classmen of his squad served as helmsmen, signalmen, lookouts and messengers.

Getting Under Way

SO AS the ship got under way that first afternoon he was standing on duty on a wing of the bridge, operating a pelorus and constantly taking sights on the lighthouse. At one-minute intervals he called out the bearing in degrees, and so was knowledge of the ship's position maintained. The captain, the officer of the deck and all their staffs were on the bridge also. Flag signals fluttered up and down on the halyards as messages flashed back and forth between ships.

The groaning of the anchor engine in the dog house beneath the forecastle told of the rising anchor. The bos'n, standing in the eyes of the ship, called back the progress of the incoming chain, "Short stays, sir!" when the chain had been hauled taut and the anchor was directly beneath the bow; "Anchors aweigh, sir!" when the huge flukes of the mud hook broke loose from the bottom; "Sighted, sir!" And so on.

The flagship took the lead and each vessel of the squadron swung into her designated place in line, and the cruise had begun. The steady pulsing throb of the mighty engines below would not cease until the anchors splashed into the green water of Colón Harbor, or until the first ship had actually nosed her way into the lower stage of the Gatún locks.

It was all very new and very strange to the youngsters, who had to be broken in to the ways of seafaring life. But ludicrous and pitiful were their first-night struggles with the hammock, the most treacherously unstable support a novice can encounter. The first class rated cots and the second class slung their canvas dream bags

(Continued on Page 98)

PHOTOS FROM WHITE STUDIO, N. Y. C.

Any Gob Looking at This Early Morning Scene Knows That the Command Has Been: "Rise and Shine!"

EASY

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

V

WITH that picture of Adrian Lee staring up at me from the studio floor I felt for an instant as if my world had come to an end. Lila mercifully had not noticed, and I was able to pick it up and conceal it before she looked away from the wallet out of which it had fallen.

"Give me that, Lila!" I said, snatching Easy's case from her hand. "Don't you know any better than to go prying into a man's private papers?"

"The private papers in the average man's pocketbook," said she coolly, "usually consist of two old theater-check stubs, a registered-letter receipt belonging to someone else, a rumpled penny stamp, and his last year's automobile operator's license. However, in theory you are absolutely correct."

I took both objects into my little cubby of a bedroom, and slamming the door in the face of Lila's cold curiosity I sat down on the edge of my cot and went through the motions of thinking. All I could concentrate on for the moment was that an early venturesome fly was slowly crawling across the windowpane. You know how it is, when something big happens you just have to fasten on some impersonal little fact until you get steady again.

The wallet was Easy's all right enough, and one peek showed me that it contained his credentials. He'd have a fit when he discovered that he'd lost it—and perhaps return for it at any minute. What on earth was I to do? Of course there was some horrible mistake. I held the snapshot under the light and examined it closely.

It certainly looked like Adrian.

The head was held high in his most characteristic pose, the smooth features sharp against the light like the head of some youthful Emperor of Babylon. My heart responded with pleasurable, painful throbs, the way it always did to the sudden sight of him. And yet it couldn't be true! Why, Adrian Lee held, for his age, one of the most distinguished positions in the art world of New York! No—

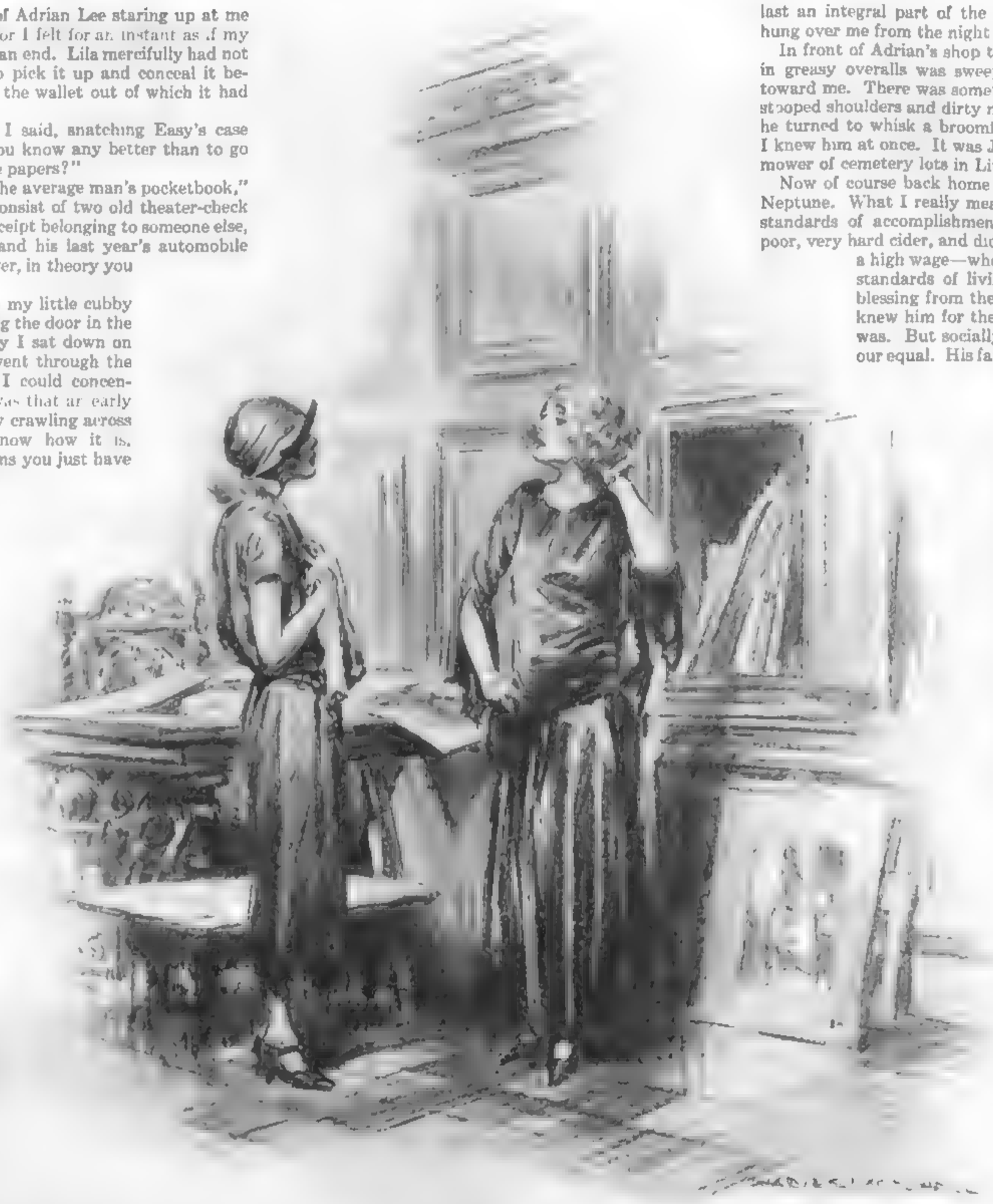
there was a horrible mistake somewhere, and Easy had got hold of the wrong picture!

And yet I didn't dare take the risk of allowing him to get it back. After all I owed Adrian some loyalty. He had believed in me, and the least I could do was have a little faith in him. Besides, Easy himself had admitted that he had no evidence against the subject of his mysterious snapshot. Then there was that money which I had accepted—five hundred dollars—and spent most of it too.

Now when a suspicion or a queer circumstance comes up between you and a friend, it is a good idea to go to the friend with it at once, perfectly frankly. If you wait your very suspicion may create a real breach or a real situation where none actually existed before. Don't give the thing time to stew. Have it out like a bad tooth and be done with it. The snapshot might have fluttered out anywhere. I need not mention it at all, but confiscate it, and give back the rest of the wallet intact. Easy was going a little weird on the subject of his new job and his new prejudices, anyhow! Why shouldn't I protect the man who had believed of me all the things at which Easy laughed?

Slipping the snapshot into my own purse I went to the phone and called Easy at his hotel—feeling rather like a dog, I must admit. He was on the wire immediately.

"This ought to be useful!" he drawled happily at the sound of my voice. "How are you, hon?" Anybody would have thought he hadn't seen me for a year!



"No, I am Not Expecting You!" She Announced. "This is All Heading Stuff to Me! When Did the Accident Occur?"

"I'm good at finding things, that's how I am," said I a little shakily. "I've got your wallet. Lila picked it up in the studio. And I thought you'd like to know."

"You're telling!" said he. "I just missed it. When can I get it? In the morning?"

"I have to go out early!" said I hastily. "But if I'm not there I'll leave it with Lila."

Then I hung up. I wasn't taking any chances about facing him until after I'd done away with the body, so to speak!

Next day I got up unreasonably early, and although Adrian's gallery didn't open until ten I was out of the studio by eight, filling in the time before I was due to report for work with doing errands at Mr. Cresca's, our charming Italian grocer's, and stopping at the little art and novelty shop over in Eighth Street where I bought my paint, and lingering there to talk a few moments with Ike Rosenfelt, the brilliant young intellectual who ran it.

I even did an errand for Lila, annoyed as I was with her, stopping in on my walk uptown at Adam Finch's, the famous old waist shop, and seeing the new proprietor, Mr. Goldstein, himself, about a credit on something Lila had returned. Then I stepped out into the clear spring sunshine which made the awakening Avenue so dazzling, and walked on briskly up to my job, feeling New York's glorious shopping center more keenly than ever, now that I belonged to it, and almost forgetting, in the joy of being at last an integral part of the great city, the shadow that hung over me from the night before.

In front of Adrian's shop the thin figure of a little man in greasy overalls was sweeping the sidewalk, his back toward me. There was something vaguely familiar in the stooped shoulders and dirty mop of yellow hair, and when he turned to whisk a broomful of scraps in my direction I knew him at once. It was Jake Neptune, the ineffectual mower of cemetery lots in Little Cape.

Now of course back home we all looked down on Jake Neptune. What I really mean is we looked down on his standards of accomplishment. He drank a lot of very poor, very hard cider, and did an indifferent day's work at a high wage—when he felt like it. Neither his standards of living nor his industry got any blessing from the community at large, and we knew him for the shiftless white man that he was. But socially he was, at least in theory, our equal. His family was as old in Little Cape and of as good an origin as my own. Our folks had all been living side by side and working for each other as occasion required for five generations, and in the old days, though I might have paid him off for Bobby of a Saturday night, and called him Jake behind his back, he had always been Mr. Neptune to his face, and occupied the pew across from ours in church of a Sunday.

So the sight of him sweeping Adrian's bit of the sidewalks of New York gave me a distinct jolt. It had been all right for him to do that sort of thing back in Massachusetts, but his doing it here was vaguely but vastly wrong. I held out my hand in cordial greeting, and he, wiping a horny fist upon the overalls, accepted it with the defensive reserve so characteristic of his kind.

"Well, Mr. Neptune!" said I. "I am surprised! How are you, and how come you are in New York?"

"Well, if it ain't little Nancy Steerforth!" said he, blinking his sandy lids in real pleasure. "I'm pretty good, thanks, all but a touch of my rheumatism."

"How long have you been down?" I asked.

"'Bout six months now," said he. "Working for a Mr. Lee here. Ain't such a bad job, neither. Only trouble is it's awful steady."

"But what's the matter with Little Cape," I inquired, "that you had to go and leave it flat like this?"

"Ain't nothing ails Little Cape, I guess," said he. "Only I got squeezed out, kinda, after Marjorie died."

"Marjorie dead—your little girl!" I cried. "Oh, Mr. Neptune, when was that? I'm so very sorry!"

"Hadn't heard, eh?" said Jake mistily. "She got runned over by a auto belonging to that cousin of Spinelli's—the one that can't talk no English."

"I heard," said I, "but I understood she was only slightly injured."

"We thought that, too, first off," said he. "But she died of it after a spell. And I couldn't get no justice, so I got out."

"Why, Mr. Neptune!" I exclaimed. "That doesn't seem possible. There must be law in Little Cape, the same as any place else!"

"Oh, there's a law all right," he admitted. "But you can't git it to working. Not with Spinelli running the town, especial if you ain't got the price of a real good lawyer. And anyways, they ain't but one good lawyer in town, and him and Spinelli is thick as pea soup now. But I didn't let things just slide; no, sir!"

"What did you do?" I asked.

"Wall," said he thoughtfully, leaning on his broom handle, "when I found I couldn't git no hanging through law, I jest naturally tried to do a little myself. I come down street after supper one night and went for that dago with my bare hands. But the crowd wan't with me, and they made me lay offen him. Claimed I was drunk or somepin. I ain't got the strength, someway, thet I used to have."

There was a little pause then, while I pictured the scene. Poor soul, poor soul! And his own utter ineffectiveness was the worst part of it all! I looked at him there, still leaning on his broom handle, a shriveled figure fairly lost inside his heavy overalls, his sandy mustache twitching slightly in the midst of his equally sandy, colorless features.

"I couldn't stand up against them young bums," said he suddenly. "Tony, the Greek, and young Bowditch, and some of the Spinelli lot, too, I guess they was. None of our own boys raised a hand for me, neither! Anyways I come back home and set in the yard for a spell, watchin' my hens. Moltin', they was—miserable lot. And I thought, 'Well, that's me'—and also the boys what didn't help me none—we was like them hens—kinda peterin' out, kinda peterin' out!"

He seemed crushed by it. And no wonder. A wave of indignation swept over me when I thought of this ludicrous frail little man trying to lick the entire foreign population of Little Cape while good-for-nothing native boys like that pasty hulk Eli Jones, the hack driver, and his gang of cigarette-smoking side-kicks including, yes, very likely including my own brother, Bobby—sat and watched and laughed at the tragedy. Then in another moment my curiosity overcame my sympathy, and I asked how he, Jake, had come to this particular place to work.

"Oh, I jest seen a piece in the paper where a janitor was wanted," said he. "It's a good place. Only trouble is it's too steady."

"Well," said I, "you will be interested to hear that I, too, am working for this concern. This is my first day, but from now on I shall be coming regularly. At least I hope so, because that won't be any ground for complaint with me!"

With which I went inside, leaving Jake Neptune still leaning on the broom handle and gazing blankly at the blind houses across the street. Apparently, finding the job too steady, he was out to make it immovable.

Inside, Adrian's place was all I had expected of it. Curiously enough, I had never been there before in all the months of my acquaintance with him. He had suggested my doing so, of course, but somehow or other the visit had never materialized. However, all that the restrained window display suggested was verified the moment I set foot inside the door. The shop was a long narrow room, draped with dark velvet curtains from the polished inlaid floor to the high embossed ceiling. Against these hung one or two rare paintings in heavy gold frames and others stood about on easels covered with brocade, so that the visitor's attention was focused only on the immediate display. At one side was the print room, finished in dark oak, discreetly lighted, and furnished with a library table and big chairs, the prints being kept in some heavy portfolios on the table and in cases which the paneling of the walls concealed. One of these panels was open, and a girl was busy putting the cupboard in order.

The place, but for her, was empty, and I had to speak before she noticed my arrival.

"Is Mr. Lee here?" I asked.

At the sound of my voice she turned around—a hard-faced bottle blonde in slinky black satin, and a great deal of manner. She gave me a cold blue eye for a full moment before answering. And I didn't pass with any extra credits; I got that immediately.

"No, he isn't," she said at last crisply. "Why?"

"I am Miss Steerforth, the new clerk," said I. "I suppose you are expecting me?"

The blonde gave her bobbed halo a reassuring pat, and her glance grew even more antagonistic.

"No, I am not expecting you!" she announced. "This is all headline stuff to me! When did the accident occur?"

"If you mean when did Mr. Lee engage me," said I stiffly, "it was only recently, although I have known him for some time. I assure you, it's all right, and that he told me to come to work today."

The blonde snorted. "I have no doubt of it, dear," she replied. "Well, I might have known this had to happen! I've been acquainted with that bird long enough, myself, to realize some day would be Saturday night for me!"

"Why, what on earth do you mean?" I said. "Is it that I am taking your job? Because if so, I assure you that I hadn't the faintest idea ——"

"Ha!" said she. "No, I haven't been given any notice about my job yet. I'm his stenographer—Miss Gussie Leonard. Been here two years and I guess he couldn't do without me! But you walking in here gives me notice all right. I know a pink slip when I see it, dear, but maybe it ain't your fault. I'll grant you are easy to look at, anyways. Trust Adrian for that!"

"Why, this is outrageous!" I gasped. "You speak as if Adrian and I ——"

"That's all O.K., sweetie!" said she grimly. "Never mind the ladylike indignation. Although you certainly do seem a lady! I'll say the boy is going up in the world when he manages to pull one like you off the Christmas tree!"

"Mr. Lee is a friend of mine and absolutely nothing more—except, of course, my employer," said I breathlessly. "When he comes in I shall demand an apology for this!"

I was about ready to cry, but something in my last speech, which was more of a wail, at that, seemed to comfort the blonde, and she even smiled a little.

"Well," said she, "you needn't get sore! I guess you are on the square with yourself. And after all I've always known just where I stood. I only hope you do, dearie. Ain't it a scream the way these foreign fellers love to get hold of an American girl to go round with? But just so long as you ain't of his people, I should worry, for he won't marry you!"

"What?" said I, bewildered.

"Well," said she, "he's a perfect gentleman and some spender! But I guess I don't have to fill in any blanks for you, do I? So we may as well be friends over him as fight!"

"I have nothing to fight over, I assure you, Miss Leonard!" said I quietly, feeling rather sick and very sorry for the poor, common, infatuated creature. For I could scarcely imagine the fastidious Adrian being attracted by this stalwart mass of face enamel and iron nerve, upon which cheaply scented talcum powder rested heavily as snow upon some mountain. She was unspeakable, although far from dumb, and her patent jealousy of me was pathetic.

(Continued on Page 79)

"It's Pretty Clear Now," Said He, "That This Is the Fellow We Want. I Got a Rather Complete History of Him Last Night. I Now Know All About Our Friends, the Bowditches, From Father Abraham Down"

SKOOKUM CHUCK

The Adventure of the Three Unwarranted Preconceptions

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

ALTHOUGH the wind in no way abated, but rather increased, the seas shortly began to fall somewhat and to become regular. This, X. Anaxagoras explained, was because the turn of the tide permitted wind and current to work together instead of in opposition. Nevertheless, it still continued rough enough, and to windward the whitecaps raced madly in a smother of foam. The Kittiwake rose like a bird over the crests, and only an occasional smash and quick rain of spray followed the unavoidable meeting with a curler.

Altogether it was not bad rough-water cruising. The distant blue land defined itself slowly into low fir-clad hills and mountains along an indented coast, with high and glittering summits immediately behind.

Three hours brought them to detail of the coast—a rocky shore, trees growing close to high-water mark, small land-hugging islands close in like ducks, once a wide mouth like a great river reaching mysteriously in toward the heart of the land. The breaking seas dashed high and white along the shore.

Anaxagoras put his wheel over and headed in, apparently for the worst of the smother. Marshall, made accustomed by now to the unexpected, felt no uneasiness; but he was unable to distinguish either a break in the rocky shore or an indication in the hills of passage or cove. The huge bowlders of which the beach was built offered a menacing and unbroken front; the outlying rocks swirled the waters savagely; the long kelp streamers swung and swayed and flung about. Straight into the white water the Kittiwake made a confident way, rounded a bowlder that apparently sat squarely on the beach, and from white water and tumbling seas emerged into a still creeklike stretch not much wider than she herself was long.

Up this she surged boldly, between two high cliffs. Marshall could have touched either side with a pike pole. Looking back, he saw the ocean, white and tumbling. Here the water was undisturbed. Not even a swell ran in, though why this should be so he could not have told.

The narrow creek ran for three hundred yards straight inland, then turned sharp to the left. The Kittiwake came out into a tiny round pond.

Anaxagoras throttled down. "I can run the risk of killing her now," he said. He popped out on deck and dropped over the anchor; popped back and shut off the engine. A great peace, that had courteously withdrawn during their entrance, on folded soft wings led back her lesser gentle sounds. The Kittiwake, rocking slightly from the last impetus of her arrival, lay slack-cable on a glassy surface which not a breath of air disturbed. The last of the tiny wavelets she had brought with her on her prow were hastening toward the shore, there to come to rest. Birds sang clearly and tranquilly from the quiet of a poised, attentive forest. The soft rare plash of a rising fish widened into leisurely rings. Yet an upward glance showed the whipping of branches on the far hilltops. About the stillness, as something that surrounded and made precious without disturbing, was the rhythm of a faint far-away roaring that was the gale in the trees and on the waters and the beating of seas upon the coast.

"Well," came the cheerful everyday nonprofessional voice of the healer of souls, "here we are; and snug enough. She'd mighty near lie here on the weight of her chain without any anchor at all. Strikes me a little grub would be in order." He thrust his head down the companionway with the same suggestion; and received a reply.

"Light up," he advised, seating himself on the bitts. "Long time no have smoked. That sun feels good, doesn't it? Have a drink? You got pretty cold and wet out there."

"No, thanks," refused Marshall. He produced a cigarette and sat down with his back to the pilot house. The sunshine soaked into him as though it were some sort of beneficent fluid, and he an absorbent thing capable of expanding with it like a sponge.

"This," remarked Anaxagoras, "is Kelley Cove. Very few people know about it. The entrance is blind, as you noticed; and looks bad, even if you happen to see it. But there's eight fathoms of water in that entrance at low tide Used to be the hang-out of a tough old customer they called Pirate Kelley. He used it as a hide-out. He was in the smuggling business mostly"

"Liquor?" inquired Marshall perfunctorily.

"No; before prohibition. Chinks."

Marshall repeated the word, puzzled.

"Well," She Challenged Lightly, "and Which Is It to be?" "Betsy," He Chose Boldly

"Chinks—Chinamen," explained Anaxagoras. "They're excluded from your country, I believe; but not from this. Pirate Kelley used to land them across the line at so much per head. He had to give it up, though."

"Caught?"

"No; he couldn't get any more customers. The revenue cutter overhauled him in the gulf one night. The officers had to report that Kelley was the only man aboard. But one of them told me that the peculiar Chinese smoke was still in the cabin. It was twenty miles offshore."

Marshall slowly took this in.

"The Chinks were a little shy of shipping with him after that; but they couldn't prove anything on him. You might say that the evidence was destroyed!"

They finished their smoke and put the dinghy overside. X. Anaxagoras explained that there would be no more wide stretches of open water from now on, and it would be easier to tow her rather than take the trouble and labor of hoisting her aboard every day. He made other normal and cheerful comments, not at all in the formal and stilted manner of his professional moments. Marshall examined him covertly. There was too much humor to please him in the bright and dancing eye of the healer of souls. Healer of souls! Where did he obtain the warrant for such an assumption? Whence did he derive any especial knowledge and wisdom to arrogate such a title to himself? A healer of souls should possess a wide experience, a deep insight, occult perception, understanding of but aloofness from the daily concerns of ordinary mortals. Probably he should have long white whiskers. This young chap looked more like a rather keen sportsman enjoying life with a roving eye and a flair for any prank that might prove alluring.

Marshall's thoughts stood quite still at this point, and a slow flush of warmth arose within him. He was a young man, at the age when being taken seriously was more to be desired than ultimate salvation. To avoid appearing ridiculous was one of the chief ends of man. What if this whole affair were only a prank, the whim of an idle eccentric with a misguided sense of humor? What figure must his own situation take in the eyes of these others? The flush mounted to his forehead.

"Indifference," the professional voice of the healer of souls broke in at precisely this point, "is only passive rebellion. It fights by refusal. In essence it is rebellion. It incases itself in a shell, whereas the fighting type puts on armor. It is rebellion against going along with the scheme of things in one way or another. When this is fully comprehended, one can readily see that one type is capable of understanding the other."

"This may be true," observed Marshall, "but why do you tell it to me?"

"I was one who fought," said Anaxagoras. "But to go on: Full understanding implies always complete sympathy. I do not mean maudlin sit-and-wail-with-you sympathy. I mean the sympathy that wants to do something. That is one requisite in a healer of souls.

"There are many others. I will name only one. That is imagination. Imagination, you know, is an actual and a constructive faculty; just as definite a faculty as hearing

or sight or smell or a knowledge of carpentry. By its means one goes forth and brings back from the invisible universe all the spoils of possibility for leisurely examination by reason. If it is a good lively imagination it will be able to fetch in all probabilities, and thus a certainty or belief may be constructed. It will also be able to perceive not only what things are not working together in the general harmony of all things, but why."

"This also may be true," repeated Marshall, "but why do you tell it to me?"

"To answer your doubt in some small particular."

"What doubt?"

"That on which you were reflecting as to why I should esteem myself capable of healing souls."

"But—but " stammered the young man, taken aback.

"I know you expressed nothing, but the thought was in your mind. Believe me, even my sense of adventure would not lead me to the impertinence of offering an illusion to genuine distress. I believe that in many cases I can help; at least I understand."

Marshall attempted no denial

"Are you a mind reader?" he asked bluntly.

X. Anaxagoras laughed

"In the sense of reading your mind in sentences made of words, no. In the sense of being able through the two qualities I have named, and to which I lay a modest claim, yes. There was nothing mysterious or occult about it. It was rather an example of the use of that type of imagination to which I referred. I caught your slightly puzzled glance at me. It was a simple matter to await some indication of the annoyance to which your thought must inevitably lead you."

Having said this, the healer of souls made fast the painter of the dinghy, which he had been holding, and remarked in a matter-of-fact tone that grub must be ready.

II

MARSHALL followed him slowly, somewhat puzzled. The healer of souls, who had in the immensely practical detail of cruising contracted slowly to the dimensions of a young man of Marshall's own type and capacity, had in a stride regained the heights of a somewhat mysterious ascendancy. This was both elusive and illusory, and not to be seized by definition—like the repeated sense of psychic invasion that had accompanied unexpectedly the most trivial occasions. And like that sense of invasion it carried an uncombatable reality.

But in the cabin his sense of vexation, of being bafflingly played with, returned full surge. There were two places laid at table. The girl was nowhere to be seen

Marshall stopped short. "I trust I am not discommoding your sister by my presence," he could not avoid saying stiffly, and instantly regretted it

X. Anaxagoras looked up with an appearance of surprise

"Oh, no; not at all," he replied after a moment, but offered nothing further.

Marshall took his place at table rather sulkily It was perfectly evident that the woman was avoiding him Whether this was because of calculated coquetry or from genuine indifference did not, of course, matter to him in the least. Except that, naturally, indifference was his own private specialty. He hated to be thought a fool—that was all. At the moment he felt a good deal like one. He thought savagely that if this so-called healer of souls got out that confounded fever chart and hospital jacket and professional aspect and asininely solemn manner, he'd throw somebody overboard. He was in no mood to be trifled with! When did the creature eat, anyway?

But apparently X. Anaxagoras had no intention of holding the customary consultation. He arose and began to collect the dishes

"Permeability to life is the thing," he remarked, but as though to himself, "and emotion is what breaks up the impermeable shell. Even the wrong kind of emotion is a start. I'll bet there are rock cod out near the entrance."

Marshall experienced a wave of the wrong kind of emotion—murderous—and went on deck

There seemed to be nothing to do on deck, either. It was by now midafternoon. The girl had gone out in the dinghy. He could see it across the little pond, secured on the beach. Marshall would have liked to continue indifferently indignant—or indignantly indifferent—but the warm sun on top of a belated lunch and the chill and excitement of the morning made him unexpectedly drowsy. He fashioned a cushion of his sweater and stretched himself out on the forward deck, intending to think things over. Naturally he fell asleep.

III

THAT his slumber was profound was attested by the fact that he knew nothing of what went on aboard the Kittiwake until a low fresh voice asked him a question.

"I'm going cod-fishing; don't you want to go?"

And since he was only half awake he replied with animation "I'd like to very much."

Then he realized that he had not intended in any manner to either forgive or encourage the creature, after her deliberate avoidances and the altogether gratuitous remark she had made that morning. He considered the latter uncalled for and a most unattractive indication of character. But it was too late to back out.

He arose and went aft. She was standing waiting for him in the dinghy alongside. She had on now a brown tam-o'-shanter and a brown wide-necked sweater; and she was looking up at him with a frank expectation that seemed to be quite free from either guile or amusement.

"Hop in!" she invited cheerfully.

He hopped in.

"I love to row," she declined his offer, so he sat in the stern sheets, a little self-conscious and awkward. Her eye met his calmly and impersonally, however, and she betook herself without remark to the oars. Certainly she rowed well. Her body swayed easily at the waist, the blades dipped only just below the surface, were recovered at the end of the stroke with a final little snap of the wrists, and were returned in a half feather a few inches above the water, leaving in pairs small smooth-edged swirls. No splash, no white water, no rotary windmill spatter-duck grabbing. Marshall, who had rowed on a college crew, knew a good job when he saw it, and grudgingly acknowledged it—with a saving afterthought that he did not particularly admire athletic women. Except, of course, in matters of technic and physical outline. No one as fastidiously groomed as himself could fail to note—with appropriate indifference—the harmony and symmetry of the

Continued on Page 71

During the Short Row Out of the Little Pond and Into the Narrow Cut Between the Cliffs, She Remained Cheerfully Silent

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Where the Money Goes

"IT IS to be deplored that the American working public has lost its incentive to thrift," said a Wall Street banker when asked some months ago to explain one of the periodical sinking spells from which the stock market suffers. "While 85,000 people spent, with alacrity, $1,250,000 to see a prize fight; while movie theaters are crowded to capacity; while it is estimated that 2100 golf clubs are running with full membership, and 1000 are in course of construction or exploitation, and are being deluged with applications for membership; while limited railroad trains at high fares are crowded to capacity and running in enormous sections; with drawing-rooms in greater demand than single berths; there seems to be no money for investment, and investment securities are on the bargain counter at almost unparalleled returns on the money invested."

Yet there is hardly an edition of a daily paper which fails to announce that another large corporation has sold, or arranged to sell, a block of stock to its employes or customers. It is not merely that the utilities—the telephone, electric light and power and gas companies—have in the aggregate sold stock to nearly 2,000,000 employes and consumers. The steam railroads, the oil, automobile and steel industries, and a variety of manufacturing concerns are effecting a wide ownership of shares in the same way.

Even the metropolitan banks are beginning to fall into line, and the supposedly underpaid bank clerk is given the opportunity of becoming an owner. In one instance stock was sold at two and a half dollars a month a share, interest on the unpaid balance being charged for at 6 per cent, while dividends amounted to 12 per cent. In this way the stock partially paid for itself.

An industrialist of the calmer type attended a meeting at which frightened references were made to the possibility of a social revolution. He remarked that it had already come, almost imperceptibly, and was nothing to be afraid of. Certainly the ownership of the evidences of wealth is becoming more and more common among the rank and file both inside and outside our corporations.

When single companies report many thousands of employes among their owners it may be assumed that stockholding is no longer a prerequisite of the capitalist class. In each instance an analysis of these new and small shareholders reveals that they are of all classes, descriptions and occupations. Their stake may be small, but it takes very little property to remove anyone from the restless, casual group.

It is not impossible that the great corporations are learning gradually to finance their needs through a more socially serviceable channel than the mercurial Wall Street markets. It is true that many stock issues large portions of which are in employes' hands are also in the financial markets. But many such issues are never listed there, and the effort of the corporations is to prevent the small holder from interesting himself in the ups and downs of the exchanges, emphasis being placed upon dividend returns.

It may well be that thrift is seeking new channels, that money for investment in stocks is learning increasingly to avoid the pitfalls of margin purchases in the open market. Perhaps that is too optimistic a view, but surely the scale upon which the larger, stronger and more stable corporations are distributing stock to the multitudes immediately interested does not indicate either a decline in investment thrift or the menace of concentrated wealth in the hands of a small capitalistic group.

Go Where, Young Man?

JUST as men are always discussing the relative advantages of small town and of large city, so they continue to debate the merits of East and West. Will a young man get ahead faster in the home town, or in New York or Chicago? Should he remain East, or try his fortunes in the newer sections of the country, those whose filling up is still mostly to be accomplished?

Offhand, dogmatic answers should not satisfy. Material success is not everything. Home ties, amusements, health—these, too, are factors which must weigh in the scale. Many a man would be happier to remain an underpaid clerk all his life in New York or Chicago than to establish his own successful mercantile business in a gaunt, bare Far-Western village. To those of another temperament the lack of bright lights or of the tidy New England village with its old elms would hardly be noticed alongside the chance to build a sound career.

The Far West, whether north or south, magnifies the importance of the individual, removes many inhibitions, levels to a considerable extent social barriers and frees men for the most part from the impersonality of great cities. Yet the great Eastern cities themselves grow with extreme rapidity and carry up with them numerous men of capacity. It cannot be said that any section has a monopoly on opportunity. Lack of it is just as likely to indicate a cramped mental state as an ill-chosen home. There is a wider choice of occupation in the thickly settled regions, more variety.

But just as America holds out the lure to Europe, so the West still beckons to the East. Its filling up has hardly more than begun. Men who go there feel they are a real part of the growing-up process, not a mere impersonal cog in the machine. Actual opportunity may not be so much greater, if as great, but there is more zest in seizing it, more actual joy in victory. The West still has the spirit of youth, and, more than the East, does the day's work with a smile.

The Old Mistakes

ONE of the commonest experiences of the middle-aged journalist is to observe the same old mistakes on the part of a newer generation of newspaper reporters and copy-desk readers.

Human society always needs the fresh vigor and aggressiveness of the young, however high the price may be for its repetition of hoary errors. But society cannot afford to pay for the ignorance and errors of its statesmen of fifty, for their far more inexcusable failure to study the past.

Boys are supposed to be taught American history in the public schools; but the lessons are forgotten all too soon, and quite frequently memory becomes a total blank by the time they reach positions of power and responsibility. This, at least, is the only plausible explanation of why so many projected reforms fail in the end. They are based not upon the lessons of the past, but upon a break with it. But reforms, to succeed, must be built upon the teachings of history, a fact which does not in the least preclude change; it merely insures that changes start from somewhere instead of from nowhere.

A college president, making his first address to a newly arrived freshman class, compared a student to a mountain climber, whose business it is to establish bases and then press forward:

"To move the world is the business of education, but there can be motion only because something else is stable. We must use the past not for a place of rest, but as a base of supply—a great arsenal. We must use it only for the purpose of going forward. Be firm in the past. Be bold toward the future. Forward! Guide right! March!"

If this advice were widely followed not only by college students but by the molders of public opinion, the leaders of legislative action and voters generally, there would be fewer wrecks in the annals of Federal, state and municipal endeavor. The trouble is that men become enthused by what they wrongly suppose to be new ideas, but which are merely the old fallacies in the fields of governmental, social and economic experiment.

As many times as not, the most plausible, the most dazzling of the new ideas is simply the error of the past clothed in new garments and given a momentary vogue. Vast experiments, with their inevitable and costly failures, might be avoided by a careful reading of the merest schoolboy book of ancient, medieval or modern history. Men might learn in this way—to paraphrase the often-quoted speech of President Coolidge—to be "as revolutionary as science and as reactionary as the multiplication table."

Still Further Price-Fixing Abroad

THE Argentine has taken the latest step in the ruinous competition between Argentina and Australia for the meat trade of the United Kingdom. The chilled and frozen meat industries were greatly expanded during the war, and now find themselves overextended. The question is, Who shall contract? And in the country of contraction, How is this to be accomplished? Each country is, therefore, trying to solidify the foreign trade and at the same time relieve the distress of producers at home. Mention was made some time ago in these columns that the government of Australia had established an export bonus on meat and that freight rates had been moderated. The Argentine counter move has since appeared.

Convinced that the spread between producer's prices at home and sales prices abroad is too wide, the government has had under consideration a regulation that would establish a minimal price for cattle for export. Export licenses would be refused for chilled and frozen meat when this was acquired below the established minimum price. And since such minimum price would be established on the basis of the sales price in England, the regulation would have the effect of securing for the producer a larger share of the final sales price.

What would give to this regulation of exports its real effectiveness, however, is contained in another project. This is nothing more or less than the integration of meat packing. The governor of the province of Buenos Aires has undertaken the purchase of a meat-packing and refrigerating plant at Zárate. This is to be operated with capital contributed by government, natives and foreigners. The contract is subject to government approval. The English end of this deal is a well-known firm. This arrangement, really an integration, means an alliance between the government of Buenos Aires and one of the largest meat purveyors in the world. Apparently both the English consumers and the Argentine cattlemen anticipate benefits from the arrangement, realizable only on the theory that spread will be narrowed and the gain divided between producer and consumer.

This is another piece of governmental tinkering with business quite like what has been urged on our Government on behalf of wheat growers. In different ways, both Argentina and Australia are trying to do with meat what several proposed pieces of legislation would have Uncle Sam do with wheat—fix a minimum price, sell the exportable surplus on government account, take the losses for the present crop, and hold the bag for the next crop.

The English Court of Criminal Appeal—By Judge R. M. Wanamaker

THE Briton is at his best on the bench in the trial of criminal cases. One seeing and hearing criminal trials in the English High Court of Justice cannot fail to come to this conclusion.

Is that reputation repeated in his Court of Criminal Appeal? No such court existed in England until 1907, when Parliament passed an act providing for the organization of one without the creation of any new judgeships. It may be noted that this is a remarkable exception to the creation of new courts in the United States, where additional judges are usually provided for.

This act went into effect in 1908, and, with the various amendments, provided for a Court of Criminal Appeal composed of the Lord Chief Justice of England and the judges of the King's Bench Division, some sixteen or eighteen in all.

Three judges from among these regularly constitute the court, the Lord Chief Justice presiding, unless absent or for other cause not able to sit, in which case the senior judge of the King's Bench Division presides.

It would not be within the scope of this article to give in detail all the various grounds of appeal provided for in the act; sufficient to say that the following are provided for:

That the judge misdirected the jury.

That the judge wrongfully admitted or rejected evidence.

That the judge improperly allowed the accused to be cross-examined as to his character

That the evidence of the prosecution did not make a prima-facie case which the defendant would be called upon to answer.

That the finding of the jury amounted in law to a verdict of not guilty.

These grounds are recognized for appeals as of right. As to any other ground of appeal provided in the act, application must be formally made and the court's leave to appeal allowed. The Court of Criminal Appeal therefore has two classes of cases usually before it—hearings on application for appeal and hearings on final appeal. These appeals are either against conviction, against sentence or against both conviction and sentence.

The act of 1907 and its amendments abolished all new trials, so that the court of appeals either affirms the conviction, alters the sentence or quashes the conviction.

What is meant by altering the sentence? The Criminal Appeal Act contained this wholesome provision:

> On appeal against sentence the Court of Criminal Appeal shall, if they think that a different sentence should have been passed, quash the sentence passed at the trial and pass such other sentence warranted in law by the verdict—whether more or less severe—in substitution therefor as they think ought to have been passed, and in any other case shall dismiss the appeal

This section of the parliamentary act giving certain jurisdiction to the Court of Criminal Appeal is most efficient in doing substantial justice for at least two reasons. First, it permits an appeal against sentence. Where this appeal alone is made it presumes a rightful conviction but a wrongful sentence, the appellant of course contending that the sentence is unreasonably and unjustifiably severe under the evidence or the past record of the prisoner, or both.

As a rule we have no such provision in our American appellate procedure. The appellate courts do not consider the length of the sentence so long as it is within the legal limits provided by statute. This often encourages boards of pardon, parole or clemency of the penal institutions of the state to reopen the sentence imposed by the trial judge and to feel wholly free to reduce the sentence at their own pleasure, but without power to increase it.

Under the English practice, when the court of appeals reviews the sentence, the Home Secretary, who is charged by law with the duty of recommending pardons, paroles, reprieves and reduction of sentence, feels more constrained to protect the judgment of the courts below, and likewise to assume that if the prisoner did not appeal against sentence it may be fairly presumed that the sentence was not out of proportion to the severity of the crime and his past record.

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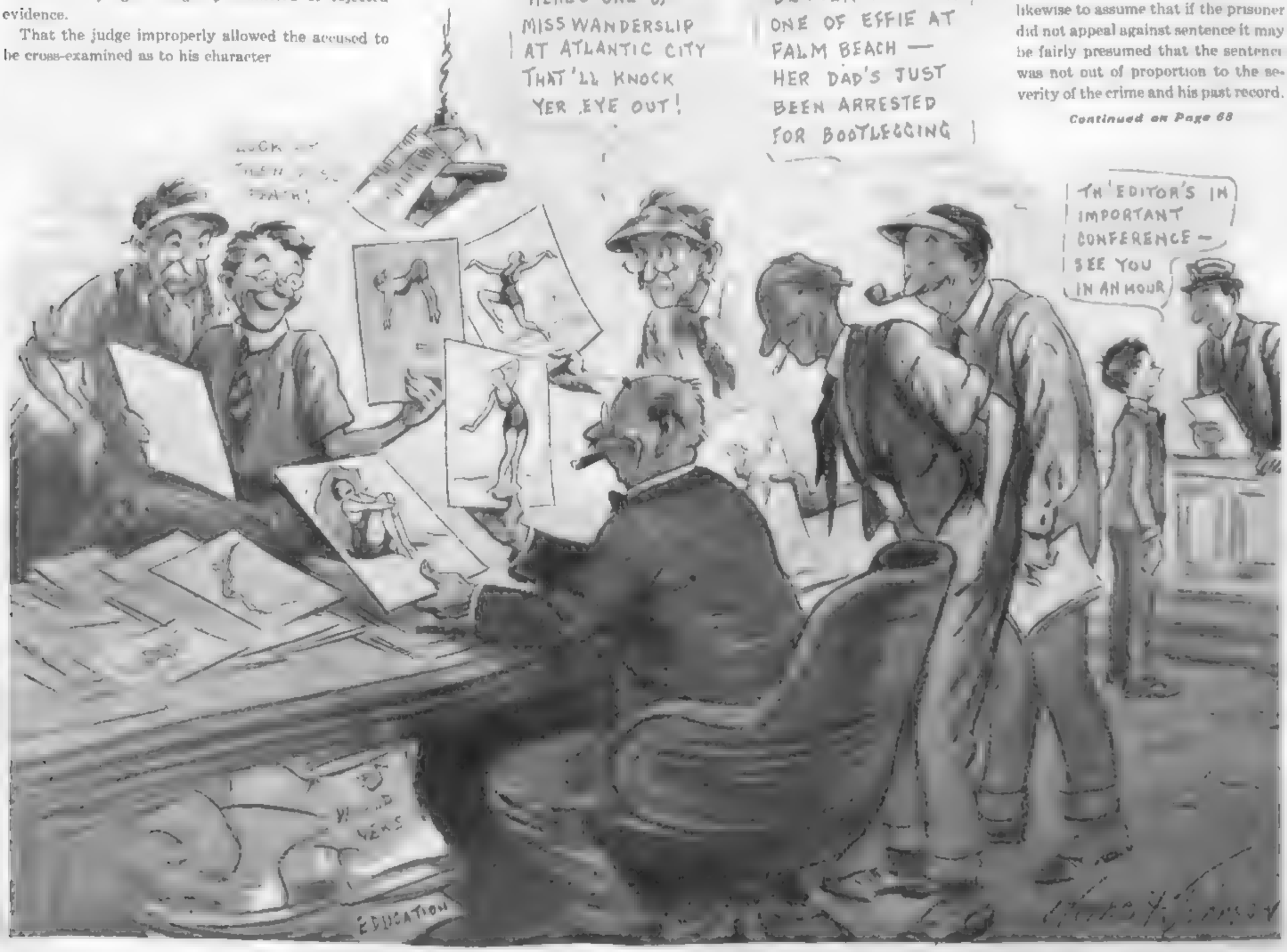
HERE'S ONE OF MISS WANDERSLIP AT ATLANTIC CITY THAT'LL KNOCK YER EYE OUT!
BETTER USE THAT ONE OF EFFIE AT PALM BEACH — HER DAD'S JUST BEEN ARRESTED FOR BOOTLEGGING
TH' EDITOR'S IN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE — SEE YOU IN AN HOUR
EDUCATION

THE MAKING OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Song of the Listener

(After Whitman)

I CELEBRATE the radio, and myself, flow of the radio.

Me, sitting at midnight, with head phones encompass'd, cramp-legg'd, hard breathing, tuning in with big, red, unskill'd hands.)

I sing Schenectady, Los Angeles, Newark, Paumanok, WGM, WOC, PWX, DX, and all the rest of the alphabet.

I sing the neutrodyne, the hetrodyne, the loop, the variometer, allocation, radio frequency and two steps of amplification, the copper-strip aërial—though I have not tried it myself—the technical articles, the diagrams.

(I do not understand them all, but I read them just the same.)

I sing the radio scowl, the crick in the neck, the headache behind the ears, the bad word when the passing truck drowns the announcement.

Schubert's Serenade, O Sole Mio, the Brahms Hungarian Dance No. 5, Blossom Time and the Polonaise Militaire.

(All these and many more I loved formerly, maybe I can love them again some day.)

The loud, meticulous voices of announcers; the adenoid tenors; the control-room blurb, vibrant, appealing; the Arlington time signal; the static—

I do not mind the static, it is all so free, so elemental!

Me imperturbe, now I am content, I will do nothing but listen!

(Ever the old inexplicable query, What are the call letters?

Ever the vexer's hoot! hoot! till we find where the sly one hides and bring him forth.)

Whatever interests the rest interests me, politics, weather reports, the Japanese beetle, the care of goldfish, music, the baseball scores;

I laugh, for I hear what is said in the universe,

A plumb in the midst of irrational things,

Taking them all for what they are worth, not a cent more.

Music rolls, but not from the organ.

A tenor, large and fresh as the creation, thrills me:

"Yes," he says, "we have no bananas!"

Ah, this indeed is music—this suits me!

I hear a chorus, it is musical comedy; I hear the saxophone, the young moron's heart cry;

In arrière the spark station, conferring on equal terms with cabin'd ships at sea;

These so, these irretrievable.

I twist the dial with easy grasp, none shall escape me.

Ouch!

Enough! Enough! Enough!

I discover myself on the verge of a usual mistake; somehow I have been stunn'd.

I am cut by shrieks and squeals, scooting obliquely, high and low,

Wheeze, cluck, swash, short wild scream and long, dull, tapering groan.

Is it inductance, the rheostat, or the regenerative set next door?

I do not care which.

Mine is no callous shell, I talk wildly, the air with frantic outburst rending.

I do not know what is untried and afterward,

But I know that which has prov'd sufficient—let us stand up.

Allons, Camerado, let us go to the movies!

—Corinne Rockwell Swann.

Seeing America First

The Feast of Reason

OF WOMAN'S charm the sages speak,
The joy that passes human ken.
But when my toil is o'er I seek
The rare companionship of men.

The day is done, the lamp is lit,
All cares and troubles are as naught.
We revel in each other's wit,
The flash of stimulating thought.

There's Robinson, sedate, austere,
Whose wit is as a razor keen.
In sharp, incisive tones, and clear,
He says, "Well, boys, I'll shoot a bean."

Then Marlowe, captain of finance,
Who talks in measured tones, and slow,
With just a twinkle in his glance
Replies, "I got you faded, bo!"

A moment's pause; then Doctor Chase,
A man of action, virile, strong,
Exclaims in tones that fill the place,
"A berry says the guy is wrong!"

Quick as a flash Judge Smith replies—
Judge Smith, who's famed throughout the state
"I got you covered, Chase," he cries.
"A ruble says the lad can eight."

And thus the hours quickly flit
Till rosy dawn appears again.
Give me the joy of flashing wit,
The rare companionship of men.

—Newman Levy.

An Evening at the Naturalists' Club

"CIVILIZATION," said the second old naturalist, "has an interesting effect on many animals. They adopt many of the characteristics of civilized man, notably man's ingenuity in avoiding unnecessary toil. You remember the account given by Tristan Bernard, that incomparable observer, of the carrier pigeon which, when released in Brussels in the morning, would arrive at his home in Paris regularly at 6:45 P.M., black and dusty, but showing no signs of fatigue. Investigation showed that he had formed the habit of riding on top of the dining car of the noon express from Brussels; on arrival in Paris he would take Tramway No. 29 to the Porte du Pantin."

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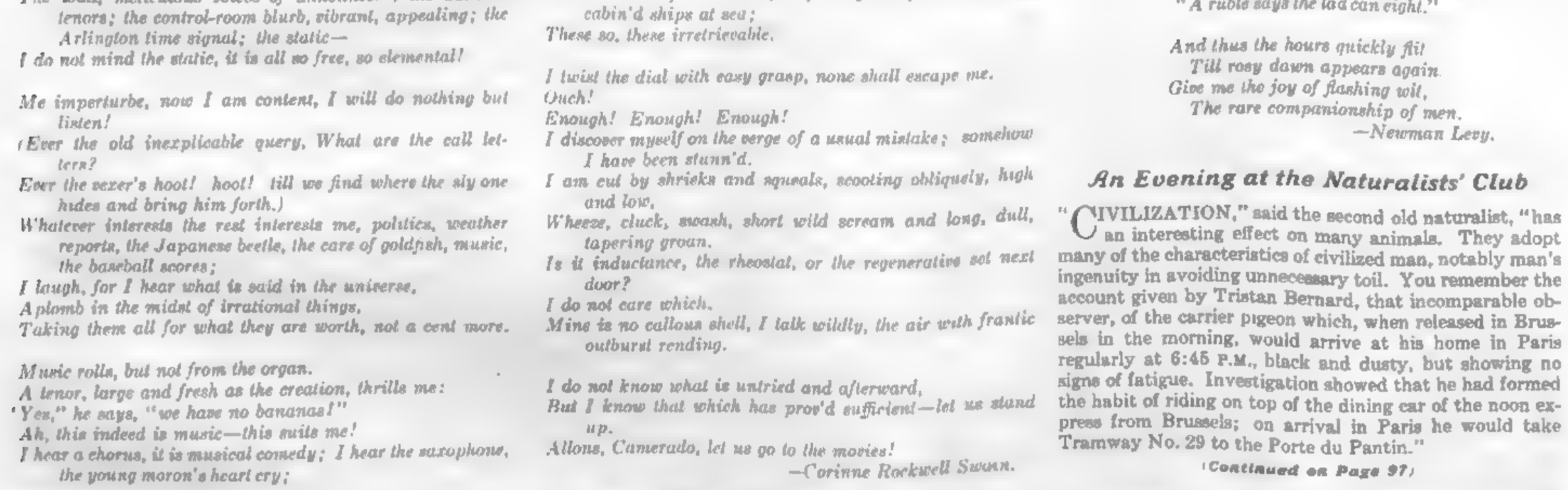

"CONSCIENCE DOES MAKE COWARDS OF US ALL"

Gee! I Got Away With It. Master's Gone Without Finding Those Sport Shoes I Chewed Up

Oh, Why Didn't I Think of a Better Place to Hide Them Than the Mistress' Clothes Closet?

Oo-oo! She's Going Right There This Minute! I Hear Her at the Door. Ain't I the Bonehead?

If She Lifts That Skirt I Covered 'Em With I Can Never Restrain Myself

She's Gone! What a Narrow Escape! Where Can I Hide 'Em Now So She'll Never Find 'Em?

"Why people should eat soup"

Why People Should Eat Soup

Copyright, 1923, by Star Company

The French people know more about eating, more about health, good cooking, eating in moderation and about gastronomy in general than all the other peoples put together.

In every French family a good, wholesome soup is eaten once a day. In millions of French families the daily soup is the chief substantial nourishment of the day.

It would be a good thing for Americans, for their digestion and for temperance if Americans knew more about the value of soup.

Warm soup promotes digestion and assimilation of all other foods.

To begin the meal by putting a warm, nourishing liquid into the stomach brings the blood to the stomach and prepares it for the work of digesting the food to be taken later.

Soup represents a really wise economy. It enables the housewife to utilize much that would otherwise go to waste.

And in addition to the many possibilities of preparing soup economically in the home, there is always good soup to be had, carefully made, nourishing and cheap, requiring simply heating by the housewife.

If everything fried—which means indigestible—should be banished from the American table, and if warm, wholesome nourishing soup could be made a part of every day's diet, the American national disease—dyspepsia—would be cut down at once about fifty per cent.

21 kinds 12 cents a can

Editorial from
New York Evening Journal
Aug. 11, 1923

MY CRYSTAL BALL

By Elisabeth Marbury

PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Mrs. A. M. Dike, of the American Committee for Devastated France, Calling Upon a Fatherless Family in the War Zone

ONE of the improvised hospitals at which I was a frequent visitor was the old prison of the Fresnes. There were two large buildings on the property, one formerly used as the men's quarters, the other as the women's. It was in the latter where Madame Humbert, that famous swindler, had been incarcerated, following her spectacular gesture of prodigality which she had successfully made before the world for so many years.

She kept up a courageous bluff to the very end until the tribunal issued an order to search the great safe which she had sworn was full of more than enough securities to satisfy the claims of her creditors.

As she was driving along with her lawyer, Monsieur Labori, and the police who were to make the examination, she impulsively threw up her hands and exclaimed:

"How thankful I am that this investigation has been ordered, for now you will have the absolute proof of my innocence. You will know that I am a woman of honor, the victim of cruel enemies."

Even the astute lawyer, who told me this tale in later years, confessed that at that moment he was convinced of her innocence.

Arriving at the vault, when the door was forced open the safe was found to be absolutely empty. Not a bond was in sight; not a certificate of any kind. It was as clean as a whistle, for its former contents had long since been hypothecated.

Just as the tourist is shown the cell of Marie Antoinette in the Conciergerie, so I had pointed out to me the cell formerly occupied by Madame Humbert—presumably on the theory that both were high lights in history.

The Fresnes hospital was unusually depressing. It was one of a small group from which all female nurses had been debarred. There was one old surgeon general who clung to the traditions that women should never be allowed inside of military hospitals. As a concession to his prejudice four hospitals had been put under his jurisdiction, from which with his flaming sword he had driven out every suggestion of femininity.

Heroes of the Hospitals

THE only reason for my being sneaked in was because the place had become so forlorn that I was admitted in the hope that I might bring some relief to the situation, which I am happy to say I was soon able to do.

There was not a pillow upon any bed. The poor devils suffering from head wounds were obliged to sit upright, because to lie down under the circumstances was painful beyond expression. I secured from our organization a full supply of pillows, which meant immediate ease to the suffering patients.

There were great centers from which the wounded were distributed as they were returned from the various fronts, chief of which was the Gare de La Chapelle in the suburbs of Paris. The system was well-nigh perfect, thanks to the splendidly organized ambulance service run in connection with our American hospital under the direction of A. Piatt Andrew. The service under Mr. Andrew stands out in memory as one of particular efficiency and of inspiring accomplishment. But back of this organization and of the Neuilly Hospital there was one influencing spirit. It would therefore be a flagrant omission in this connection not to mention the name of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Sr.—Anne Vanderbilt, as she is affectionately called—in recognition of all she did overseas.

It is interesting to note, however, that before the war Mrs. Vanderbilt had taken her nurse's training at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York City under the skilled instruction of that dean of her profession, Anna Maxwell. Thus in 1914 Mrs. Vanderbilt was no tyro, but a woman who had studied seriously.

Several times each week the long sanitary trains crawled through the gray dawn into La Chapelle, where they were automatically discharged of their bleeding freight. The overworked stretcher bearers moved silently up and down the platforms, resting their burdens just long enough for the doctors and superintendents to note the data of each case.

Physicians and nurses were at hand, emergency cots were in readiness, there one by one the various ambulances were filled until they rolled out of the station yard to deliver their loads to such centers as had been designated. There was never any confusion, never any excitement; the routine of system had become perfected.

In another direction lay the great railroad junction of Le Bourget. A short run in an automobile northeast from Paris, on through the Porte du Pantin, skirting the vast munition factories of St.-Denis, on past one of the most important aviation defenses of the city, along a rough stretch of road, and we came to the huge gates which served as the entrance to the stretch of interlocked rails which marked this place.

Every train seemed to pass through Le Bourget. One's first impression was of their incessant coming and going, all bearing the same human freight, for this station, with its volunteer canteen as a central pivot, was the common meeting ground of those who had given and of those who were willing to give, as there every degree of physical suffering had been poured into the melting pot of voluntary sacrifice.

Not a man passed by who asked whither he was going, for he had left father, mother, sweetheart, wife, forsaking all, while looking forward, his face illumined with the sublime light of patriotism. Nothing else really seemed to matter, for here, as the thousands trudged along, one realized that the dread of death, that shadow which pursues us through life, had at that moment been conquered and forgotten.

Death no longer awakened any shudder of surprise. The unselfish women who moved so untiringly hour after hour from group to group, offering such nourishment and refreshment as they could prepare with the meager means at their command, were rewarded by expressions of gratitude which in their humble way ennobled those who gave them utterance.

Day after day the restless trains rolled on, becoming part and parcel of the perfect organization of war, while the canteens everywhere were inspired and vitalized through that throbbing equation of the human touch and of the human understanding.

Herein lay the secret of the cohesion which stood back of every soldier and of every servitor throughout France. All at that time were brothers and sisters, composing one vast family, who were contesting for the same cause, side by side, facing together the hour of final victory which they believed would surely come to them.

Speaking

THESE men and women fought and labored with conviction in the righteousness of their purpose, but in this they did not stand alone, for everywhere, on every frontier, whether friends or foes, all believed that they were struggling in the name of civilization to establish and to maintain the peace of the world.

At this station of Le Bourget one saw in imagination a holier field of the cloth of gold which covered the tracks and which concealed the dirt heaps. These embroidered lilies of fancy were the ideals which studded those five hundred miles of the fighting front.

It was, after all, a glorious vision, so that in turning my crystal ball the memory of those last years of the war throws into relief the poignant beauty and fateful inspiration of these crucial tests of sacrifice.

All were keyed up beyond normal moral height. None were occupied with analysis. It was not until months later that the account books of the world were submitted for reason's examination. The final curtain had to fall before phrases were divorced from figures, before cause had to justify effect, and before the spiritual had to demand an accounting from the material.

The soldiers and the citizens were happily in profound ignorance of the profiteering which was going on about them. An incident of this was told me by a French general who commanded one of the most vital northern areas. He had determined that in equity the price of potatoes should be established at twenty-three francs a thousand kilos. Hardly had this been announced when certain gentlemen occupying official positions in the civil government rushed madly to his headquarters insisting that unless he advanced this price to forty francs they and their associates would be ruined, as they had cornered the potato crop through the center and south of France for twenty-four francs a thousand. The general was obdurate and the high cost of living was controlled.

Hundreds of similar stories were heard in all directions. Rings in people's noses are not always confined to savage tribes, and the newspapers are frequently eloquent supporters of the custom.

We all returned to New York in the late autumn of 1916, waiting and wondering how soon it would be before our country would become an active factor in the world's holocaust. It was about this time that it was discovered that I possessed the power of speech, for though I had always more or less articulated, even in my school days, the ability to speak before audiences and to arrest their attention was yet in embryo.

Of course to succeed in holding any crowd one must be sincere, simple and devoid of self-consciousness, all of which traits were naturally developed during the abnormal period of intense feeling, of burning convictions and of determined purpose engendered by the war.

Probably there was never a time when so many incipient Demostheneses sprang into being. Everybody talked. We talked in groups and by the clock. Squads known as the four-minute men were in evidence on all occasions when appeals were in order, and there was hardly a day

(Continued on Page 32)

Ask what you will of the New Cadillac—a steady drive, a sudden burst of speed, a positive stop,—*its resources are equal to your inclinations.*

CADILLAC

V-63

Expect Great Things

(Continued from Page 30)

when the crowds were not invited to give. There were certain stock phrases which were heard at every street corner, such as "Give until it hurts." Every expedient in the way of diversion and of ingenuity was used to arouse the multitudes to a sense of generous duty.

The conservatism of President Wilson, who was reelected because he kept us out of war, was resented because thousands, especially in the East, were insisting that he should plunge us into war. Yet subsequent events have demonstrated clearly that Wilson had his ear so close to the ground that he sensed the fact that had he declared war one month earlier than he did he would have had little unity of support, while risking every certainty of resistance. Our people had to have months of educational happenings before they were in the least ready for conscription

I happened to be in California when the Lusitania was sunk, and the apparent indifference to this event was to me a revelation as to how little were the belligerent sentiments of the Eastern sections of America shared in the Middle West and along the Pacific Slope.

The general comment I heard expressed was that the people who sailed in this ill-fated vessel were fools for having risked their lives after the official warning given them through the representatives of the German Government. A family from San Diego which had gone down with the ship was bemoaned merely as neighbors, not at all as victims who were to be avenged.

This general apathy seemed to some of us as extraordinary, yet it was thoroughly realized by the President and every member of his cabinet.

Even a hundred miles back of the Eastern coast line much of this same sentiment prevailed. It was time enough, it was said, for us to bestir ourselves when we were actually attacked through invasion. We would then show the world that we were able to protect and to defend ourselves. This was the psychology which had to be reckoned with, nevertheless one which our friends abroad found well-nigh impossible to understand.

At last the moment came when, owing to the incessant submarine attacks which occurred along our very shores, when, owing to the convincing proofs that plots and counterplots were threatening the peace and the property of the United States, there seemed to be no alternative except to declare ourselves in.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., With a Convalescent Soldier in the Grounds of the American Hospital, Neuilly, France

War Work, Wise and Unwise

THUS in the frenzy of an enthusiasm which swept our country from ocean to ocean with a rapidity which can never be exaggerated, the work of preparedness was begun. Money was spent like water. Young men rushed to enlist. Training camps sprang up like mushrooms. Welfare organizations enrolled thousands of eager volunteers. Everything was at fever heat. President Wilson was the world's hero.

For the overseas service set in motion by the various welfare organizations there was no dearth of volunteers. To many this was a blissful escape from household drudgery and from irksome duty. It was a picturesque and adventuresome solution of monotony. Many of the men who went as secretaries were insured salaries far beyond their average earning capacity. Many of the women rejoiced in the freedom from family obligations, which until then had been an unknown condition in their lives.

Though I am not unmindful of the thousands who proved themselves splendid in their work, once they were on their jobs, nevertheless, the yearning for liberty and for adventure played no small part in the easy enlistment of hundreds whose one idea was to get away.

How many husbands and wives were saved from the divorce courts through the wearing of the uniform will never be computed! How many while bidding each other a tearful farewell inwardly rejoiced at their newborn freedom! How many young women who were disconsolately contemplating spinsterhood, reveled in the thought that a heart might be caught in some hospital rebound! How many a lad who was counting the days until some criminal delinquency would be unearthed rushed into the Army or Navy as he realized that his uniform would cover the multitude of his sins. It was all a mad whirl in which emotions became so cross-wired as to render analysis impossible.

We were not only engaged in training our men to fight but we encompassed them with a cloud of moral instruction such as they had never dreamed of before. Camp life was to be a mixture of the fireside, the meetinghouse, the public library, the movie theater, the concert room, the dance hall, the first-class restaurant, the luxurious hotel and mother's doughnuts. In the minds of many, imagination sketched the vista of an endless joy ride. It was a great adventure, intoxicating and alluring, so that to thousands who sailed away the actuality they were facing seemed too veiled to be feared.

Yet back of this zeal, much of which was unquestionably misplaced, the real work of costly preparation went on. That our Army and Navy were the best equipped of any of the fighting forces is now generally conceded. Our Government was prodigal of expenditure because we as a nation believed that to save men was more important than to save money.

It has become the habit to criticize the waste of the millions which were poured out by our Administration during this period, yet I venture to state that could our taxpayers realize the phenomenal extent of our accomplishments in the conduct of the war, if they could be made to appreciate some of the facts and figures connected with the part we played in the conflict, grumbling would give place to approval, and criticism to expressions of pride.

We had many internal differences to combat during the nineteen months when we were actively at war. In the beginning, instructors were sent over from our Allies who were to give our men training in various facilities before they sailed.

Volumes could be written about suspected spies, wireless apparatus on the top of private houses, waiters conscripted for the German Army, and many other Munchausen tales which were the expressions of a widespread hysteria.

However, early in November, 1918, the last act of this war drama was played, and in a riot of revelry the Armistice was declared, for despite the issues for which we had fought, despite the ultimate outcome of the part we had taken in the conflict, at least the uncertainty was over, the pressure was relieved, the hour of rejoicing was a fact.

Two million of our men had been sent overseas, four million more were in training, while we knew that we could draft further millions to keep the business of war going for years to come. We had natural resources that were practically inexhaustible, we could furnish ample human fodder for the remorseless cannon. We were perfecting our material, we were organizing on the largest scale ever conceived. We were slowly but surely getting into our stride. In fact, we had barely started when suddenly we learned that the vast enterprises which we had undertaken were to be abruptly suspended and rendered inoperative. In other words, the Allied firm, so far as we were concerned, was to all intents and purposes dissolved. We were just beginning to give the world evidence of the fine work of which we were capable when we were informed through the yelling of the newsboys, through the clanging of the bells, through the whistles of the factories and through the shouts of the multitudes that our services would be no longer needed.

The interallied partnership was at an end. We were discharged by the senior members of the firm. Our men were to be sent home as fast as ships could be found to carry them. From that time on, patriotism was to be succeeded by business.

Soon we were told that our meddling President was responsible for the cessation of hostilities, that it was he who had prevented the parade through the streets of Berlin, whereas the real influences which cried halt were the French socialists, who had grown sick, tired and resentful of the whole condition, for war enthusiasm was decidedly on the wane.

The nations engaged in the struggle were literally longing for rest. Every Allied general knew that the hardest fighting still lay ahead, that the defenses of Germany were between their armies and the frontier, that thousands and thousands more lives must be sacrificed, that weeks and weeks more suffering must be endured.

As Marshal Foch afterwards acknowledged, "None of us asked to go on, as we knew too well the price that this would entail."

Victory

THUS someone had to be found to whom the buck could be passed. The obvious man to perform the service was President Wilson. That he would be proclaimed as the one who had insisted upon peace was of slight consequence. He was lifted into the saddle of negotiations by every European power that stood behind him. It was, therefore, he who was made apparently responsible for the disappointment that Paris and not Berlin should witness the triumph of victory.

It was under these circumstances that the era of our unpopularity began. The list of our crimes grew. Through reiterated pledges of sentiment our debt to Lafayette was increased rather than decreased. So that when our facetious doughboys dared placard their barracks with the doggerel,

"We've paid our debt to Lafayette,
What in the h—— do we owe yet?"

they little realized that the amount of this debt was never to be known, for if ever the sum total were fixed, we ourselves might do some calculating. To keep this a floating and an uncertain obligation defers indefinitely the moment of liquidation. Nevertheless, it would be a very salutary thing if once we might ascertain how much, after all, we do owe to Lafayette.

It was in October, 1918, that I was introduced into the arena of politics, about which until then I had been practically ignorant. My interest had been spasmodic and divorced from party affiliations. I had supported men and their individual motives. I was a careless mugwump, espousing each cause as it developed, while remaining indifferent to the body politic from which it had gathered its impetus.

My connection with the administration of the City of Greater New York had sprung from my belief in its human opportunities and in its humane intentions. Party organization at that time meant little to me, but as I became more and more familiar with the ways and means of politics I realized that this was as essential as is the foundation of a fifty-story building, for it is in the local district club or meeting place that one can get a real angle of comprehension.

Therefore the advice I offer every woman who is thinking about taking an interest in politics is, once she has determined upon being a Republican, a Democrat or a Socialist, that then she should ask the first policeman she meets to direct her to the district where she is to vote and

(Continued on Page 87)

The Good MAXWELL CLUB COUPE

Utility first—coupled with a degree of comfort, convenience and beauty unprecedented in cars of this new type—for practically the price of a roadster.

The shape and width and tilt of the seat, and the contour of the seat-back, conduce to ease and comfort.

Seat and seat-back are upholstered in leather, with headlining in broadcloth.

Door windows and quarter windows can be lowered full length for free circulation of air.

Ventilation perfectly controlled by an original type of windshield that is water-tight and rattle-proof.

Unusually wide rear window, and the quarter windows, afford clear vision in all directions.

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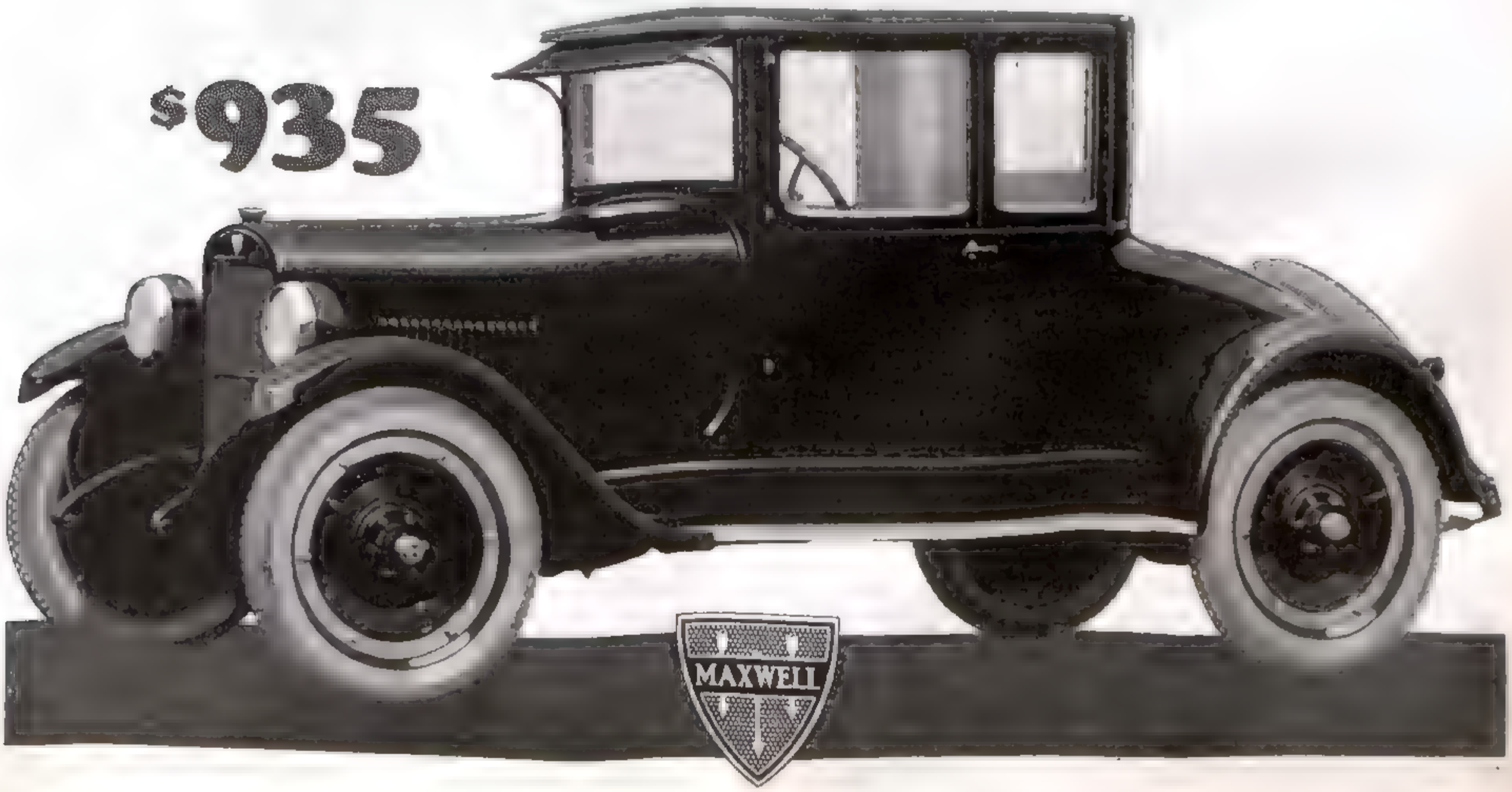

VINGIE DARLING

Rupert's Great Worry—By F. E. Baily

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

"I'm Only Twenty," Murmured Vingie. Without a Word or a Movement She Invited His Inspection of Her Young Loveliness

THE town house of Lord Fordingbridge stands in Belgrave Square, guarded by pillars devised from cannon captured at Waterloo. Periodically their dumb muzzles gape upward to an awning of red and white stripes and a crimson carpet splashes the white steps between, and runs, like the lilting blood of youth, across the drab pavement to the whitewashed curb. Gilded coach and stately barouche drew up, in their day, to set down the loveliest girls of all time, in panniered skirts and crinolines, patched and powdered and jeweled: a dozen generations of satin slippers have kissed the great staircase, and the tiniest, proudest feet have starred the ballroom floor.

So, also, one perfect postwar Georgian night, limousine after limousine sighed to the white strand between the somber cannon, and from their soft depths curved adorable maidens in strait and narrow gowns, with little proud bobbed heads and piquant painted faces. They came of a guest list hedged in and thrice refined; Lord Fordingbridge, Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was giving a dance for H. R. H. Charles William Albert Victor, Duke of Sussex.

The Honorable Virginia Lauriston had ceased for a moment her inspired movements to the strains of London's smartest dance band; she stood chatting lightheartedly to Sir Charles Gillespie, her guardian, the most perfect bachelor in Europe. She was pleasantly conscious of her twenty flower-decked years, her moonlight shoulders, unique in society, her beautifully waved hair, a delicious profile, and eyes neither gray nor green. She knew Sir Charles knew, and Sir Charles knew she knew he knew. He passed a hand thoughtfully over his gray head, and glanced with affection at his trim figure and neat feet.

Then he said, shaping his words with clean-cut lips under a mustache no barbarian hand had ever shaved: "Thank God I grew up when I did! I've had sixty very good years, and I'm spared being a young man in this horrible period."

Virginia smiled straight into his eyes.

"You'll never be old, Charles darling," she drawled in her clear modern voice. "You've got the heart of a child and the experience of a lifetime. That's the beauty of being a man. At your age I shall have the greed of a flapper and the face of a hag. You mustn't grumble at the period; little Vingie's having an awf'ly good time."

"Ah, Virginia, but you forget your advantages. Remember, I brought you up from the age of sixteen, and trained you in the pursuit of your natural prey—men. It's been such a beautiful relationship; not being your father I never had to pose as a moral freak, and not being my daughter you've never had to lie to me. Perhaps you even respect me a little."

"I do, Charles darling. You're so adorable to women, and they must have nearly killed you teaching you how."

"You know, for instance, that marriage is the only suitable career for a girl in our set. There's no use trying to stand alone; acting for the films, swimming the Channel, and playing lawn tennis like a professional are simply vanity and vexation of spirit. They pass with youth, but a husband remains, because he can't get away. You will choose some ambitious gifted feller with money, family and a great future. Marriage is the thing for a girl; married women are a close corporation, like lawyers or doctors, or the Amalgamated Society of Plumbers. Scratch one and the whole lot turn on you."

Virginia sighed and shrugged her white shoulders very faintly. "I shall never love anyone as I do you, Charles. I adore gray hair; it means so much; think of all the experience that turned it gray.

"Naturally—naturally!" agreed Sir Charles in his pleasant voice, "But we were discussing marriage, not romance. I've always preferred to symbolize romance; it suits my peculiar gifts so much better."

"So it does mine at the moment, darling. I've simply got to sow my wild oats before I settle down. The wild oats of one's youth are the comfort of one's old age; you dream about them, cuddling your three hot-water bottles beneath your five eider downs after your nurse has brought you your cup of peptonized milk and left you for the night. I insist on wrecking at least several lives while I'm still pretty enough."

"Who is that young person dancing with the duke? She moves exactly like a camel," interrupted Sir Charles.

"That's Betty Keswick. Rather a sporting kid; she's flown over the German lines in an aëroplane and motored from New York to Seattle. I'm awf'ly glad he's got her; he's been dancing a lot with me, and I don't move like a camel. It all helps."

Faint animation, real or admirably assumed, stole into the calm countenance of Sir Charles.

"Here comes the man you would do well to marry," he observed solemnly. "The pick of the dark horses, Virginia, the flower of the unannexed. I believe I mentioned the subject before."

A tall lank figure moved awkwardly through the crowd of dancers in the general direction of Virginia and Sir Charles. His dress clothes, though faultlessly cut, grieved, if aught inanimate e'er grieves, at the entire lack of sympathy in their wearer. His face wore a strained, unearthly smile, and he exchanged a difficult word of greeting with this and that person; there seemed about him a spiritual angularity that matched his gaunt ungraceful limbs. An observant stranger would have accused him of a high purpose and a low coefficient of sociability.

"Rupert Frack, of the Foreign Office," murmured Sir Charles dreamily. "Not exactly a *beau sabreur*, and heaven help him in the drawing-room, but he'll have the premiership and a peerage some day. Perfectly ruthless over work; people may loathe him, but they won't be able to do without him; some other girl will have him if you don't; a great pity, because you're clever with men."

Virginia's straight little nose wrinkled delicately.

"He dances vilely and he can't make love, he doesn't even know how pretty I am, and if he did he wouldn't care. I must have my natural atmosphere, Charles—the perfume and bath-salts side of life. I dare say Rupert's going to turn out another Oliver Cromwell or Abraham Lincoln, but their wives weren't exactly my type. Rupert will always appear a little better than he should be and I shall never seem quite so good as I am. Poppæa or Ninon de Lenclos or Queen Elizabeth is more my style."

"My dear, there are always guardsmen and aides-de-camp and attachés and things for sentimental distraction, but the wind bloweth over them and they are gone. It will take an earthquake to move Rupert, and he could give you the power to make and unmake kings."

"Charles," retorted Virginia, pointing one tiny foot in its adorable satin sheath, inwardly admiring the line of her ankles, "I will do my own king breaking, thank you."

Rupert Frack approached and smiled with slight bitterness at Vingie, and his uncle, Sir Charles.

"The duke is leaving," he announced, much as he might have said, "The world is coming to an end."

Sir Charles raised his eyebrows. "So early? It's only half past eleven. Has Fordingbridge annoyed him or is it fatigue? Or perhaps he has to lay a foundation stone very early in the morning. The cares of state are most exacting."

"Fordingbridge is at his wit's end," answered Rupert Frack calmly, although he did not seem calm. "So am I; so is everybody who knows anything. It isn't the fact that he's leaving, but what lies under the surface. It means that we haven't finished with the old trouble; there's more to come. I could very nearly weep."

Vingie looked at him with gentle eyes.

"My poor Rupert, they aren't going to be cross with you, are they? It can't be your fault. Tell us about it. I think you suppress things too much; it's bad for you, and besides, we'd love to help."

Continued on Page 36

Mrs. Howes says this pumpkin pie is especially favored by her friends because of its custard like consistency and fine flavor. Try her recipe below, noting that it calls specifically for Libby's Milk

From one of New England's good cooks comes this recipe for pumpkin pie

IT'S "punkin" time in New England and, my, the pies those women can make of pumpkin! With recipes that mothers pass on to their daughters as this one was—to Mrs. R. C. Howes of Whately in Old Massachusetts.

But hundreds of good cooks have found a way to *improve* their pumpkin pies. Their recipes, like Mrs. Howes' at the right, now call for Libby's Milk. It gives such fine flavor, such unusual richness.

"The *kind* of milk makes a difference," you ask?

It makes a very noticeable difference. While Libby's Milk is cow's milk and nothing but cow's milk it is quite different from ordinary kinds in the results it gives.

7½ teaspoons of butter fat in every can

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So, as you buy it at your grocer's, sealed in air-tight cans and sterilized, it is just the finest milk in the land, *made double rich.*

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Order a can of Libby's Milk today. Make Mrs. Howes' pumpkin pie tonight. Or try it in one of your own favorite recipes—in anything where you've been using ordinary milk. Use it in coffee. You, too, will notice the greater richness and finer flavor that it gives.

PUMPKIN PIE

Recipe from Mrs. R. C. Howes, Whately, Massachusetts

1 cup pumpkin	1 egg
⅔ cup sugar	1 tablespoon sugar
½ cup flour	Cinnamon
1 cup Libby's Milk, 1 cup water	(Do not salt)

Put pumpkin through fine wire sieve, add sugar and flour, stirring to a smooth paste. Heat milk scalding hot then pour it slowly into pumpkin mixture, stirring until blended

Line deep pie plate with crust, and, when ready to bake, beat egg with the tablespoon of sugar and add to pumpkin. Fill pie plate and sprinkle cinnamon on top. Bake in oven of about the same temperature required for bread till center of pie quivers like jelly

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Libby's MILK for Cooking Coffee Baking

The milk that good cooks use

(Continued from Page 34)

"I'd rather die," declared Rupert Frack simply, "than breathe a word of anything that matters in this place." He looked round scornfully. "All this froth, this butterfly mob—selfish, pleasure-loving, insincere. Candidly, Virginia, I merely came as a matter of duty to help the chief. There's a month's work on my desk at the Foreign Office."

"Tut, tut," soothed Sir Charles. "My dear feller, you mustn't get upset. Nothing's so bad that it couldn't be worse. Let's go home and talk the matter over if it worries you. I dare say Virginia will excuse us. There are a dozen people who'd chaperon her—if it's necessary nowadays."

Vingie yawned attractively behind a pink palm.

"I've danced with the duke. I don't want to dance with anybody else. I hate second best. Come along, Charles, and let's take the poor boy away."

As they turned to go Lord Fordingbridge passed, impressive with snow-white hair, in the eighteenth-century evening clothes with stock and ruffled shirt that he always wore. His rubicund genial face seemed less gay than of old.

"Well, well," he said with a fine effort, "youth will be served. He was deuced nice about it, but I suppose our troubles have begun again, Rupert, my boy. The devil take all women—if you'll forgive me, Virginia."

"Ah!" commented Sir Charles with complete understanding.

"Exactly. Tell you about it in the morning. Ask me to lunch, Charles—thanks, my dear feller. Rupert, you have my permission to give them a bare outline—the barest possible. Good night, my dear."

He raised Vingie's fingers to his lips and sauntered away, keeping a brave face. A powdered footman called Sir Charles' car. Vingie, he and Rupert entered the vehicle and whirred silently through the darkness to Sir Charles' town house in Park Street. Only Vingie hummed faintly a seductive fox trot—the last she had danced with the duke. She thrived, like all women, on trouble and the clash of fates.

The somber dignity of the library woke at the click of a switch to subdued radiance. Vingie, shrugging back her cloak, poised her imponderable young beauty in a deep armchair, to sip hot milk reflectively. Sir Charles sat opposite, savoring his whisky and soda; Rupert Frack stood with his back to the fireplace like a figure of Doom.

"Well, Rupert?" hinted Sir Charles at last.

"Shall I go to bed?" inquired Vingie, without the faintest intention of doing any such thing.

Rupert Frack dragged at his tie, making it even more crooked than usual.

"The difficulty concerns a certain exalted personage in whose honor a ball was given by a secretary of state. The exalted personage should have stayed till the end, or almost the end. Only a most pressing engagement could have called him away. He had no official engagement whatever."

"Inconsiderate young monkey," murmured Sir Charles politely.

"No," objected Rupert Frack; "the exalted personage is most kind and considerate. That makes matters worse. Only a tremendous influence could have caused him to show neglect towards his host. It has been arranged that this personage is to marry in the near future. The name of the lady is absolutely secret, but I may say she was present at the ball. There were two hundred ladies invited, so I am not giving anything away. This fact intensifies the danger of the situation. What, I ask you, could have induced the personage to behave as he did?"

Vingie stretched out her hand to a cigarette box. Sir Charles rose and struck a match for her. Rupert stared gloomily before him.

"Obviously," murmured Vingie, "there's another attraction. I'm not surprised. The—er—personage is very young. He's like me; he wants to sow a wild oat or two before settling down."

"I quite agree. Most human—in his case at any rate," observed Sir Charles. "It's rather stupid of him to neglect Fordingbridge ——"

"Sh! Sh! No names, I beg of you!" besought Rupert Frack.

"—— but there's nothing to worry about. And I don't see what on earth it has to do with the Foreign Office."

"The appalling fact is that he insists on marrying the attraction. The Foreign Office is concerned because the attraction is of alien nationality," said Rupert bitterly, and drained his glass with the air of a man swallowing poison.

"Not a Ger——" began Vingie.

"As the personage served throughout the war in the Royal Horse Artillery I should imagine not. Otherwise, the situation hasn't a redeeming feature."

"Well," commented Sir Charles at last, smiling the tolerant smile of sixty fruitful years, "he can't marry her, so it won't last. Either he'll get tired of it or she will. I should suggest giving him plenty of rope and folding your hands. 'Tisn't as if he were a private individual and could run off and be married on the quiet."

"There have been morganatic marriages. They could elope to the lady's own country, and then who's to stop them? I disagree with you, Uncle Charles."

"Who is the girl?"

Rupert Frack's jaw set like a trap.

"I regret that it is absolutely impossible for me to tell you. Perhaps the chief, when he lunches here tomorrow—that's a matter for his discretion. I couldn't take the responsibility."

"Oh, poof!" scoffed Vingie, rising lightly to her feet. "You're the most fearful old granny, Rupert. I've simply been sitting up to hear who she is. I might have been asleep by now. Night-night, Charles darling!"

She kissed him gently on the cheek, gave Rupert Frack the mere tips of her fingers, and Sir Charles held the door for her. He closed it firmly and went back to his chair.

"I'm very sorry for you, but in this poisonous age even young men don't know how to manage their love affairs—or p'r'aps it's the young women. Anyway, you've all my good wishes," he observed. "Would you mind handing me the volume of Shakspere from the table as you go out?"

Rupert complied, hesitating.

"I should like to run over with you the historic precedents of the situation—that of the Austrian archduke and others," he began, but Sir Charles shook his head.

"You'd better run along and get some sleep. I always read for an hour to compose my mind," he replied politely but very firmly. "Good night, Rupert! See you in the morning."

Reluctantly Rupert went his way. Sir Charles sat with his book on his knee, deep in reflection. Finally he shook his head.

"Marriage—always marriage," he said at last. "I wonder what attraction they see in it. I could never find any, and I am a fairly intelligent man."

II

VINGIE awoke to perceive one baby sunbeam stealing through her chintz curtains, stretched two white arms adorable with little blue veins, made happy cooing noises, and glanced at a gold-and-enamel traveling clock by her bedside. It indicated the hour of 7:35. At eight precisely a pretty maid came bringing tea and letters. As she slit envelope after envelope a frown creased Vingie's velvet brow. The contents of the envelopes displayed a miserable monotony, alike of matter and style. For the most part they read:

Madam: We beg to draw your attention to our account, now long overdue, and would be greatly obliged by a check at your earliest convenience.

Thanking you for your esteemed patronage in the past, trusting to receive a continuance of your favors in the future, and assuring you of our best attention at all times,

We remain,
Your obedient servants,
for Dash & Blank, Limited,
ALBERT BLANK.

"What a curse poverty is!" snarled Vingie malevolently. "How can I keep bodice and skirt together on a mere pittance of a thousand a year? It's hopeless to ask Charles for anything; the darling's just as hard up as I am. Mary, what do you do when your debts positively suffocate you?"

Mary shook her attractive head and smiled.

"I can see anybody trusting me, miss!" she answered. "When you've got no money you have to pay cash. It's only rich people who can afford to owe."

"Well, put out the *tête de nègre marocain* frock with cerise piping. Lord Fordingbridge is coming to lunch. I may be able to sell him my brains if they're done up in an attractive wrapping. I want my very thinnest silk stockings, and a decent hanky in case I have to cry. It's rather fatal to cry over a man, but beggars can't be choosers."

She flung back the blankets, sat on the edge of the bed and considered her little pink feet gloomily.

"You won't have any soles between you and the pavement one day if you're not clever," she ended. "Make the most of those silk stockings, my dears. His lordship still has an eye for a decent ankle, they tell me."

His said lordship, who had never officially recognized the existence of the internal-combustion engine, though condescending to use a car for long journeys, arrived to luncheon driving himself in a pair-horse phaeton, his gray tall hat slightly on one side, a specimen of the obsolete buttonhole in the lapel of his coat. It was observed that he patted both horses a trifle absently, and crossed the pavement with anxiety in his slow gait. Within doors he rallied, bowed gracefully over Vingie's little hand, chatted genially across the luncheon table, teased Rupert Frack with kindly toleration, exchanged anecdotes with Sir Charles.

Vingie, more by virtue of her eyes than by any word of mouth, gathered him to her as a hen gathers her chickens.

His sorrows half drowned in their calm depths, he observed at length deliberately: "Excellent bit of Stilton this, Charles. If Virginia will allow it perhaps we might all take coffee together in the library. I feel like making a clean breast of something."

There is no better background for beige silk stockings of the most diaphanous weave than a morocco-leather armchair. Lord Fordingbridge eyed them wistfully, cigar poised halfway to his mouth. Sir Charles gazed absently at his liqueur; he had weathered so many crises. Rupert Frack's glance ranged round the room like the questing of a hungry lion.

"I s'pose," said Lord Fordingbridge at last, "Rupert put the whole thing in a nutshell, like the clever feller he is."

"In a coconutshell perhaps," murmured Vingie. "He left out names and dates and descriptions and facts. Otherwise we know everything."

"Well, I'm only a stupid old man," apologized his lordship, "but the gist of it is, the duke's quite mad about a very charming young woman—Mlle. Diane de Blanche-forêt—wants to marry her, in fact. It's been arranged that he shall marry Lady Celia Pytchley, old Loamshire's girl, but between ourselves he won't hear of it. Mademoiselle Diane's French, of course, and that's where Rupert and I come in."

Sir Charles' lip curled.

"May I suggest that—ah!—it should be made worth her while? Probably that would meet the situation," he suggested with delicate irony.

"You're a clever feller, Charles," murmured Lord Fordingbridge admiringly. "Unfortunately she's a lady. She comes of a very old family; she's very highly educated—bit of a musical genius, and so on. She plays leading parts in those romantic musical shows where you've really got to be able to sing, but only because she's poor. She lifts up the stage to her own level, she doesn't sink to meet it. If you sent her a pearl necklace with your love she'd drop it in the dustbin and tell you to come round and fetch it."

"Oh, my dear lord, how you do make me laugh!" sighed Vingie in spite of herself.

"Well, you know what I mean. But there's worse to come, my dear. She's very domesticated. She has a little place in Hill Street with just a man and his wife and her maid. She goes back after the theater and cooks omelets on a tiny electric grill, and the duke goes there and beats the eggs and makes the toast. You see, he's rather overworked opening exhibitions and unveiling war memorials and attending banquets, and to see Mademoiselle Diane in an overall breaking eggs into a basin completely knocks him over. She won't let him make love to her; she just reads Victor Hugo to him and then tells him to go home. The poor boy described it all to me with tears in his eyes. He says if she won't marry him as he is he'll retire into private life and dog her footsteps till she gives way."

"Dogging reluctant footsteps becomes a little tedious after a time," observed Sir Charles.

Vingie took him up scornfully.

"No man ever does. If she didn't want him he'd never get inside her front door, let alone help with the cooking. He's just a nice unspoiled boy, and it's a shame."

"Perhaps Lady Celia also makes omelets?" suggested Rupert.

Lord Fordingbridge made an overwhelming gesture.

"I may be a very foolish old man, but I can't see her doing it. To me she rather suggests a band and a Captain's Escort of Life Guards. They're a ceremonious lot, the Loamshires. Between ourselves I can't stand 'em at any price."

His weary old eyes, with just the remains of a certain something in them, turned pathetically on Vingie. He was so obviously out of his depth. She, who felt the *crêpe marocain* and the translucent stockings doing their fell work, smiled back half maternally and prepared to launch the attack.

"Charles, darling," she began at last, "I think Rupert looks dreadfully pale and overdone. Do take him for a stroll in the park. M'lord and I will just talk. I've got one or two things I'd like to say. Please?"

Sir Charles rose obediently. "Come along, Rupert," he commanded. "You lead far too flabby a life. We will go and look at the ducks on the Round Pond."

Once they were alone, ten years fell from the shoulders of Lord Fordingbridge. Instead of hostess and guest they became girl and man, adorable girl and admiring man.

"How old is Diane?" asked Vingie after a little pause.

"Twenty-four, I understand, but you know what these French women are—the wisdom of ninety and the lure of nineteen."

"I'm only twenty," murmured Vingie. Without a word or a movement she invited his inspection of her young loveliness.

"I'm not a bit afraid of Diane. As a matter of fact it isn't Diane at all; he just thinks it is. It's what she represents—simplicity, rest, sympathy, peace. He's nauseated with pomp, poor kid. It just happens to be Diane. He's like a child who's been let loose in a sweet shop. She knows, and gives him the exact opposite. Don't you see?"

"I do, but I'm no wiser. It takes a woman to defeat a woman. I drown in an ocean of mystery. I wish you'd throw me a life buoy," he replied, paying her the distracting homage of age to youth.

(Continued on Page 48)

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NO AMERICAN MOTOR CAR, REGARDLESS OF PRICE, EXCELS THE NEW PEERLESS EIGHT IN PERFORMANCE, DEPENDABILITY, BEAUTY AND COMFORT

PATHS OF GLORY

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

THERE are a good many learned Englishmen in India who take India and the Indians so seriously that the casual but friendly intruder upon their deep meditations is likely to experience a sense of impertinence plus humility that is calculated to modify his mental effort to a considerable extent, and to discourage his belief in his own ability to see as far through a stone wall as it is given the average person to see.

These profound scholars and indefatigable students have no patience with such inquiry and observation as the ordinary passer-by may be able to indulge in and to enjoy, and evidently have a view of themselves at times as being martyrs to the variously manifested mental limitations of a practically hopeless world. They dislike above all things the wayfarer who wants to know and who has the effrontery to believe that after a few weeks of more or less thoughtful and conscientious wayfaring he has probably acquired a somewhat sound knowledge of a few indisputable facts.

In their opinion there is no such thing as an indisputable fact; to them there is no such thing as knowledge; everything is research, and the object of research is to prove that there is no foundation in fact for anything that anybody ever thought he knew. Their laudable purpose is to establish facts and to build up by degrees a record of them that really will be unassailable; but they are in no unseemly rush about it, and in the meantime they are exceedingly controversial, having a habit of serving a pinch of salt with every titbit of information they may be induced to share with the unscholarly horde. This makes learning things about India a most laborious and unsatisfactory process.

A Land of Mystery

I WAS amused by the experience of a young business man in Bombay. He had a vacation to dispose of that was not long enough to enable him to get back to Blighty, where every exiled Englishman spends his vacations when he can, so he decided to go to Delhi. He was a good deal of a student himself, had done a lot of desultory reading and thought he would like to view the remains of the Mogul Empire and familiarize himself so far as he might with the evidences of its fortunes and its follies, its grandeurs and decline, and to follow on back the dried-up but at least pebbly-bottomed channels of history in this area where once upon a time they were aflood with such mighty streams. He arrived in Delhi with a letter to one of the mentally detached and uncompromising savants and said to him:

"I had three weeks and thought at first I would run up into Kashmir and do a little tramping; but I'm very much interested in the history of India and haven't had much chance to get about, so I decided to come to Delhi and put in the time trying to learn something."

"Oh, is that so?" said the savant. "Well, I've been here thirty years on exactly the same mission, and I can't say that I know anything yet!"

And if that isn't mental arrogance, there is no such thing as mental arrogance.

The Britisher hardly ever jumps to or at a conclusion and he has very little regard for an opinion in which he can detect the influence of merely intuitive impulse—the British research hound, that is. In the year 1200 or thereabout the Persian poet Nizami said, "The fiction which resembles truth is better than the truth which is dissevered from the imagination."

But the British scholar in pursuit of truth, though he may permit his imagination full play for his own entertainment, is careful in his written conclusions to separate fact from fiction, however acceptable as fact the fiction might be to the average mind. And he is nothing if not conservative. As an example of his conservatism and painstaking methods: When in 1916 1917 the politicians and patriots of India were seeking to bring to some kind of climax the turmoil they had been working up and slowly developing for nearly half a century, a certain group of well-known political students in England sent a representative to India to study the main features of the situation and to present to them a statement of presumable facts for their mature and analytical consideration. This representative spent eighteen months on the job, and that before he even began to write his final report. His process was to write from time to time a more or less rough summary of the results of his investigation up to date, make manuscripts with plenty of room for marginal notes, then send copies of these manuscripts to interested friends or educational colleagues in different parts of the empire with requests for marginal comments and criticisms which might be helpful to him in reaching an eventual and permanent basis of argument, which is as good a way as I know of to make thinking easy.

But some of his friends either forgot or failed to understand that these statements were merely tentative and intended for private circulation only; so some of them found their way into the public prints here and there and eventually got back into India in a somewhat garbled form, with the consequence that his final voluminous essay on the subject consists largely of an effort to explain to an outraged Indian public what he didn't mean by what he didn't intend to say.

Another ponderous group of highbrows, with more letters trailing after their names than are contained within them, undertook to collaborate on a monumental history of India; but though they have turned out large quantities of reading matter, most of those who have had to deal with events preceding the Mohammedan era seem to me to have concerned themselves principally with the impossibility of substantiating their own statements. They make statements, right enough, and reenforce them with innumerable references to seemingly inexhaustible sources of information; but in the greater part of this information they have no faith whatsoever, and are at pains to disassociate themselves from the intellectual evils of its probable inaccuracies.

Set aside all that kind of literature, then move away a mountain of the merely trivial or the exasperatingly sketchy variety, and what the gentle reader has left that is meaty enough to be mentally nourishing and not too rich for a delicate constitution does not stack up in a very formidable array.

However, this is not to be a book review. It is only that I began by being reminded of some pompous old nonproducing know-it-alls I met in Delhi, one of whom jocosely inquired whether or not I intended to stay two weeks and write a book. My answer was that I hardly thought I should have to waste two weeks on a little thing like that, after which he sought with social adroitness to ingratiate himself by explaining that that was what the average American traveler was expected to do.

At Delhi

I SAID that in my diligent search for literature I had not been able to find much of a purely observational character, and that all the books I had in my possession, the covers of which were more valuable than their contents, had been written by Englishmen. We had a delightful little spat and became excellent friends, whereupon he began to take an interest in my gropings and to give me the benefit of an occasional draft upon his wealth of both ancient and modern lore, which I could only wish I had on deposit in my own head.

When I waked up in Delhi one fine morning I found myself under a rose-satin coverlet in a beautiful big white enameled and richly begilded bed in the Prince of Wales' dining room. I did!

Continued on Page 58

Shipping in the Hugli River, Calcutta *Above—The Capital of a Pillar Erected by Asoka at Sarnath Sometime Between 263-226 B C.*

Brand New Oakland True Blue

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Watch This Column

The Power of the Love-Story

"Write me a love-story," I said one day to one of our author-directors, "a story which shows the power of genuine, unselfish affection. It is the biggest thing in the world, yet most of the plays of today ignore it and go in for cheap sensation of suggestive character."

* * *

And from the thought came ***"Merry Go Round,"*** which has won the approval of all the best critics—of the newspapers—of the magazines and of the general public. The love-theme dominates, yet the picture is dramatic in the extreme. I don't mean to say that all picture-plays should be love-stories, but I like every play to have the love-element in it. It refines and dignifies and softens.

A STIRRING SCENE FROM "THE ACQUITTAL"

You will find the love-element strong in ***"The Acquittal,"*** featuring Claire Windsor and Norman Kerry under the direction of Clarence Brown—an unusual mystery drama soon to be shown in the best theatres; in ***"Thundering Dawn,"*** the big melodrama; ***"Drifting,"*** starring Priscilla Dean; ***"A Chapter in Her Life,"*** Lois Weber's beautiful picture; and in ***"The Storm," "Human Hearts," "The Kentucky Derby," "The Abysmal Brute," "The Flirt," "The Flame of Life," "Trifling With Honor," "Driven,"*** all Universal successes. You will even find it in ***"The Leather Pushers,"*** the great series written around the prize ring. A noted dramatist said years ago: "Build your play around a love-story and you can't go wrong." I believe it. Do *you?* Write me your opinion.

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame," Victor Hugo's classic, and Universal's most pretentious and costly offering, has a love-story running through it. With all its grandeur, I believe it would have proved far less successful had the love-theme been left out of it. Universal is steadily making its way into the hearts of the people because it is making the kind of pictures the people want.

* * *

So, it is definite, that you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see Universals. What do *you* think? Be friendly. Write to me, occasionally.

Carl Laemmle
President

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THE LATE LAMENTED

(Continued from Page 17)

to Twentieth Street, then Nineteenth; the enormous new Federal Building bulked magnificently across the street and he hurried on, because, considering the precarious nature of his tenancy on this mortal coil, Septic was not particularly partial to the sight of white marble. It was disturbingly remindful of graveyards.

Mr. Sims started to turn southward on Eighteenth Street, but discretion prompted otherwise. He continued in a straight line for three blocks, then turned to his left, doubled back to Eighteenth Street, crossed the L. & N. tracks and struck out toward the colored residential section.

At Avenue F he turned right. The rows of cottages were shrouded in gloom. The thoroughfare slept, save where here and there a joy-sirening auto whizzed by on the asphalt paving. For a few more blocks Septic walked, then his stride grew more uncertain. He paused eventually before a cottage which vied with its neighbors in size, but easily led them in the matter of dilapidation.

Home again!

Sight of the structure brought no lilting song to the heart of the prodigal husband. He realized too well that dead he was worth two thousand dollars, which meant that he probably stood better at this moment in the affections of his widow than he ever had in the stormy course of their matrimonial career. Too, he was not unnervous at the prospect of correcting her misapprehension regarding the completeness of his death. Saline always had been a rather strong-willed woman, not overly fond of having her pet beliefs disturbed. And he knew well enough that her belief in his demise must be one of her pettest.

Yet before his eyes dangled the two thousand dollars which by all rights belonged to him. He conscripted a last faint vestige of courage, flung back the gate and ascended the veranda. There he thumped lightly upon the front door.

From within came the growling contralto of his widow: "Who that?"

He did not wish to break the news of his reincarnation too abruptly, so he resorted to tact: "Just a gentleman friend."

Sound of footsteps inside. "Who yo' name is?"

He applied mouth to keyhole and whispered softly in order that inquisitive neighbors might not hear: "Septic Sims."

Distinctly he heard a gasp, then a nuance foreign to him.

"'Taint so."

"'Tis too."

"Git away fum that do', cullud boy. You is daid."

Septic was faintly offended. He spoke reassuringly: "Co'se I is daid."

A muffled shriek rent the night. There was the thud of a falling body. Septic shook his head sorrowfully. "Tha's the unthoughtfulest woman! Goin' an' faintin' on me thataway."

He remembered his latchkey, relic of the almost forgotten days of his earthly existence. He found it in his pocket and softly let himself into the house. He snapped on the light and surveyed the unconscious figure of his favorite widow.

Saline occupied a large portion of floor space as she lay sprawled near the door. Septic secured a glass of water and forced it to her lips. He knelt beside her and pillowed her head on his bosom. She opened her eyes, took one wild look into the face bent above her, emitted an eerie howl, and again passed out.

For several minutes he worked hard over her, but without result. Then he tried persuasion.

"Come to, woman; come to. Ain't you got no mo' sense than to be roamin' roun' this heah floor in yo' nightgown? How come you to go thumpin' yo'se'f all over the place? 'Tain't nobody but I."

Eventually she recovered consciousness. With eyes wide and staring and lower jaw drooping pathetically, she gave ear to his assurances that he was present in the flesh and not as a visitor from other worlds.

"But but it cain't be you, Septic. I seen you with my own eyes when you was buried."

He chuckled. "You seen somebody else, Saline. An' just when you was plantin' that gentleman I was huntin' me a job in Chattanooga."

"An'—an' you ain't daid a-tall?"

"Nope—not even a li'l' bit."

Slow anger mounted to her cheeks, coloring them a purplish lavender. "Of all the ungrateful men I ever knowed, Septic, you is the wust."

"How come?"

"'Cause not on'y I give you the fumral which The Over the River Buryin' Sassiety entitled you to, but also I bought fum Keefe Gaines a hund'ed dollars' wuth of trimmin's—flowers an' music an' eatments an' mourners an' ev'ything. One hund'ed dollars' wuth extra. An' heah you has come back to tell me that you ain't gwine stay daid."

"Cain't stay at where I never was. Besides"—thoughtfully—"there is sev'al things I aims to make conversation about."

Saline sank heavily into a chair. She was not yet entirely convinced that all was as it should be; the wizened figure of her departed husband looked real, yet common sense told her that it must be a figment of her imagination. He looked like Septic, talked like Septic—but dawg-gone it, Septic was daid!

Something of her discomfiture communicated itself to the downtrodden corpse. He experienced a sense of power in his own home which was both unique and delicious.

"Widowing seems to 'gree with you," he observed casually.

"Hmph! Gittin' kilt didn't seem to hurt you none, neither."

"Oh"—nonchalantly—"they's heap wuss things than that."

Silence. Saline was adjusting herself to this latest and most amazing development. She leaned forward tensely.

"Septic—is you aimin' to remain alive?"

Mr. Sims' eyes narrowed speculatively. "That all depen's."

"On which?"

"Oh, things."

They sparred wordlessly. Septic, glorying in his newfound sense of mastery, waited for his widow to break the silence.

"I reckon you has got somethin' on yo' mind," she suggested.

"Mebbe."

"You is reflectin' on how much it is wuth to me fo' you to remain daid, ain't you?"

"M-m-m! I ain't sayin' I ain't."

"N'r neither you ain't sayin' you is."

"I ain't sayin' nothin'."

"Well"—grimly—"is you is or is you ain't?"

"That depen's," he answered softly. "On'y you should ought to remember that daid men ain't got no tales to carry."

She rose and crossed the room. When she again spoke it was without facing her spouse.

"Reckon you has been hearin' things, Septic."

"Reckon I has."

"'Bout money?"

"Uh-huh."

She flared. "'Tha's my money."

"How come?"

"Ain't I yo' widder?"

"That depen's on does I remain daid or not."

"You got to stay daid!" she said fiercely. "I buried you myownse'f an' paid a hund'ed dollars extra fo' the pleasure. If that ain't earnin' the money, what is?"

"But," he countered softly, "I was the corpse which the money was paid for."

"Corpses don't need no money."

"Shuh! I ain't that kind of a corpse." He smiled thinly. "An' what happens does I cease bein' one?"

That was precisely the proposition which had been causing Saline a vast amount of worriment.

"What you cravin' fo' me to do?" she demanded.

"Gimme half."

"Half?"

"Uh-huh."

Saline advanced toward him. Memory of previous hostilities returned to the dead man and he cowered, but only for a moment. Then he raised a restraining and dignified hand.

"Hesitate, gal; hesitate. Answer me this question: Does you prefer to have half of somethin' or all of nothin'?"

The query was a staggerer. As a matter of fact, Saline was strictly up against it. For one thing she was extremely desirous of securing for herself the person of Joe Bugg, and she knew that her chief attraction for that gentleman was the two thousand dollars cash money which had been paid as salve for her bereavement.

It would not do for Joe to discover that Septic was in Birmingham. As a matter of fact, it was exceedingly desirable that no one learn that he had returned to the mortal coil. To that end she was content to compromise.

"Ise willin' to figger with you, Septic, but I cain't do it right offhand."

"Tha's right, Saline that sattinly is right. Ise willin' to wait."

"S'posin' you give me until day after t'morrer night?"

"You said it."

"An' fum between now an' then you ain't gwine let nobody know you is alive?"

"Nary pusson. I lays low an' silent until then."

"Good. Tha's fine, Septic."

She appeared unduly elated; so much so, in fact, that he found it necessary to drop a word of warning:

"Don't you try no fumadiddles either, Saline. 'Cause does you try to put somethin' over on me I comes back to life right sudden, an' then what you gets up against is it. You an' Joe Bugg bofe."

She stiffened at mention of her fiancé's name. "What you know 'bout Mistuh Bugg?"

"A heap that I is too much gentleman to mention."

"'Tain't nothin' 'tween I an' him."

"There better not be until I is entirely daid."

"Pff! S'long as you has mentioned my intended husband, Mistuh Sims, lemme remark to you right heah an' now that he is bad just about the baddest man what is An' he is liable to get all peeved up does he learn about you comin' back to life. In fac', I might go so far as to sugges' that if you gits too much alive he would start in where that blast furnace left off You can think that over while you is waitin', Mistuh Sims. Just you git ponderous over that fo' a while."

And later that night, after securing a hiding place in a dingy little colored boarding house near Ensley, Septic Sims did do a considerable amount of pondering about Joe Bugg.

There was no denying the fact that Mr. Bugg's notorious militancy complicated matters. Septic did not care to contemplate what might happen should Mr. Bugg's ire become aroused at this eleventh-hour wallop to his plans for the future.

But Septic Sims was not the only dusky personage in Greater Birmingham who slept but little that night. In her Avenue F home, the now thoroughly bereaved Saline Sims suffered through the wee sma' hours with a rush of thought to the head.

Saline hated to believe that her dead husband was alive, but facts were facts which even she admitted. Too, she knew full well that Joe Bugg would lose much of his interest in her if Septic's presence in Birmingham became known and she was suddenly snatched from wealthy widowdom back to the common plane of impecunious wifehood.

A new thought presented itself. Death had effected a startling change in her ex-husband. No longer was he the cringing, shrinking individual she had known for years. There was a subtle suggestion of mental strength and power in his demeanor, and Saline became fearful that if she compromised with him for half of the cash money paid over for his death he might become unduly grasping and insist upon all of it.

The prospect was not at all pleasing. She realized that she was in her husband's power and it behooved her to remove as much of the menace as possible. But it was not until the first red finger of dawn appeared upon the background of eastern sky that the idea came to her, the plan by which she could once and for all minimize the Septic danger and at the same time efficiently ensnare the—to her—desirable Mr. Bugg.

At ten o'clock that morning she dispatched a small boy to Bud Peaglar's place with a summons for Joe. That gentleman completed the game of French pool upon which he was at the moment engaged, and strolled leisurely toward the home of his fiancée.

He blossomed even as the green bay tree as he lounged into the living room and appropriated the easiest of the easy-chairs. His attitude was one of extreme condescension, but soon after she commenced

(Continued on Page 42)

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[Continued from Page 40

talking his indifference vanished and he sat up very straight indeed.

Saline made no strategic blunder. Quite deliberately she refrained from mentioning that Septic was alive. But she did deliver an appealing oration dealing with her undying affection for her present fiancé. Until the moment that she mentioned her inheritance, Mr. Bugg was excessively bored. Thereafter his aloofness vanished.

"What about them two thousan' dollars, Saline?"

"Ise been thinkin', Joe, 'bout sposin' somethin' was to happen to it."

"Shuh! Ain't nothin' gwine happen. You has got it in the bank, ain't you?"

"Uh-huh. But it's all in one bank. Now what I has been reflectin' 'bout is this: I got me the idea that I should turn over one thousan' dollars to you ——"

"Great scheme!" enthused Mr. Bugg promptly. "Ise for it."

"Ise gwine do it thisaway. I has got my money in the Fust National Bank. I gives you one thousan' dollars of it, which you puts in yo' name in the same bank. Then I takes my thousan' dollars an' puts same in the Bumminham Trust. Then does anythin' happen to either, bofe is all right."

Mr. Bugg was making a heroic effort to conceal his elation. This was far more than he had dared hope in his wildest flights of fancy.

"Co'se," continued Saline, "what each has got don't belong to neither. It's bofe's. Is that clear?"

"Nothin' ain't got no mo' clarity, honey."

"Then," summarized Saline, "le's travel."

Two hours later the sum of one thousand dollars stood to the credit of Saline Sims in the Birmingham Trust and a like amount lay in the name of Joe Bugg at the First National Bank. Both were in excellent spirits, but Saline's elation passed all bounds, for she was quite certain that she had pulled a master stroke of strategy.

In her hand she held the evidence of her cunning; it was a bank book indicating that she had one thousand dollars on deposit—one, not two. And, to members of the duskier race a bank book is incontrovertible evidence. Too, she had made it impossible for Septic successfully to press any unreasonable demands. She had been rather afraid that he would try to secure for himself all of her hard-earned widow's mite, and, craving the permanent society of Joe Bugg, she would have been in no position to refuse. Now, however, it was impossible to give her dead husband more than a moiety of his earnings, no matter how forcefully he might argue nor how fearsomely threaten.

Best of all, Mr. Bugg had no hint of the earthly existence of Septic. She knew that she had won over that gentleman once and forevermore. He was fairly overcome by her generosity, and she—wise woman—knew that however masterful he was now, she could control him after the marriage knot should have been once tied so that the thousand which stood in his name would be entirely at her disposal. Especially since—once Septic had been bought off and dispatched to parts unknown—she would come clear with Mr. Bugg and explain what had happened.

Unfortunately for Saline, she failed to take into consideration the element of chance. The God of Luck leered as he heaved a large monkey wrench into her elaborate machinery.

The catastrophe occurred at Tuxedo Junction, that thickly populated negro colony near Ensley where Septic had temporarily buried himself while Saline arrived at her decision.

Word had come to Mr. Bugg that there was a gentleman infesting a certain poolroom near Tuxedo who was cleaning all and sundry by reason of his dexterity with a cue. His specialty, it seemed, was straight pool with the fourth and eighth ball banked. Mr. Bugg was a prideful gentleman, quite jealous of his title as colored city champion in that particular game. It was an open secret that even Florian Slappey, who was more or less a wizard with the spherical ivories, gave Mr. Bugg considerable room in connection with the pastime of banking the fourth and eighth.

It looked to Joe like an opportunity to increase his already pleasing bank account. Whereupon he boarded a South Ensley car, alighted at Tuxedo Junction, and hied himself straightway to the particular poolroom where the stranger was exhibiting.

But the money match never occurred. At the entrance Mr. Bugg collided with an undersized, very black and horribly frightened little negro. Instantly Joe's backbone liquefied, his jaw dropped and his eyes distended.

"Ghost!"

Mr. Sims had nothing to say and said it.

"Out of my way," ordered Mr. Bugg wildly. "I craves to be elsewhere."

Obediently Septic stood aside. "I aims to please," he remarked politely.

Joe hesitated. The apparition looked like the departed Septic, and the voice was strikingly similar. Besides, the sun beamed benignly and the threadbare clothes which decorated the figure of the dear departed were of the earth earthy.

"Wh-wh-who you is?"

"Ise Mistuh Septic Sims."

"Pff! He's daid."

"Uh-huh."

Joe reached out an inquiring hand. He secured a large portion of the Sims forearm and gave a violent squeeze. Septic emitted a howl of agony and squirmed away.

"Leave go of me, cullud man! You hurt."

That was indisputable evidence. Amazing as it was, it yet was certain that Septic was very much alive.

"Sweet sassafras! How come you to git unburied, Septic?"

"Oh," explained Septic easily, "'tain't so hahd when you know how."

Joe Bugg's brain did not usually function with any speed, but this was an exception to the general rule.

"Has Saline saw'n you yet?"

For the briefest fraction of a second Septic hesitated. Then his lips expanded into an ingenuous grin.

"Naw!"

"She ain't?"

"Suttinly not. Not yet."

Joe linked his arm in one of Septic's and they moved slowly down the street. Septic felt that he should be frightened, but instinct informed him that he was master of the situation, and so fear was banished.

"What you mean—not yet?"

"Just that," retorted Septic easily. "I aims to call on my wife in a day or so."

Joe Bugg was no fool. The situation contained dreadful possibilities. He visioned his newly gained wealth slipping away. The thought made no appeal to Mr. Bugg. The money had been too recently acquired not to be doubly dear.

"Anybody you know reckernized you since you come back fum the other world?"

"Uh-huh."

"Who?"

"You."

"I don't mean me. I mean who else?"

"Nobody."

Joe sighed with relief. That was something like. He sparred for an opening.

"How did you like being daid?"

"Oh, pretty fair."

"Does you crave to stay alive?"

"Well, I ain't ezac'ly got no objections."

More silence. Heavy pregnant silence. Then, from Mr. Bugg: "I woul'n't go callin' on Saline was I you."

"Why not?"

"It'd be a terrible shock to her."

"Shuh! If a man cain't shock his own wife, whose wife can he shock?"

"That ain't neither hither nor yonder," explained Joe. "The point is that Saline is awful happy because you is daid, an' it would be a powerful disappointment was you to turn up alive."

"Now ain't that sweet? I reckon I has got the right to come back to life if I wants to, ain't I?"

"I dunno," answered Joe slowly. "I dunno."

The more Joe Bugg reflected on the situation, the more perturbed he became. Himself no lawyer, he yet sensed that the company which had paid damages for the complete demise of Septic Sims would trace that money and recover it, there having been no consideration for the transfer of the thousand dollars from Saline to himself.

Of course he knew that he might go to Saline and explain that Septic had returned to their midst.

In that event there was the horrible prospect that Mrs. Sims might experience an attack of conscience, welcome her dead husband, and return the money to the company which operated the particular blast furnace which had sent Septic on his way. Then he'd be minus his thousand, Saline's thousand and Saline herself.

Ordinarily the prospect of losing Saline would not have visibly annoyed Mr. Bugg, but he was seeing her in a new light since the morning when she voluntarily turned over to him a half of her winnings on Septic's death. It indicated a hitherto unsuspected generosity which betokened a life of permanent ease.

He struggled toward a logical conclusion based upon the old maxim that half a loaf is better than no eatments at all. Obviously the wisest move was for him to get rid of Septic—buy him off with the entire thousand if necessary—then marry Saline, explain what he had done, and bend his energies toward securing part or all of her thousand. He flattered himself that the task would not be particularly difficult, especially since she was certain to be grateful for his forethought in once again ridding the world of Septic.

He made his proposition to Mr. Sims.

"I gives you five hund'ed dollars cash money does you kill yo'se'f again immediate."

Septic shook his head slowly. Not unkeen of mind, he knew that an original bid of five hundred dollars could easily be doubled. Besides, things appeared to be coming his way, and he was a convert to the doctrine of forcing luck.

"Nossuh. Suicides ain't sellin' cheap these days."

"You ain't got to really kill yo'se'f. Folks thinks you is daid. All you has got to do is go away fum Bumminham—never let nobody know where you is—an' tha's daid enough."

"Sounds reason'ble. But I cain't do it fo' no five hund'ed dollars."

"Six hund'ed?"

"Nope."

"Seven?"

"I ain't no cheap corpse."

"Eight?"

"Nothin' doin'. If 'tain't wuth a thousand dollars fo' me to die, then 'tain't wuth nothin'."

Joe hesitated, but only momentarily. He knew that on receipt of the thousand dollars Septic would return once and for all to the hereafter. Too, he realized the impelling necessity for immediate action. Every hour that Mr. Sims remained in the vicinity of Birmingham was a menace. Knowing that further dickering would merely serve to waste valuable time, he accepted the mortuary terms of his fiancée's dead husband.

They arranged to meet at a secluded spot the following morning. Joe promised to bring with him one thousand dollars in legal tender. Septic pledged himself to have all arrangements completed for his exodus. And so, well satisfied with the situation, they parted.

The one thought which was uppermost in the Bugg brain was to conceal from Saline the fact of Septic's existence. Too much danger of emotional hysterics. And after it was all over, Saline would thank him for the loving thought of her which prompted the bribery.

Something of Joe's mental workings had been transmitted to the attenuated Mr. Sims. He more than shared Mr. Bugg's desire for prompt and efficient action. Wherefore he kept his engagement with Saline that night—arriving a few minutes ahead of time. Saline did not equivocate.

"How you feelin', Septic?"

"Tol'able."

"Don't feel like you is gwine die again pretty soon?"

"That depen's, honey; that all depen's."

"On which?"

"How much it's wuth to you that I should."

Her eyes narrowed. "Ain't saw'n nobody, has you?"

"Me?" innocently. "Di'n't I tell you I was gwine he low?"

"Yeh."

"Well, Ise been lyin'." He regarded her speculatively. "But it's awful hahd stayin' daid roun' Bumminham where so many folks know me."

She caught his drift readily enough. Rising, she crossed to the bureau and took from the top drawer her bank book.

"Septic," she said, "somebody give you some misunderstandin'."

"Yeh?"

"Sholy did. They prob'ly went an' made you believe I gotten two thousan' dollars when you died on me."

"H'm!" Mr. Sims was noncommittal.

"All I got," pursued Saline, "was one thousan'."

She watched closely for any flash of disbelief in his eyes and was tremendously relieved when none appeared. As a matter of fact, Septic was beginning to catch the trend of events, and a glint of sardonic humor illumined his long downtrodden soul.

(Continued on Page 44)

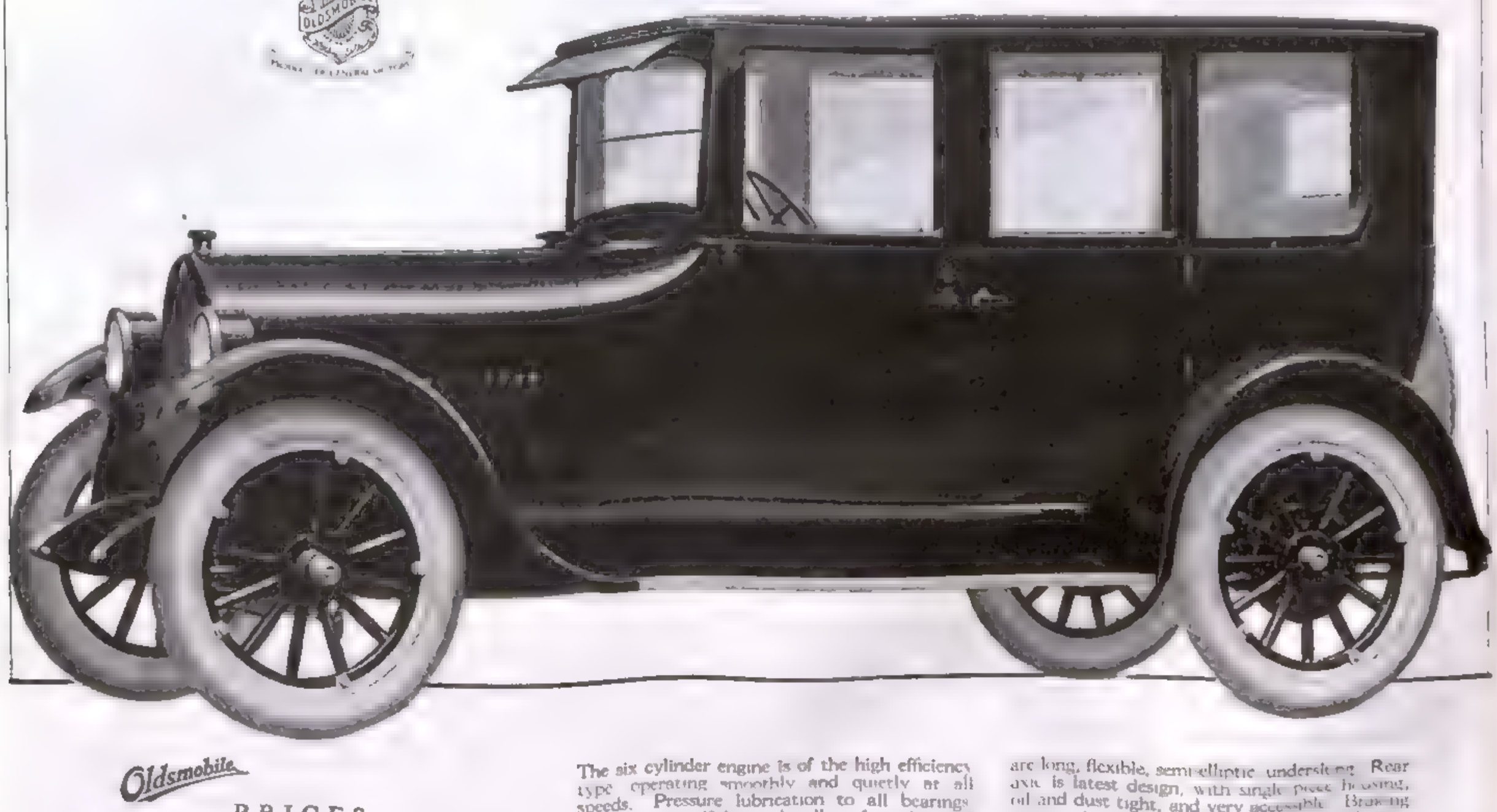
Now GENERAL MOTORS Offers You Its Latest Achievement—

a SIX Sedan at $1095

At last—quality and six cylinders enter the very low price field. Oldsmobile and General Motors have again pioneered. You can now enjoy closed car luxury and six cylinder performance at a price never before approached.

Everywhere this sedan is creating a real sensation. Its handsome Fisher-built body provides all the practical comforts of a fine closed car—beautiful velure upholstery; wide, restful, deeply cushioned seats; heater; dome light and numerous other niceties.

Mechanically, too, the new Oldsmobile Six is a revelation of smooth, flexible and reliable performance. Into its splendid chassis have gone the cumulative experience of Oldsmobile's 26 years of fine car building and the results of General Motors' limitless research facilities.



Oldsmobile

PRICES

Touring	$750	Cab	$ 955
Roadster	750	Coupe	1035
Sport Touring	885	Sedan	1095

The G. M. A. C. extended payment plan makes buying easy
Prices f. o. b. Lansing. Tax and spare tire additional

The six cylinder engine is of the high efficiency type operating smoothly and quietly at all speeds. Pressure lubrication to all bearings. Develops over 42 h. p. A gallon of gasoline will give from 20 to 25 miles, and a gallon of oil 800 to 1000 miles. Delco electrical equipment. Light grey iron pistons, honed cylinder walls. Zenith carburetor are other engine features. Harrison cellular radiator assures perfect cooling. Springs are long, flexible, semi-elliptic underslung. Rear axle is latest design, with single piece housing, oil and dust tight, and very accessible. Braking system is unusually efficient—service brakes contract around large drums on rear wheels, emergency brake is at the rear of the transmission. Other high grade features are body by Fisher, Berg and Beck dry disc clutch, A C spark plugs, Hyatt and New Departure bearings.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

OLDSMOBILE SIX

WINS BY COMPARISON

An attractive opportunity awaits the right man in our Advertising Department

Whose ability, training, record, and ambitions show that he needs a better opportunity for the years ahead than he now has.

Whose experience proves that he has practical sales instinct and ability, and that he is well grounded in the fundamentals of modern selling and merchandising.

Who has had experience both as a personal salesman and as a sales executive in directing others.

Whose qualifications fit him to deal with business executives.

Experience in advertising would be desirable but is not essential.

Who is between 30 and 35 years of age; of good personality and sound character.

There is a vacancy in each of our branch offices, in Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, and in Boston.

Write us in detail about yourself. Your letter will be held in confidence, and if your reply is considered favorably an interview will be arranged. Address your letter to

The Curtis Publishing Company
Advertising Department
Philadelphia Pennsylvania

(Continued from Page 42)

With absolute inscrutability he inspected the bank book which she advanced as conclusive evidence that she possessed merely one thousand dollars, and he did not even deign to let her know he had noticed the date of the single deposit.

"Now, honey," she wheedled, "you can see fo' yo'ownse'f that I ain't got much. I asks you again: How many dollars does you crave to go somewheres an' remain daid?"

His reply was prompt and positive:

"One thousand dollars."

"Aw, Septic ——"

"One thousand dollars an' nary nickel less. Dyin' comes high these days."

"But what is I gwine do?" she wailed.

"Marry Joe Bugg."

"But Ise gwine have to git a d'vorce fum you an' I reckon it cos's a heap of money to git a d'vorce fum a daid man."

"Let Brother Bugg worry 'bout that, Saline. My price fo' corpsin' is one thousand dollars."

And in the end Septic prevailed, just as he had known all along he would do. When he parted from her that night his feet scarcely touched the pavement of Eighteenth Street. The future stretched before him as a smooth and rose-bowered pathway.

Promptly at 9:30 the following morning he met Mr. Bugg. That gentleman dutifully paid over to Mr. Sims the sum of one thousand dollars cash money.

"They is just one thing you has got to do, Septic, an' that is git so far away fum Bumminham that nobody ain't never gwine find you."

Mr. Sims grinned. "Hot dam! Brother, that's the promptest thing I is gwine do."

He waved an insouciant farewell and returned to the grave. But his route was by the spot where he had arranged to meet his widow.

She was there in glorious panoply of mourning weeds, not untearful over the expenditure of the one thousand dollars which was necessary to insure her husband's permanent demise. She haggled a bit, but Septic was adamantine, and finally her cash payment was tucked into his pocket beside the thousand just received from Mr. Bugg.

"Where goes you fum heah, Septic?"

"Chattanooga," he answered promptly. "I resigns away fum my job there an' then I travels."

"Where?"

He made a grandiloquent gesture which embraced all the United States and a portion of Canada.

"Most ev'ywheres. You ain't got no worries, honey. You go ahaid an' d'vorce me an' make ma'iage with Joe Bugg. You an' him is prob'ly gwine have a heap of things to say to each other, an' I promises you plenty time to say 'em in."

They shook hands and he turned away. For some minutes the Widow Sims stood staring after the thin figure of her dead husband.

There was something about him which was highly uncorpselike. He stepped lightly, almost skipping down the street. He was whistling a recent and popular jazz tune which had to do with the retail banana industry, and there came to Saline the disturbing thought that she had not heard the last of him.

Mr. Sims stood not upon the order of his going from Birmingham. When the A. G. S. local pulled out from the huge shed of the Terminal Station that afternoon Septic Sims was very much aboard. He had arranged his itinerary with scrupulous care. A few hours in Chattanooga would afford ample time to place his earthly affairs in order, and from there he intended to invade New York. Once there he was not fully determined as to his procedure, but he did know that he definitely and finally had departed the Alabama metropolis.

He was seated in the corner of the Jim Crow car. His right hand was concealed in his trousers pocket, the bony fingers caressing the large portion of cash which had been paid him by his widow and her fiancé. He extracted the huge roll of bills and counted them slowly.

He wore a broad contented smile; a smile prompted not entirely by this sudden affluence, but also by the thought of the inevitable showdown which was imminent between Saline and Joe.

That, after all, was the most delicious aspect of the entire affair. He visioned the scene, and chuckled aloud.

A tall gangling negro, seated across the aisle, missed no portion of the byplay. He noticed Septic's obvious contentment and he glimpsed the colossal sum of money which the skinny little man carried. Gently he slid into the seat beside Mr. Sims, and as he did so that gentleman shoved the money deeper into his pocket.

The stranger was friendly and quite frankly curious.

"Gosh," he vouchsafed, "tha's a heap of money you has got."

"Uh-huh. An' how much I is gwine keep is the same amount."

"You must of worked awful hahd fo' that much cash."

Septic chuckled. "You said it, brother. I sho' did."

The stranger hesitated. "If you don't mind my askin', what line of wuk does you follow?"

"Well," answered Mr. Septic Sims with perfect candor, "just recently I haa been in the dying business."

The storm was over, naught remained but wreckage. Across the golden-oak table the stunned gazes of Mrs. Saline Sims and Mr Joe Bugg clashed. Each knew that something had happened to both, but neither was yet conscious of the magnitude of that something. It was hard to reconstruct in a moment their ideas of the late Septic Sims; difficult to believe that the perennially oppressed gentleman had returned from the grave to snatch from them the fruits of his demise.

A dozen times they compared notes, each time with decreasing zest. The initial explanation had been pyrotechnic, but the subject already had become one which neither cared to dwell upon in too great detail.

There had been mutual pride in the original telling: Saline explained to Joe that in securing him she considered the thousand well spent. Joe made it quite clear that he also had invested her thousand in their future happiness. It was when the striking similarity of their stories struck home that they realized they had been done to a turn by the late husband of Mr. Bugg's bride-to-be.

They spoke not of the morrow; they were discovering that the evil thereof was more than sufficient unto this day. Gone was their brief affluence, gone everything save bitter memory. And now Saline Sims took from a dresser drawer a small but formal document. She handed it to Joe.

"That," she explained, "was what I spent fo' music an' eatments."

Mr. Bugg stared, and plumbed depths of despair hitherto unsuspected. It was a bill from Keefe Gaines, the genial and efficient undertaker. It was for mortuary extras and it totaled one hundred dollars.

"What are we gwine do 'bout it, Joe?"

He shook his head mournfully. "Dawggone if I know."

"Is we gwine pay it?"

"No!" The word was a verbal explosion. "'Tain't right. It's bad enough how he died an' come back an' died again, but it ain't no fair us should keep on spendin' money fo' him."

Much silence. And finally Mr. Bugg reached for the undertaker's statement. "Gimme," said he. "I has got an idea."

He found an envelope and inclosed the bill therein. Then, painstakingly, he addressed it:

mr Septic Sima
Genral Delivery
Chatanooga, Tenessee.

Saline stood beside him and gazed over his shoulder. Somehow the address did not seem complete. Joe Bugg evidently felt the lack, for once again he dipped pen in ink and, with his last scintilla of optimism, scrawled two words in the lower lefthand corner: "Please forward."

It was at two o'clock the following afternoon that Joe Bugg and Mrs. Saline Sims visited the stonecutter's office. The tombstone for the late lamented Septic had long since been selected and paid for.

"Us has just decided what we craves to go on that monument," the widow announced.

"What 'tis?" queried the honest artisan.

By way of answer Saline handed him a slip of paper. The epitaph stared up at him in large letters—a fitting inscription for the departed Septic—the result of earnest collaboration. The paper contained but four simple words, and they had been composed in the agony of genuine bereavement:

GONE
BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

SWORDFISH

(Continued from Page 15)

could remember, the Ingomar, the Rhodora and the Natalie Hammond, all out of Gloucester, and known collectively as the Dutchmen, have anchored there each year in deep water two hundred to three hundred fathoms. The legend is that the exact anchorage spots are held secret in a few families, passed down from father to son. The Ingomar alone was anchored there during our stay, and every day at the slack—the only time a set can be made and hauled because of the fiercely running tides—her dories were loaded with fish. For three days another big halibut schooner cruised about her, making flying sets. Not a fish did we see hauled into her dories, and on the fourth day she sailed away.

Halibutters in the Gully often pull up branches and sometimes whole trees of red coral on their trawl hooks. Surely a strange growth in a sea that is anything but tropical!

While we were in the Gully we were with the main fleet of swordfishers, thirty-eight sail in all, and the weather was better. True we did have three days of nor'west wind and two days of fog. But the fog was our own fault! Did not the youngest member of the crew actually hang his oilskins to dry on the main boom? Worse still, the passenger was moved by his evil genius to mention pigs—than which there is nothing more Jonahesque! In spite of these lapses, however, the eighteenth of August dawned clear—foretold by the sun gooseegging on the horizon the night before. A penny, the last two figures of the date reading thirteen, went overboard to get rid of the last thing which could bring ill luck, and we got under way. Almost at once came the warning from the masthead:

"Port!"

"Stea-a-dy!"

"Sta'board little!"

"Hard sta'board!"

The Alice M. Doughty spun to the right as neatly as a polo pony after a missed ball. The striker leaned forward in his stand on the bowsprit, poised his pole. Down and out it darted! The stricken swordfish flashed to the surface on the port bow, its belly gleaming silver as it turned on its side and dived beneath the vessel.

Cook waited until the warp came taut, then tossed its hundred-fathom coil overside in great handfuls, delaying until the very last moment throwing over the barrel to which the end of the warp was tied, that he might give a man time to get down from the masthead.

The vessel swung in a wide circle as Arthur Wallace slipped into the towing dory and settled down in the stern sheets. Cook tossed over the barrel, which promptly bobbed under water. Captain Doughty cast off the dory.

Wallace moved to the bow and hauled in the painter, coiling it without hurry, but without a wasted movement. He put in

(Continued on Page 46)

PACKARD

There is a deeper significance than at first appears in the general disposition to use the name Packard as a synonym for all that is fine in motor cars—especially to describe the quality range from the low to the high.

When people say, "from the — to the Packard," as they constantly do, they simply express an unquestioning acceptance of the Packard as the highest possible standard.

Such tribute means more than anything *we* could say of the Packard; more than any mechanical description or detailed account of Packard manufacturing processes.

Everyone who owns a Packard is not only certain of having made the wisest possible motor car investment, but derives sub-consciously, a subtle satisfaction from the fact that his car is recognized and known as the final measure of motoring excellence and social distinction.

Shown above is the Seven-Passenger Single-Six Touring Car. Single-Six furnished in eleven popular body types, open and enclosed. Makers also of the famous Packard Single-Eight.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Why does a star twinkle?

—because light, like sound, travels in waves. This wave motion becomes a twinkling, probably because of moving dust through which the starlight comes to earth. As sure as the course of the stars, is

Puretest
Mineral Oil
RUSSIAN TYPE

in cases of faulty elimination. For Puretest Mineral Oil is thorough and complete in its intestinal lubricating properties.

Being purely mechanical in action, it overcomes objectionable features of commonly used cathartics. It is tasteless, odorless, colorless and absolutely pure. Therefore Puretest Mineral Oil is all the more preferred because it is easy to take.

One of 200 Puretest preparations for health and hygiene. Every item the best that skill and conscience can produce.

SOLD AT 10,000
Rexall
Drug Stores
There is one in your town.

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(Continued from Page 44)

the tholepins, rowed to the barrel, which had reappeared, picked it up and placed it on the coiled painter. Then he unshipped the tholepins and placed in a tholepin hole the rod which held the heavy iron roller. Still unhurried, he slipped the warp over the roller and, standing, bore back on it. The swordfish was not yet willing to give any slack, and towed the dory swiftly over the smooth sea. For fifteen minutes it forged ahead, then spun half a dozen times in a great circle. He was tiring! Wallace gathered in a few fathoms of warp, coiling it neatly on the seat before which he stood. Again the dory towed, but the man was gaining, steadily although slowly. Not for long, however. The strain on the warp increased. The great fish, almost five hundred feet down in the blue water, regained the twenty fathoms it had lost. The man paid it out, slowly at first, then faster. Finally, as the strain continued, he let go the barrel and watched it philosophically as it twice bobbed deep beneath the surface.

There were six more rushes, after the barrel was again in the dory, before the coil on the seat showed that only a fathom or two of warp was out. The fish was in plain sight now—a golden-brown, eleven-foot monster; fierce eyes, as large as teacups, glowed blue-green on either side of his head, from which jutted out a four-foot sword. Up he came, breaking water by the side of the dory, but too exhausted to do more than feebly move his fins. Three lance thrusts through the gills, and there was a brief struggle as a red stain blurred the blue of the Gulf Stream. The warp was pulled taut, the tail lifted with a gaff, and the heavy rope slip noose, called a strap, closed around it and was tied to the opposite rising of the dory. The bleeding swordfish hung head downward while Wallace leisurely unshipped the roller, stuck in the tholepins, and sat down to light his pipe while waiting for the vessel to pick him up.

Tagged by a Swordfish

This day the sky was without clouds, the sea without a ripple, save where a long tide rip broke into short sharp waves. The sun shone brightly. Under riding sail and foresail, with a plume of white or brown smoke astern, the other schooners of the swordfishing fleet quartered back and forth over the smooth sea. Fish were finning up at the slack of the tide and the water was dotted with dories, around which the mother vessels wove protecting circles.

Wallace knocked out his pipe as the Alice M. bore down on him, and stood up with the coiled painter in his hands. Cook caught it to port, above the fore rigging, as the little schooner shut off her power. A hook at the end of a tackle was hitched in the strap as the dory surged alongside, opposite the mainmast. The big fish was hauled up in the air, tail first, until only its sword was below the low rail. The captain hooked a gaff into the head and swung it to the deck. Barrel and coiled rope were thrown out of the dory and another strap tossed into it before it was let down astern and tied.

"'Bout four-fifty or a leetle mite more," the captain commented approvingly. "Weigh five hundred if he didn't narrow down towards the tail. He's changing color."

Indeed he was! Golden brown with a lighter-hued belly when it came aboard, the monster was going through a wonderful transformation. The brown deepened, then flushed to cerulean, bluer than the Gulf Stream itself. The white of the belly changed to glittering silver. In a moment's time the blue had deepened to royal purple, while the great back fin and tail fin faded first to white, then gleamed silver. The purple softened to light green, shot with gold. The silver of the lower part of the fish went green, faintly tinged with pink. Finally, as though veil after veil of light brown were being thrown over the dying monster, it turned to an even, fresh loam color from head to tail.

Meanwhile another fish had been ironed and another dory put out. Its occupant raised an oar to call us. There was no swordfish tail strapped over the side, but through the bottom of the dory stuck up three feet of sword.

"Tagged me," was the laconic explanation. "Can't get him clear."

"Hoist up the dory," Captain Doughty directed.

The warp and barrel were thrown to the deck, the dory hitched to the falls and raised. The swordfish came with it, hanging through the bottom. Just clear of the water he dropped out, splashing furiously. McVane grabbed the warp, but was unable to hold him, the fish going down diagonally away from the vessel. Over went the barrel and a sound dory was released in pursuit.

At five o'clock the fish ceased to fin. The light changed, so that they could not be seen under water, and the mastheader and his assistants came down from the foretop.

As each fish was brought aboard he was shorn of sword, tail and fins and covered with a piece of canvas as protection from the sun. They had all turned a deep olive black finally, and, with the abrupt snout-like endings where the swords had been cut off, looked like nothing so much as the carcasses of so many great hogs. With their fierce greenish-blue eyes dulled to opaque deadlights, they furnished an unpleasant contrast to the sentient, graceful monsters, prehistoric in their strange forms, that had come out of the deep blue mystery of the sea.

The engine was stopped. The vessel lay to, under riding sail and foresail, while the fish were cleaned. Heads came off, bellies were slit open with one deft stroke of the sharp knives. Emptied and trimmed, their only bones the one from the sword, which extends down the back, and the extension of the bony pointed lower jaw, to which the fins are attached, they are the cleanest carcasses imaginable. A final scraping was given to the white firm flesh inside, buckets of water dashed over their smooth outside skins—swordfish have no scales—and they were left to lie on the deck overnight, so that the body heat might die out before the fish are packed with, in and under the ice in the hold.

At eight o'clock, an hour before the final mug-up and turning in, the night watches began. That was our best hour, the time when we loitered on deck and reviewed the events of the day. The captain's son, Reuben Junior, seventeen years old, but as able a seaman as any man on board, angled for a great grim shark over the stern. The passenger collected the straightest from among the swords lying about on deck and hung them over the stern to bleach white—mentally picturing them above his fireplace.

From talk of dories punched during the day conversation drifted to other accidents. Ironed fish had several times struck the vessel herself, but had not penetrated through the inch and a half of oak. Other vessels had not always been so fortunate, but were sometimes forced to make for port, leaking badly.

"They could sink the whole fleet if they knew it," the captain said; adding, "S'pose it hurts their horns, though."

A Portuguese out of Gloucester was killed early in the season by a fish punching up through the dory. It was regarded as his own fault. When the warp slackens in hauling, the boat's occupant promptly gets up on the seat to be beyond reach of the sword. The Portuguese had not done this. Fortunately it is nearly always the smaller fish—up to two hundred pounds—which attack. The monsters are more wary.

There is another very real peril when a fish is ironed. As it makes its first rush the warp spins out like lightning from the coil, unless it is promptly thrown overboard. If it catches on anything there is an immediate tangle. As a matter of fact, George Martin, cook and warp tender on the Alice M., did get foul in it last year. It caught about his foot. At once he braced the foot against a stay. After it had sunk the rope's width into his ankle the warp, fortunately, parted. Suppose it hadn't parted. Or suppose he had gone overboard with a furious two-hundred-pound monster sounding for bottom at the other end.

The punching of dories and the ever-threatening warp are taken as part of the day's work. It is the steamers, during fog, which the fishermen execrate and fear. This year I heard of but one accident. On a foggy morning in June the Evelyn and Ralph, Captain Platenburg, was hit. The main boom was broken, and leaks sprung that forced her to go in. Last year a vessel was lost with all hands; and the tale of swordfishing casualties is by no means all told until this season is definitely over.

The Cook Paying Out the Warp or Rope, With an Ironed Fish at the Other End

Fishermen's Profit Sharing

On the night of August nineteenth we had ninety fish. Captain Doughty had hoped to make the trip in two weeks, but we were twenty-one days out of Portland. Water was so low that we were using melted ice. Worse, even, our tobacco was almost at an end. We had experienced about every brand of mean weather known to the Banks. When the order came for mainsail and jib to go up there was a universal sigh of relief.

The run to Portland took a day and a night. There we sold our fish, and I said good-by to as courteous and considerate a host as landsman has ever known.

Expenses deducted, and one-fifth of the net profits, plus a share "to the engine" allowed for the vessel, each member of the crew, including the captain, received one hundred and eighty-eight dollars and forty cents as his share in the trip. It is interesting today, when the wisdom of profit-sharing plans is so much discussed, to remember that ever since the time of the old whaling ships the share system has been in use among American fishermen—and the crew of the Alice M. Doughty was American to a man.

Three days after we unloaded, the little vessel again took on ice for her fourth and last trip of the summer to the Banks.

It happened that I watched her go.

Jealously I noted that she had a new mainsail. I wondered if Ed Doughty, the striker, had another pole to replace the one a swordfish had carried off. I visualized in turn each member of the crew and pictured the late August gales they were certain to meet. Many of my questions they had laughed at even as they answered them—but they had nursed me through my first miserable days of seasickness, and they had shared their last shreds of tobacco with me when tobacco was beyond price. With them I had come back from a bitterly hard trip, and they were facing another that, in all probability, would be the hardest of the short swordfishing season.

Suddenly I found myself wishing that I were with them, going out into the fog, longing to stand once more in the darkness, with nerves tense, listening for the whistle of the steamers. Then, as the Alice M. Doughty slipped out of sight behind an island in Casco Bay, I realized that I had come to love the staunch little vessel with all my heart.

Champion Spark Plugs for Fords 60 Cents

For more than 12 years Champion has been the standard spark plug for Ford cars and more recently for Ford trucks and Fordson tractors.

This we regard as the strongest possible tribute to Champion quality and dependability.

No engineers in the motor car industry test equipment more carefully than those at the Ford plants. Nowhere is insistence on quality more exact and severe.

That Champion has held its place throughout these years is definitely due to the outstanding fact that it is a better spark plug and makes certain finer performance by Ford engines.

Champion is better because of its wonderful core of sillimanite—the finest insulator ceramic science has ever devised.

This insulator is practically immune to breakage. It never loses its insulating properties.

Champion engineers have worked closely with Ford executives in designing the Champion spark plug as an integral part of Ford power plants. That is why Champions make certain better performance than is possible with plugs which cannot have back of them the experience with Ford engines enjoyed by Champion engineers.

So make sure that you always have Champions in your Ford car and truck and Fordson tractor.

They cost but 60 cents each because of Champion's tremendous production.

A full set at least once a year is real economy. They save in first cost and in oil and gas. Power and pickup are better. The engine has new life and power.

You can get Champion spark plugs for Ford engines anywhere in the world. More than 70,000 dealers sell them in this country. You will know the genuine by the Double-Ribbed core. The price is but 60 cents. The Blue Box Line for other engines sells for 75 cents (Canadian prices 75 and 85 cents). Pay no more.

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio
Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

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COPPER STEEL
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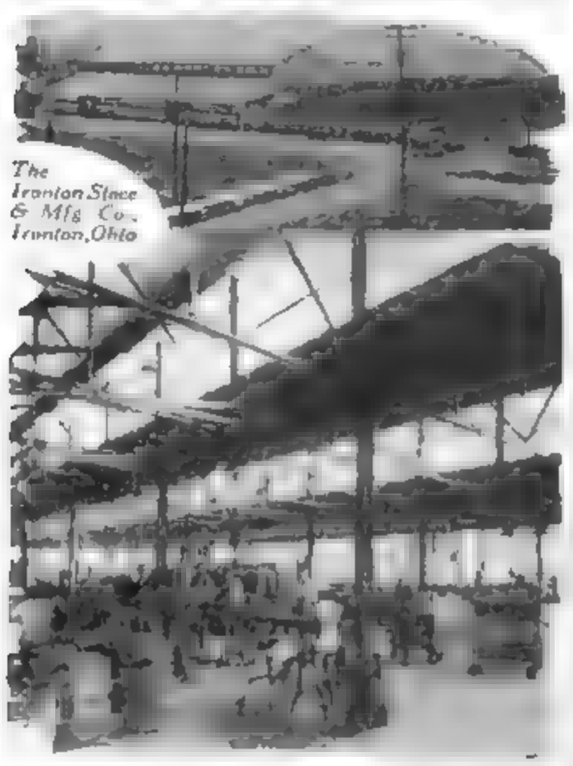

The original buildings were totally destroyed by fire. Truscon was notified and, in a single day, full information was submitted and approved for complete plant, including factory and assembly divisions, storage and warehouse. Speed of erection for immediate production was only one of the many special requirements of this emergency job. How this operation was engineered from time of fire to complete erection (in record time) of Truscon Fire-proof Standard Buildings is an interesting example of Truscon simplified building service. This service is fully explained in our anniversary brochure series.

Truscon Service Meets Any Need

Truscon Standard Buildings, backed by Truscon engineering service, will meet every similar emergency. Fifty offices located in all principal cities have experienced specialists who cooperate fully, and quote cost and delivery, on any building enterprise from the smallest to the largest structure.

Truscon Standard Buildings are fireproof and permanent. Made from standard units, 100% shop fabricated, your buildings are delivered and erected quickly. We will erect the building if desired. You are entirely relieved of the arduous details of ordinary building. The brochure series which we have prepared will show you how to simplify every building problem.

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Send useful building book and suggestions on building to be used for
Type Length Width Height
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(SP-11-17)

VINGIE DARLING

(Continued from Page 36)

"If you leave it to me I think I can save you," said Vingie thoughtfully. "Unfortunately I'm so miserably poor I can't afford to do it for nothing. Besides, I may have to take risks, to play with fire, and a girl's reputation is a very delicate thing. Supposing it were a case for a doctor or a lawyer, his fee would be enormous. Pretend I'm an expert in heart disease. What is it worth if I cure the duke? I'm simply frightened to count the bills on my desk at this moment."

Lord Fordingbridge sighed resignedly.

"There is no one more beautiful or more discreet," he said, as one thinking aloud. "If you can avert a first-class contretemps undoubtedly it is worth a certain amount. There are always means. Exactly how much do you suggest?"

"Taking everything into consideration, shall we say five thousand pounds?" murmured Vingie in her clear, caressing voice.

"Well, one can always starve the secret service. Have you a plan? Is there anything you want me to do?"

She rose without effort and stood before him, hands clasped behind her back, a little smile playing round her mouth.

"You're a perfect dear. Can you arrange for me to meet him? Could you ask us both to your country place? We mustn't be seen running about town together."

"You shall both be my guests at Diss. He ought to have a holiday and he will not be likely to refuse. It shall be a very small house party. Will that give you an opportunity?"

He rose also, and bent over her hand. He managed to convey admiration not only for her beauty but her brain, not only for her brain but her beauty. Lord Fordingbridge, a widower, a diplomat, an excavalryman, did this thing, and it took him all his time. For a lesser man it would have been quite impossible.

III

AT THE ninth tee on Lord Fordingbridge's private golf course, one of the features of Diss Hall, in the County of Hampshire, William Albert, Duke of Sussex, laid down his golf bag and offered Vingie a cigarette from a crested gold case. He lit it with a match out of a crested gold match box, held the match to his own cigarette, paused, and smiled down at her from a height of five feet eleven and a half inches.

A certain fraction of his heart reposed at her small brogued feet beside the abandoned clubs.

Vingie raised her eyes to those of William Albert and saw a very pleasing young man of twenty-three garbed in Savile Row tweed jacket and "plus fours." He had the well-kept appearance that goes with perfect valeting—the exactly knotted tie, the deftly pinned soft collar. From his St. James' Street shoes to his Piccadilly cap she approved of him. He had a clean-run look, a dependable face and a certain tempered liveliness of eye.

"I think," said William Albert, "you and I get on most awfully well, don't you?"

The ninth tee and the ninth green are separated by a disused chalk pit. To the sophisticated it is but an iron shot, yet requiring a certain amount of nerve. Vingie and William Albert paused to contrive nerve.

She glanced up simply, under a simple old-rose pull-on hat, and smiled back. She looked almost childish in her little silk sweater and pleated gaberdine skirt.

"I'm ever so glad you think so," she answered, "because that means you're quite happy. Now when you came down here you looked perfectly miserable."

"Nobody could be miserable with you. I don't know what it is—it's something about you. You make me feel as if I couldn't do the wrong thing if I tried. Now when a man feels he's always doing the right thing it bucks him up no end," explained William Albert in his naïve masculine way.

Vingie nodded imperceptibly. She felt rather like Foch, Napoleon and Stonewall Jackson rolled into one. On the third day of her campaign they had tacitly agreed to play without caddies. Captain Hamish Duncan, Scots Guards, the duke's equerry, partner of Lady Betty Keswick, invited at Vingie's special request, worked out his golfing destiny far ahead, far too far off for thought or any prayer. They four comprised the house party, save only Lord Fordingbridge and his sister, one of Queen Victoria's earlier godchildren. Here on the ninth green on the third day the duke cast down his golf clubs at her feet, offering homage.

"Why were you so miserable?" went on Vingie in her most crooning voice, moving her head two inches to let the sunlight play on her hair.

He stared thoughtfully across the chalk pit and sighed.

"I'd nearly forgotten," he said at last. "Don't remind me—there's a dear. I'm having such a good time. It's very like something I said in my speech at luncheon when I was made a Liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Bow-and-Arrow Makers." He raised his head and went on in one of those voices usually reported as audible in the remotest parts of the building:

"'It is only when we get away from our daily work and come under the sane and sound influence of healthy outdoor exercise that we realize the debt which we owe to our forefathers who set us an example in field sports that I for one am proud to follow.'

"In other words, we come out here and whack golf balls and I get on frightfully well with you and push all my troubles into the back of my mind. Otherwise, I sometimes wonder why I don't go crazy."

Vingie glanced covertly at her wrist watch. It registered 11:30 A.M. She subsided on a sand box and crossed one knee over the other. The duke thrust his hands into his pockets and surveyed her in deep thought. Evidently conflicting emotions boiled in his brain, for he sighed heavily once or twice, threw away the cigarette, produced a pipe, blew through it, filled it, lighted it, and clamped his teeth on the stem with viselike grip.

Vingie looked up straight into his eyes and said with the faintest catch in her voice: "Of course it's obvious you're in love. Tell me. It—doesn't matter."

"Love?" echoed the duke bitterly. "What is love? And besides, one doesn't talk about one girl to another. It isn't done."

"Love's the nice cake with which Providence rewards us occasionally for enduring the stodge of everyday life. It's a layer cake; made with slices of heaven and hell alternately, decorated on the top with kisses, all positively different. Go on; you needn't mention any names."

He stretched himself on the grass and looked steadfastly at nothing.

"If you were in my shoes," he began, "and every woman you met ran after you, not for yourself but for what she might hope to get either socially or some other way, and if every day you weren't opening an exhibition you were inspecting a regiment or presiding over the annual meeting of a charity, and if your picture were in the papers every day, and you had hundreds of uniforms, and were supposed to marry whom you were told, sooner or later you'd get desperate and fall in love on your own account. That's what I've done, and as far as I can see I might as well have murdered the Prime Minister or floated a company on the stock exchange. People who matter have simply given me hell ever since. They wouldn't mind if it were just a grubby little *amour*, and then finish. But I do love the girl and I want to marry her. Don't laugh. If she were like that I'd run a mile next time I met her. She's the only woman who's ever been really decent to me, and I adore her, and if people knew what we did they'd snigger, in the clever way people do snigger who judge everyone else by their own filthy minds, and jump to only one conclusion, and they'd be wrong, damn them."

"Give me a cigarette, and don't get cross. Tell me what you do and what she's like."

"Very graceful, with a creamy white skin, and wonderful eyes I can never understand. Her hair's dark and bobbed in a sort of way, only different from the way everybody else's is bobbed."

"It would be," murmured Vingie to her soul. "It always is. Like everybody else's and yet quite, quite different. Quaint things, men!"

"Her hands are slender and seem to caress the things she touches. She moves like no one I ever knew. But it's her mind that's so wonderful. She understands even before one's spoken; she's frightfully clever and has read everything, and she's a genius at music. Yet, do you know, she leads the simplest life and cooks amazing food with her own fingers. I go and see her after she's finished work, because she works for her living, and help her make an omelet or something, and we have supper together, and she plays to me, and sings perhaps one of those enchanting old songs like If I Give You the Keys of Heaven, and sometimes she'll stroke my hair, and always she's so sympathetic—that's the most wonderful thing about her; sympathy—and then I kiss her hands and go home and feel utterly happy, and Hamish Duncan's waiting for me with a list of the next day's good works."

Vingie nodded dreamily. A little song lilted in her brain—nothing articulate, but an imprisoned pæan in honor of frocks dreamed of and frocks to come. A golden symbol seemed to hang in the clear blue sky shaped like the figures 5000 followed by the word "pounds." "Surely the gods have delivered him into my hand this day," she thought. "Who cares for an intellectual vamp? Mere suggestion with a suitable background. The others grab at him, therefore she doesn't. Reaction of the mother complex; he's tired and fed up and she leaves his senses alone and soothes his nerves."

She clasped one knee, gazed at him kindly and asked: "How old is she?"

William Albert came out of a reverie with obvious reluctance.

"Twenty-four—just one year older than I am. But then, she hasn't any age. She's the spirit of all the dryads that ever were; she's all youth and yet she has the wisdom of eternity, if you understand."

Mentally Vingie added the last item to her list, drew a line and added them up. The total seemed not too formidable.

"I think I do understand, though you won't believe it. I think she's being most frightfully nice, and she loves helping you, but are you quite sure she's as much in love with you as you are with her?" With a magnificent effort Vingie prevented her chiseled lip from curling, and kept even the faintest trace of sarcasm out of her voice. "You see," she went on, "in your present mood you want to scrap everything, chuck duty to the winds, marry this girl—and then what? What will people say about her? They mayn't be very kind. At the best they'll say she oughtn't to have let you."

"If you were I," said the duke patiently, "and saw the gate open and Paradise before you, would you walk in or would you turn your back and proceed in the opposite direction?"

"Any girl," flung back Vingie, with a lash in her young voice, "can lead you into Paradise if she wants to badly enough. We all carry the key, but we use it when and for whom we choose. Get that fixed firmly in your mind, my young friend. It's a piece of truth not every girl will tell you."

"Any girl?" he repeated vaguely. "Any girl? Why—that is—you, for instance?"

She looked away. He sat up and gazed very earnestly at a young fair girl whose perfect profile even a man said to be in love might not despise, her delicately lovely body posed in careless grace, her slender ankles and slim hands irresistible in their appeal. He saw, or thought he saw, an adorable tinge of color ebb slowly into one oval cheek.

"You mean that you could—if you wanted ——" he stumbled on.

She turned, smiling at him half tenderly.

"I mean, I'd like to try, p'r'aps, before you go and get yourself into the most awful mess. I'm not in love with you—not yet, at all events—but I do think you're rather a dear, and you seem to know so little about girls. You need to discover just a shade more before you can be quite fair to the official one you don't want to marry. But I'd have to choose my own setting, like your wonderful friend. If you've a few days to spare, and don't mind, and won't think me horrid, and won't tell anyone, it might be a bit of a revelation to you. Only you must realize this isn't the beginning of a flirtation. You'll have to play straight. Is it a bargain?"

(Continued on Page 80)

Published every other week
Inquiries which your theatre manager cannot answer regarding players and directors, will be answered by John Lincoln, Editor, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The purpose of this nation-wide cooperative organization of theatre-owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

SUNDOWN!

Sundown to the glorious West
Not the west of the city. That is sunup.

But the West—the wild, the woolly, the picturesque, is passing

Years ago it was "Westward Ho," but now the East is merged with the West

"Sundown." That is the title of an epochal drama of the passing

In this picture American history was written by motion picture cameras when a quarter of a million head of cattle were driven across the border into Mexico. Converging from the rim of the Grand Canyon, Flagstaff, Arizona and Columbus, N. M., three mighty herds were concentrated. The scenes show the last desperate stand of the cattle kings to retain the open range. For months the cattlemen have been fighting to save their very existence, and the amalgamation of the three biggest herds in the world for a drive into Mexico has been carried on secretly.

Six aeroplanes were used in getting sky shots of the stampeding herd, a prairie fire and the burning of a complete settlement of homesteaders and twelve additional cameramen were at work.

A corps of special officers was detailed to patrol the two million dollar ranch during the making of the picture to protect First National's exclusive rights.

It is a story without a villain. But opposing the cattlemen, will be seen the relentless forces of Nature, the embittered battle of the elements

The National Government is expected to co-operate in making the picture, and a print will be offered the Smithsonian Institution as the authentic and indelible record of a glorious page in America's history.

Society Girls in Movies

SOCIETY girls, debutantes, heiresses, millionaires—fifty of them.

Working in the movies—for $7.50 a day

As extras—in "Black Oxen."

Put on grease paint, got bossed around, and scolded, and liked it.

Took their pay checks, and turned them over to the Japanese relief fund

Watch for this picture. See if you recognize any of them—the wealth, the beauty, the brains of the country.

Frank Lloyd has just about finished producing it, with Corinne Griffith as the Countess Zattiany, and Conway Tearle as Clavering. Keener public anticipation for this than for any other picture I can think of.

"Flaming Youth" creates furore as real screen masterpiece

Much discussed Society Exposé, to which the Author would not sign his own name, gorgeously pictured by Colleen Moore and cast of favorites

Your Favorite Players in Perfect Parts

PATRICIA FENTRISS	*COLLEEN MOORE*
Cary Scott	*Milton Sills*
Doctor Bobs	*Elliott Dexter*
Dee Fentriss	*Sylvia Breamer*
Mona Fentriss	*Myrtle Stedman*
Connie Fentriss	*Betty Francisco*
Ralph Fentriss	*Phillips Smalley*
Jamieson James	*Walter McGrail*
Monty Standish	*Ben Lyon*

Directed by John Francis Dillon

"TO the twentieth century woman of the luxury-class, restless, seductive, greedy, discontented, craving sensation, unrestrained, a little morbid, more than a little selfish, intelligent, uneducated sybaritic, following blind instincts and perverse fancies, slack of mind as she is trim of body, a worshipper of tinsel gods at perfumed altars, fit mate for the hurried, reckless and cynical man of the age, predestined mother of —what manner of being?: To Her I dedicate this study of herself."

So wrote Warner Fabian on the very first page of "Flaming Youth," the sensation of fiction, the still more brilliant entertainment of motion pictures.

BARED are modern frenzies and foibles in this story of Patricia Fentriss, born among those who take their fun where they find it. Father, mother, sisters whirl about her in affairs that she is "too young to understand." Some day she has to learn. Happy, bitter, dangerous fruits grow on the Tree of Knowledge. She tastes all.

An astounding picture, "Flaming Youth"—astounding in what it shows, and how; in its clear, wholesome honesty of theme and purpose; its dramatic contrasts—upstairs a mother dying, her only regret that she is yet young, dying to the moan of saxophones below; upstairs the mother bidding farewell to one daughter—downstairs two other daughters conducting last rites over an empty cocktail shaker; somewhere else the father softly fingering an organ—transposing an anthem to jazz.

"Flaming Youth" is the fulfillment of ambitious predictions. Few features this year will equal it in artistic magnificence, or so surely meet the wishes of the movie-going millions.

—*John Lincoln.*

"Jealous Husbands"

JEALOUSY!

A sinister shadow born of man's own selfish ego, and fostered by suspicion. A fantasy of the brain that destroys faith and trust, that wrecks happiness and kills love.

Such is the theme Maurice Tourneur weaves into one of the most stirring pictures of the day.

Imagine a man so blinded by jealousy he twists the most innocent action of his wife into something of evil Ramon Martinez is such a man. Returning to the wife he really loves, he is about to cable her of his home-coming.

Gossip in a steamer salon. His mind poisoned, he tears up the message. His wife, overjoyed at his unexpected return, rushes to him. He is cold. He questions her.

"Where has she been? Who wrote the unsigned and unaddressed love note?"

She will not answer.

A madness seizes him, warps his mind, unseats his reason. He drives his wife from him. He bribes gypsies to steal his son from its mother He brings agony to his loved ones, a torture to himself.

Then one day he wakes to his folly.

How many homes do you know that have been darkened by this shadow? How close to your own life has it come?

Here is a picture that strikes the depth of human emotions. It goes straight to the heart of every man and woman. It is fraught with tense, dramatic situations; filled with action that piles up with cumulative tensity to a tremendous climax.

And such a cast! You will find Jane Novak, Ben Alexander, Lucile Williams, Bull Montana and George Siegmann—presented by M. C. Levee

Gets Job in a Harem

IF you were offered a job as a Sultan with a harem of dusky beauties, riches untold and the power of life and death, what would you say?

Well, Bert Lytell, star of "The Meanest Man in the World," was offered just such a job. He had just got back to New York from Rome, where he played the lead in Hall Caine's "The Eternal City," when he received a wire from Edwin Carewe in Los Angeles It read:

Will you take part of Sultan Cassim Emeh in Louise Gerard's novel, "A Son of Sahara"?

And Lytell answered:

Yes, if all the Sultanic trimmings go with the job.

Director Carewe and the entire cast have sailed for Paris, whence they will go to Biskara, Algeria, to film the picture on the edge of the great Sahara Desert, the exact locale in which the story takes place. Prominent in the cast besides Mr. Lytell are Claire Windsor, Walter McGrail and Rosemary Theby. Mr. Carewe stated, before he left, that every foot of film would be taken abroad, and not patched in with studio material taken in this country.

See "Flaming Youth" at the Best Theatres in the Country This Month

Smooth Shaves have won more good jobs than smooth tongues

SMOOTH shaves have won more good jobs than smooth tongues. Good grooming makes a better first impression than fine promises.

The man who uses Mennen Shaving Cream is never tempted to omit or slight the morning shave. Mennen's makes the old ordeal a trifling incident.

That is because the beard has been put in properly softened condition for shaving before the razor goes into action. Mennen's makes facial bristles soft and non-resisting. The cream does the work; the blade merely effaces the pliant hairs.

Mennen lather is self-starting. It softens the wiriest beard without the aid of finger-rubbing, hot towels, or re-lathering.

With Any Water

Mennen Shaving Cream is not snobbish. It mixes with any water at any degree of temperature. Try it with cold water, or very hard water. Will any other preparation give you the same cool, water-packed lather or a shave even comparably as comfortable?

Get a handy 35c tube or an extra-economical 50c tube. Your first shave will be a revelation. The next will completely convince you.

But wait! Use Mennen's a full week. Then note how this cream with its Boro-glycerine content has cleared your complexion, and made your skin sleek and healthy.

If Mennen's doesn't make good, I will. Just send the tube to me for a refund. That sounds more daring than it really is, because Mennen Shaving Cream always inspires repurchases, not refunds.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

MENNEN

(Continued from Page 48)

He got up and held out his hand. He was very young, rather a nice boy, and he flushed vivid scarlet under the sun-tanned skin, but his eyes were very steady.

"I think you're a perfect brick," he said.

The golden symbol of five thousand pounds faded utterly from Vingie's sky. She felt suddenly a contemptible little beast, and tears smarted at the back of her eyes. She set her teeth and repeated to herself over and over again: "I needn't take a farthing of it—I needn't! And I'm only saving him from that bobbed-haired cat who doesn't care a damn what sort of fool he makes of himself as long as she satisfies her beastly vanity. How I loathe some women!"

IV

"MY DEAR kind host," explained Vingie to Lord Fordingbridge in a corner of his drawing-room after dinner, "he's in love with romance, and he thinks he's in love with her. Men are all children. They don't love us; they love what they think we are. If I can persuade him she doesn't monopolize romance, you're safe. Do you care to let me try?"

Lord Fordingbridge eyed her very thoughtfully, glanced across at the bridge four in the middle distance and sighed.

"Perhaps it depends on your idea of romance," he temporized. "We shall be taking a certain responsibility. What do you propose?"

Vingie leaned back in her gilded chair. "Diane's indoor and exotic. I want to be open-air and natural. She pretends to be simple; she isn't really. You aren't simple just because you fool about with an omelet. I think a summer camp -just he and I, some older woman to play propriety and p'r'aps one manservant to do the rough work. I'd suggest your sister, only her type and generation simply couldn't do it. Charles has a perfect housekeeper, Vokes, getting on for sixty, absolutely discreet and utterly trustworthy. She's known me since I was a baby. He can take his chauffeur-valet. You'll never understand—or p'r'aps you will—but I want to stage a twentieth-century Midsummer Night's Dream. Are you going to trust me? I don't think you'd better tell Rupert. He's too conventional. You see ——"

She outlined her conversation with the duke. "And if you let me have my way I'm going to produce a very effective climax. And I may have to do it just to oblige you, though not if I can help it. Financial considerations don't seem in keeping with the atmosphere at the moment. Is it a bargain?" Still he hesitated. She read his thoughts and added: "Of course I shall consult Charles first. I never do anything without telling him."

"Well," said Lord Fordingbridge at last, "the duke has some leisure in a day or two. He's got a shooting estate in Yorkshire remote enough for anything, if it comes to that. But you'll be very careful, won't you?"

"My dear," replied Vingie in tender mockery, "boys of his age are perfect dragons of respectability if a girl trusts them. Besides, you forget Vokes. But don't tell Rupert. He'd never understand."

Rupert had arrived, draped with dispatch boxes, in time to make a fourth at bridge.

At ten o'clock Lord Fordingbridge's sister discovered, by means of that social telepathy peculiar to Queen Victoria's earlier godchildren, that bridge began to pall on the duke. In consequence she pleaded fatigue, excused herself and retired, removed her transformation, assumed a woolen nightgown with long sleeves, and slept as only people with no nerves and a good conscience do sleep. The duke yawned, half closed his eyes at Captain Hamish Duncan, made an imperceptible movement of the head, and found himself alone with Vingie. She still sat in the gilded chair, her hands resting lightly on its arms, deep in thought. He stood before her awaiting his opportunity.

"Were you serious this morning?" he said at last.

She turned upon him unfathomable eyes, neither gray nor green.

"If you know a garden of Paradise I'll try to be your good angel. It sounds to me like a tiny camp remote from anywhere. There are only you and I and my chaperon and your servant. I'll leave it to you to arrange if you still want it. I shall have to go back to town first and collect some kit."

"Let's go and look at my black list and settle dates," he suggested. In a small businesslike room they found Captain Duncan methodically dealing with correspondence. "Hamish," announced the duke, "I propose to take a holiday. What are our bookings for the next few days?"

The equerry, whistling noiselessly, consulted a small red volume.

"Tomorrow there's a parade of ex-service men. Memo: Say the right thing to Sergeant Robert Smith, aged eighty-five. Wellington shook hands with his father, Acting Bombardier John Smith, after the battle of Waterloo. Except for that you appear to be free for a week." He closed the book, replaced it, and looked a little wistful. "If you don't actually need me I could idle for a day or two myself," he concluded.

William Albert smiled privately at Vingie.

"Run away and play, by all means. Invent some yarn to account for me. In two days, Hamish, I shall, with luck, be out of reach." He turned joyfully to Vingie. "In two days," he repeated. "Leave everything to me. In two days the blasé stars may look down on that which will cause sensation among astronomers."

"I'm going up to town," she answered in the manner of one who hears but does not listen. "I need to collect a few necessaries and make peace with my relations. One tells the right story for fear the wrong should get about. You will be ever so discreet, won't you? Remember, I'm doing a great deal for you."

She smiled, and smiling contradicted her words. He said good night and watched her move delicately up the great staircase. For a man hopelessly in love with someone else the young blood flowed through his aristocratic veins not unriotously.

Much of Sir Charles' attraction for Vingie lay in the fact that he treated her with the devotion of a new lover allied to the sureness and experience of an old husband. For this reason, in his Park Street library, after a very perfect little *dîner à deux*, she told him all.

"I've collected the right clothes," she murmured dreamily, "and the main idea's absolutely cast iron. He doesn't really love Diane; she's just been very clever, but I shall be cleverer still. All the same, Charles, I want a partner, a confederate among the crowd. Do you want to come to the rescue?"

"Frankly," declared Sir Charles, "I do not. My years and my position forbid it. You, my dear Virginia, are in the predicament of a secret agent. If they succeed they get no reward, and if they fail we disown them. They languish in a foreign prison and if ever they get out their name is mud. I may sympathize privately, but the most I can do publicly is to send you on a long voyage to the Far East with an impeccable chaperon when your reputation lies in tatters on all the dinner tables of Mayfair."

Vingie slid from her armchair and crept gently onto his knee. "I wouldn't compromise you for all the world, darling," she murmured, stroking his gray head with ineffable fingers. "I know just the man for the job—that very charming Mr. Berriman, the foreign editor of the Daily Tale, who helped me once before. He's perfectly unscrupulous, and so adequate."

"In heaven's name, Virginia, keep away from the newspapers!" implored Sir Charles.

"Only lend me Vokes, Charles, and if I perish I will never darken your doors again."

"You may have Vokes, by all means, but try not to put a most respectable, faithful servant to the blush," replied Sir Charles a little plaintively.

In the morning Vingie, all Paris in her summer frock, drifted from Sir Charles' limousine through the stern portals of the Daily Tale, eclipsing the most divine divorcée that ever lied through her tears to a sympathetic special writer. She penetrated via the intoxicating hum of giant machines and the faint violet smell of printing ink to a calm, silent room containing one really nice man and many telephones.

Mr. Berriman, foreign editor, laid aside the habitual ferocity before which correspondents in Brussels, Vienna, and even far New York, dwindled and pined, rose from his lair amid blue pencils and damp proofs, and gripped her hand.

(Continued on Page 52)

The Real Silk Representative is WELCOME

Silk Hosiery
Sold direct from our Mills
at Mill Prices

Our Representative calls at your home with Samples

MILLIONS of people are today saving money by buying REAL SILK Hosiery direct from our mills at mill prices, through the Real Silk representative who calls at the home.

Our millions of customers not only find this new modern method of obtaining silk hosiery much more economical, but far more convenient and satisfactory.

—more convenient because our representative comes right to the home with a range of forty of the newest shades to select from and a color service found only in the most exclusive shops.

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If you are not already one of our millions of customers, a new experience in silk hosiery satisfaction awaits you when our representative calls at your home.

He is a permanent resident of your community—exclusively assigned to your neighborhood and specially trained to render this unusual silk hosiery service.

The hosiery he sells you is *guaranteed*—and so is HE.

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Nearly every reputable dealer handles Klaxon horns. They are available in more than 40,000 accessory stores.

Klaxon is the largest selling horn in the world—and has maintained its high prestige through fourteen years—because of its makers' steadfast purpose to build the finest horn for warning purposes.

Probably a dozen dealers close at hand can supply you with a genuine Klaxon—in size and price to suit your needs. Installing takes but a few moments. Then you are ready for any emergency.

Genuine Klaxon Horns Made Only By
KLAXON COMPANY, NEWARK, N. J.

Genuine Klaxon quality in every detail—a large horn—motor driven—ball-bearing—self-lubricating Other models up to $30

Continued from Page 50

"Thank God it's only eleven and the rush hasn't begun. If there's anything in the world I can do for you, Miss Lauriston, I shall be so happy. Or perhaps"—his tall figure gathered as for a spring, and his quiet, good-looking face hardened—"perhaps you've got news?"

Vingie shook her head and sank plaintively into a chair.

"I've come to you for that. I'm at my last gasp, and you helped me once before. Who, what and why is Diane de Blancheforet?"

Mr. Berriman lifted the receiver of a telephone.

"Is that the news room?" he inquired. "I want Mr. Marsh."

Vingie glimpsed curiously the discipline of a great paper. The door opened quietly and a young man entered.

"This," explained her host, "is Mr. Marsh, who does the society feature. What do we know of Mlle. Diane de Blancheforêt, Marsh?"

"She's one of those weird birds—on the stage and yet not of it," observed Mr. Marsh, like a distinguished naturalist explaining a rare species. "Everybody that is anybody receives her; she dresses quietly, lives in a house, not a flat; women recognize her, she only runs a very small car, she doesn't go to dance clubs, her credit is good in the West End, and she pays her own bills. Extremely good-looking and intelligent. I should call her a dark horse."

"All right, Marsh," murmured Mr. Berriman, assembling his proofs methodically and ringing for a boy to remove them. "And what exactly do you want me to do?" he went on to Vingie with the painful directness that seemed to her a feature of the place.

"To produce her plausibly at a given place and time," answered Vingie, growing reckless. "If you can, you shall be the first to announce whom the Duke of Sussex is really going to marry. Is it a bargain?"

"Suppose," said the imperturbable Mr. Berriman, "you tell me the whole story, strictly in confidence."

So, looking him straight in the eyes, she told it. His expression never varied by the flicker of an eyelash.

"Probably we know fairly well whom he'll marry, but you and I are only just beginning. One day we'll land a real story," he said at last. "Anyway, I think I can work it. We've got a certain stunt going—Is the Country Girl Prettier Than the Town Girl? I might take her along to Yorkshire to look at country girls. We can always lose our way.

"Now I'm afraid I must ask you to go. Sorry, but there's a crisis in the Near East. It keeps me rather on the stretch. Remember to let me know the date, the place and the time. Good-by!"

She went out thoughtfully in the light of his brief smile. In the lift she glanced at her platinum *diamanté* wrist watch. "That took him just five minutes. I wonder what he could do in an hour," she mused. Undoubtedly Mr. Berriman had made a certain impression.

V

AT THE great entrance of Diss, Rupert Frack, his trousers baggy-kneed with distress, stood beside Captain Hamish Duncan surveying the chaste outlines of a two-seated motor. Lord Fordingbridge, who preferred not to be present officially, had laid this burden upon him.

As in a nightmare he beheld Vingie, shrouded in a fleece-lined weatherproof, escalade the passenger's seat. The sporting body being innocent of doors, she revealed a certain wealth of silk-veiled limbs, to the extreme delight of Captain Duncan and the intense disgust of Rupert Frack. Vingie nestled in her padded shell, adjusting a rug with joyous fingers.

Hours ahead, harbinger of a brighter convoy, Figgis, the duke's chauffeur, guided a baggage car, and by his side sat Vokes, austere with sixty years, sublime in decent black.

The duke gave a last look round, climbed neatly to the wheel, took off the side brake and waved a benevolent hand.

"Well, toodle-oo, everyone," he said serenely.

"Pip-pip, sir," returned the faithful equerry.

The sweetest clutch in the world took up the noiseless drive; with scarce a disturbed pebble they glided unstressed away.

"It is the most appalling error of judgment I ever heard of!" said Rupert Frack hollowly.

"Now, now!" reproved Captain Duncan in his soothing fashion. "Try and take the broad view, dear old bird. Don't be mother's little kill-joy!"

Vingie glanced lazily at the good-looking profile beside her and put her thoughts into words.

"We're playing truant from life like two happy kids," she said. "We'd better leave the trappings of state in care of Rupert for the time being. I think you may call me Vingie, O fellow conspirator, and I'm going to call you Bill."

"My dear Vingie," replied her princely chauffeur with profound appreciation, "Bill was always my middle name."

Vingie lay back in murmuring peace. "Bill," she announced, "this might be a honeymoon, but it isn't."

"Don't!" groaned the duke bitterly.

"It might be an escapade, but it isn't. I'm going to christen it The Quest of the Young Wild Oat."

They floated on. They flicked through a cinematograph film of summer green varied by distracting close-ups: the halt in the market town at the foot of a fifteenth century market cross while a flock of sheep flowed by; the ten-minute answer to an S O S call from two unmechanical girls in a stricken two-seater; the picnic lunch in a little wood, with Vingie licking the traces of the last peach from her slender fingers; the quest for cheap cigarettes in a wayside village because his costly Turkish cloyed her palate.

Towards sunset they began their long climb upward on a moorland road, with the everlasting heather stretching for miles on either hand. The scented air grew keener, the car took on that superefficiency cars do take on mysteriously by twilight. Shaggy woods loomed up to clothe the moorland fells; they won the peak of the road, dropped down and swung into scarcely more than a bridle track, the furze brushing their wings, the startled rabbits hopping wildly for safety. Presently in the distance a little river gleamed, bordered by five green tents, two of them each in its own isolation, three clustered at a greater distance. The baggage car stood parked in the shelter of trees; a camp fire sent up its cheery glow and scented wood smoke. The duke swept round into a little clearing, reversed faultlessly in line with the baggage car, switched off, removed a glove, and held out his hand.

"Welcome to our camp, Vingie dear," he said joyfully. "We've done it. Let me help you down."

She sauntered stiffly to her own green tent, and Vokes ministered to her. There came a shedding of dusty clothes; the steaming luxury of a canvas bath; a clean, cool, costly linen frock simple enough to deceive a man; the saunter back to a table spread beneath the rising moon. The duke came out in comfortable gray flannel, they sat down, and Figgis served dinner.

"They cook it over there," explained the duke, jerking his head to the clustered tents. "I've arranged for a first-rate man. We may as well be comfortable. Well, cheerio!"

Vingie raised her glass of bubbling wine. He watched her as if he hoped to see it flow down her slender throat. She set down the glass, rested her chin on her hands and smiled into his eyes.

"Bill," she murmured dreamily, "this is going to be sheer heaven!"

Sleepily they ate, drugged by a day in the fresh air. Sleepily she stretched for his cigarette case, tilted her chin to the held match. At last the beautifully waved head drooped; she offered her fingers for a good-night clasp, staggered to her tent and slept like a baby, with Vokes in the outer division, lying between her and the censorious world.

William Albert sat musing over a final cigar. With an effort pathetic from fatigue he conjured up a mental image.

"Oh, Diane, Diane, if it were only you!" he said, and really believed he meant it.

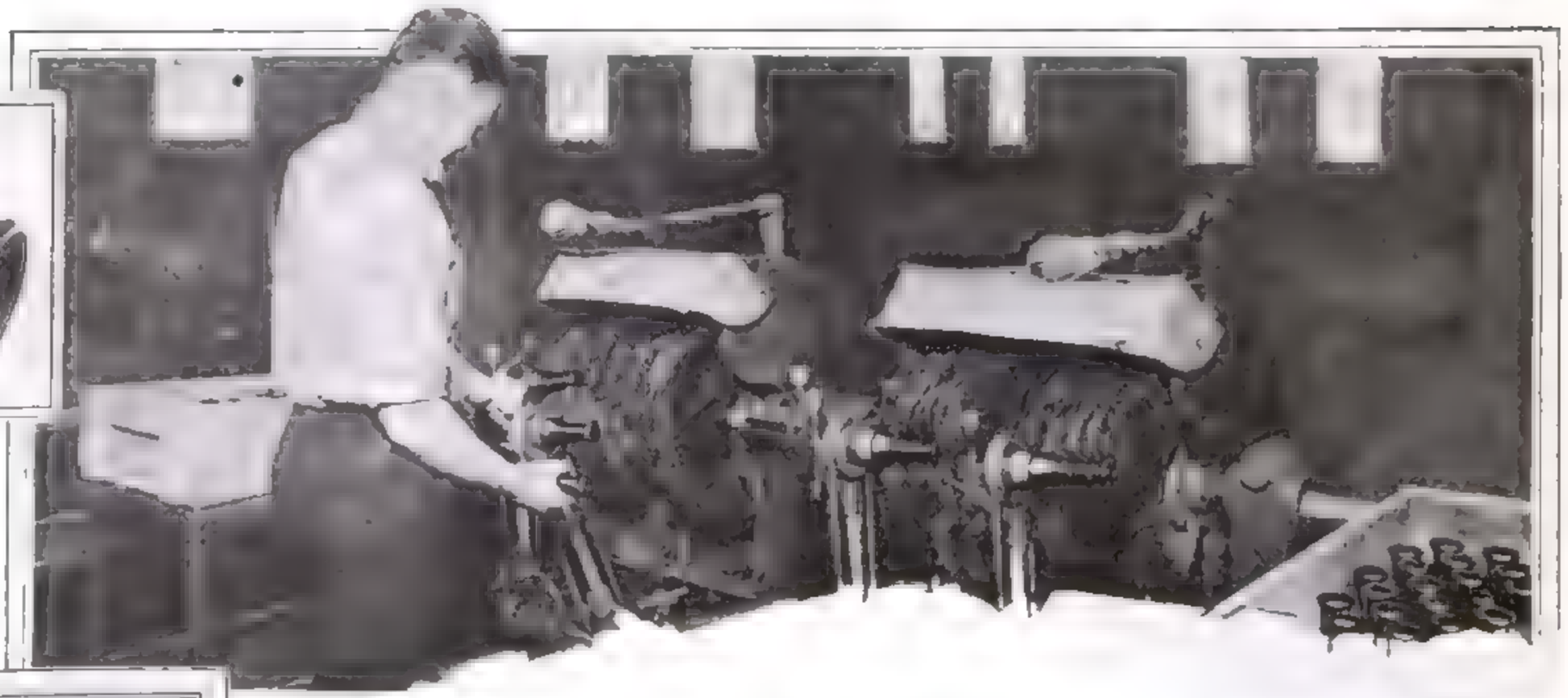
VI

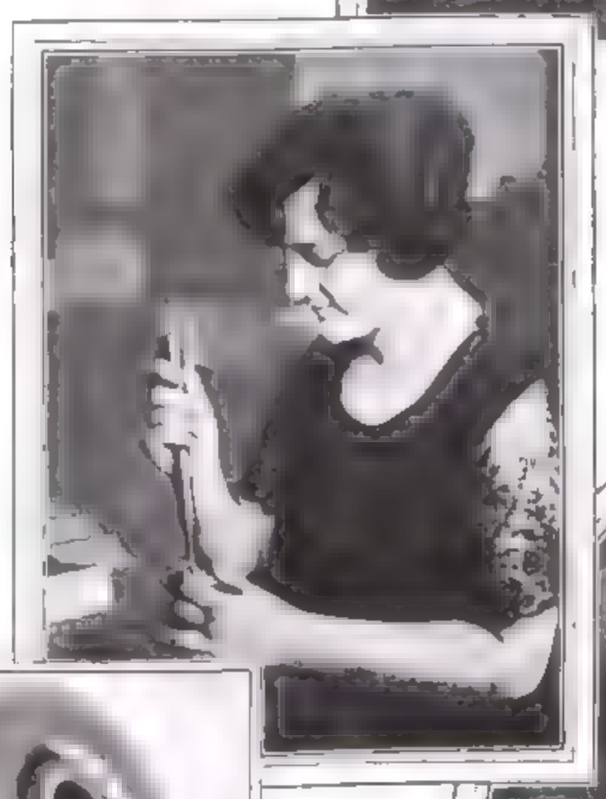
AT 7:30 A.M. a slender figure shrouded in a cream-and-scarlet bathing cloak tiptoed past Vokes and sought the sweet morning air. Vingie, whistling softly, stretched one white arm to adjust her already perfect bathing cap, and wandered in search of Figgis. She found him, as a good chauffeur should be found, in overalls, grooming his car

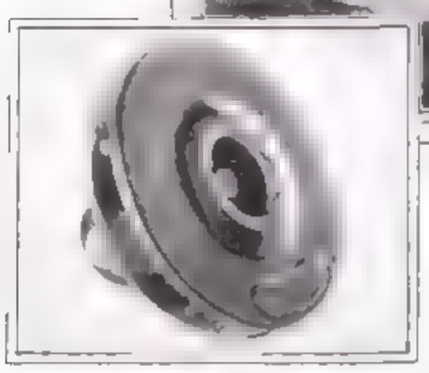
"Figgis," began Vingie, "I want a message taken to the outer world, and it's

(Continued on Page 54)

ONE OF THE MEN "BEHIND THE GUNS". Without capable operatives to see the job through, the most skilfully designed machinery would not avail. This picture shows one of many steps in producing your telephone receiver case.







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— *and proud of it*

BACK of the iron and copper and rubber which make a telephone, the real raw materials are the ambitions of 34,000 men and women.

These people, at the Western Electric works in Chicago, have hitched their wagon to the star of a perfect telephone. When you consider how important good telephone communication has become in your daily life, this is no low aim.

The leadership of Western Electric in the manufacture of telephones is traditional, dating as far back as 1877. It is natural that the present makers, many of them the second and third generation, should be alert to advance this reputation.

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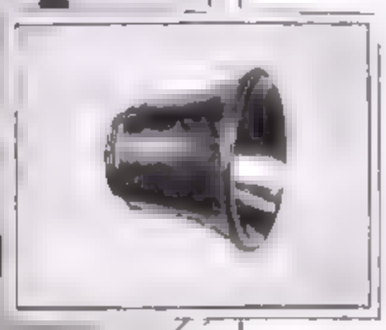
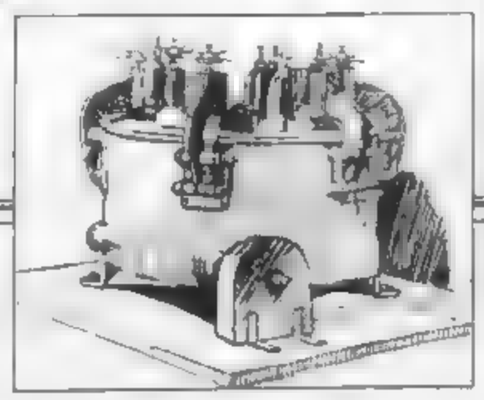
A MASTER CRAFTSMAN. You can be sure that his keen eye and steady hand will turn out none but the best. He is responsible for one of the operations in the accurate forming of the lug holder.



MAKING TELEPHONES OF PAPER. Every one of the 201 parts of your telephone had first to be drawn on paper. This draftsman takes pride in doing his work well, because he knows it has much to do with successful production.

TO CAP THE CLIMAX. Inspecting the receiver cap. It goes on that end of the receiver you hold to your ear, and you hear right partly because this young woman did her job right.



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United States Rubber Company

Ask for

"U.S." Rubbers

TRADE MARK

Continued from Page 52)

private. I want it handed in at a post office with instructions to wire it."

"We have a lad who runs errands on a motorcycle, miss," replied Figgis, not unimpressed by the vision before him. "I will see to it at once."

Vingie nodded, plucked a sheet of paper from an envelope and reread it for the last time:

BERRIMAN,
Daily Tale,
London.

Bring Diane day after tomorrow, teatime. Place is Long Moor, near Cleckbarrow, Yorks. Bear left on top of moor and make for river. Good luck. VIRGINIA L.

"I'm very much obliged to you, Figgis," said Vingie, moistening and sealing the envelope flap. Turning away on happy feet that longed to dance, she ran across to the duke's tent and stood listening. "Coo-ee!" she cried at last. "Wake up, Bill! It's a lovely morning."

Two seconds later he emerged from the tent door, hair charmingly tousled, cigarette between fingers.

"Good morning," said Vingie. "Have you forgotten that river? Put on your bathing kit, and be quick, 'cause I've been waiting hours."

He disappeared obediently. In five minutes, approaching the river bank, he came upon a naiad in a scarlet one-piece swimming suit, seated upon her cloak with an air of great patience. She stood up, waved a hand, raised her arms, stayed poised for one heartbeat, and dived. A moment after, his blue-clad form cut the air in pursuit.

"I'm going to cook breakfast, Bill," she announced later, pattering tentward by his side. "You're keen on these real women, and you think I'm only a butterfly. Run along and shave and I'll be ready when you're finished."

By some miracle of galvanizing the sixty-year-old limbs of Vokes into young activity, Vingie, when he came forth, groomed and hungry, was deep in the mysteries of chafing-dish cookery.

Eggs and bacon sizzled with an appetizing smell; coffee steamed near by. Figgis, having spread a table in the wilderness, looked on indulgently. The duke praised while he marveled.

"I brought my own tools," explained Vingie, heaping his plate. "They say seeing's believing. You never knew I was useful before, did you, Bill? Look how the toy of an idle hour can produce grub and coffee for two. And what are we going to do with our nice day?"

"Anything in the world you like, Vingie."

She thought a moment.

"Let's take the boat and sandwiches and go exploring along the wild coasts of the river. If we get tired of it we can always land and go for a tramp across the moor. I love a boat. It's kind of lazy and romantic. Do you mind?"

The duke sighed. "No," he said. "I don't mind." He looked at her thoughtfully, at her green-gray-eyed adorableness while she sat bare-armed in some little elbow-sleeved rag and smiled at him from sheer vitality. "If you asked me to rig up sky hooks and a rope and try and climb to the moon I'd do it. One does do things you suggest, somehow. One gets the habit, and then it's fatal. You see, they always sound so nice when you say them."

All day she made a perfect playfellow. Sometimes she would be a little girl, when she preferred not to walk any farther, and let him take care of her. At others she played the calm sensible friend, full of elder wisdom. Occasionally she remembered Diane and oozed soothful maternalness, as when he cut his finger and she bound it up, or when, arriving back in camp, she insisted on mending a tear in his coat.

For dinner that night she arrived, bathed, powdered, beautiful, manicured, not one hair out of place, with a faint air of haughtiness very compelling. Having made a worm of him she relented and became kind as they sat beneath the stars.

"Happy, Bill?" she asked.

"Yes, thank you."

"Know any more about what a woman can be to you than you did?"

"Oh, well, you're not an ordinary woman. You're a witch or a devil or a darling, and sometimes all three at once."

Vingie rose to her feet in judgment.

"Either every woman's ordinary or else there are no ordinary women. Once a woman's attracted a man she can be anything she chooses to him if she likes to take the trouble. Attracting him's easy. She only has to ignore him and the vain thing comes running up to see why."

"No, really? By Jove, you amaze me!" said the duke with mild sarcasm.

"So I'm going to bed; so night-night," she ended, and left him, proving the truth of her wisdom, for he sat down feeling a little lonely and forsaken, wondering how she could bear to be without him, seeing it was only nine o'clock.

VII

THEY came at teatime. Mr. Berriman knew that punctuality is the courtesy of kings, having dealt with kings at odd times in the execution of his duty; consequently his hired limousine rolled gently into the duke's camp at four P.M., looking a little self-conscious and metropolitan. The chauffeur gazed about with a "Well, I never!" expression, got down, opened a door and consulted Mr. Berriman. Mr. Berriman alighted, a comforting and unmovable figure in tweed, and assisted Mlle. Diane de Blancheforêt to alight also. They moved slowly in the direction of the two isolated tents.

Vingie and the duke sat in two comfortable deck chairs awaiting tea. Vingie was the first to behold the advance of Mr. Berriman and a tall dark woman with dead-white complexion who moved with the subtlety of a snake, wearing an afternoon frock suitable for the races and an immense black hat. The high heels of her wonderful shoes were such as are forbidden by large and legible notices on all the best golf courses. She would have looked perfect in the park or Bond Street.

"Frenchwomen simply don't understand country kit," murmured Vingie to herself, and aloud: "Oh, Bill, look what's blown in!"

The duke raised his eyes, and froze. First the color drained from his cheeks and then it returned at double strength. Then his training asserted itself. He had received too many deputations not to know what to do. He went forward with outstretched hand.

Diane's dagger glance flashed past him for one second to photograph a perfectly adorable Vingie utterly self-possessed; then her smile bathed the duke's unhappy face.

"*Ah! Monseigneur, que je suis enchantée de vous voir!*" she exclaimed in a voice like milk trickling over white velvet. "*Figurez-vous que nous nous sommes perdus. Permettez que je vous présente Monsieur Bairymont.*"

Mr. Berriman raised his soft felt hat and remarked, "How do you do, sir? I must apologize for this descent on you, but we lost our way on top of the moor. What a perfectly delightful spot!"

"Oh, a filthy hole really, but I rather like it," deprecated the duke, and introduced him to Vingie.

They met as perfect strangers.

Figgis, having grasped the situation from the alien chauffeur, came forward to arrange tea.

Vingie, with the feeling of one whose work is well done, took the woman guest tentward, and Vokes offered hairpins and face powder and all that she had. Nevertheless all traces of Vingie's occupation had been removed, and plain hairbrushes replaced her gold monogrammed tortoise-shell. From the subtle undercurrents it was plain to her that the romance of Diane and the duke was shattered into bits, and on the other hand would never be remolded nearer to the heart's desire. The slight on Diane was too deep, the pride of the duke too profound. The bright sallies and tinkling mirth of the tea party proved this beyond a doubt.

As Vingie sat marveling at her own cleverness, a second car curved into the little clearing, a touring car of distinguished lineage. A door opened and Rupert Frack alighted, turning to assist his companion, the Lady Celia Pytchley. They advanced gently upon the tea party.

Rupert Frack wore the expression of a murderer who, found with the body of his victim, declares he has never noticed it before.

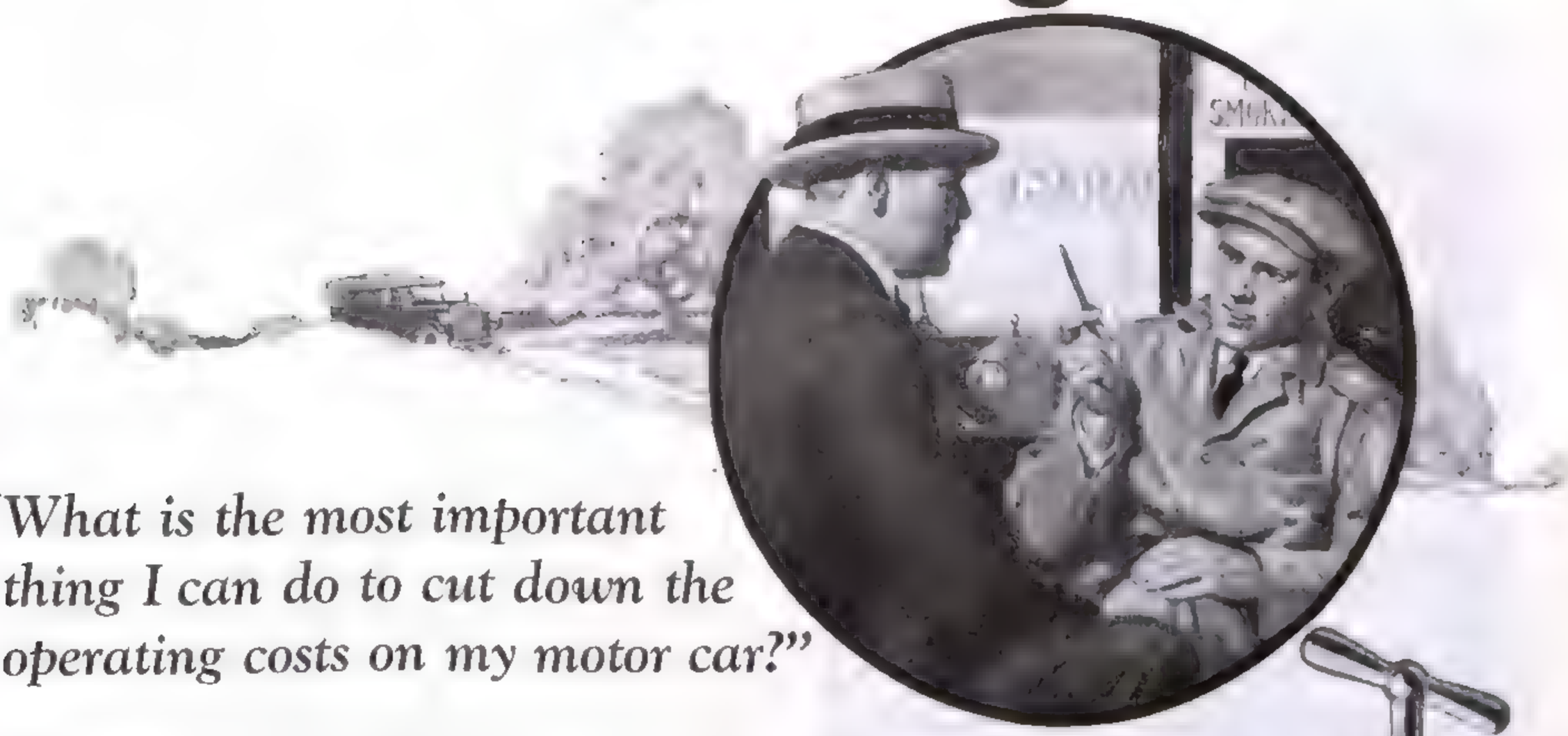
"Halloo!" he exclaimed with false geniality. "We thought we'd just drop in to tea."

"Cheerio!" returned the duke with equivalent heartiness. "The very thing! Figgis, two more cups, please."

Vingie smiled upon Lady Celia and Rupert as the sun shines on the just and

(Continued on Page 56)

Ask this question of any Garage Man —



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When to Use

If Alemite is on your car, be sure to use it—at least every 500 miles. That's why the manufacturer has given it to you—to save repairs! For repair bills of $100 to $300 after 6,000 miles of driving, due to neglect in proper lubrication, are common. Any dealer will confirm this. So you can't overlook its importance.

Check over your Alemite fittings and see that none is missing. If you do not know where each fitting is located, ask your dealer for a diagram.

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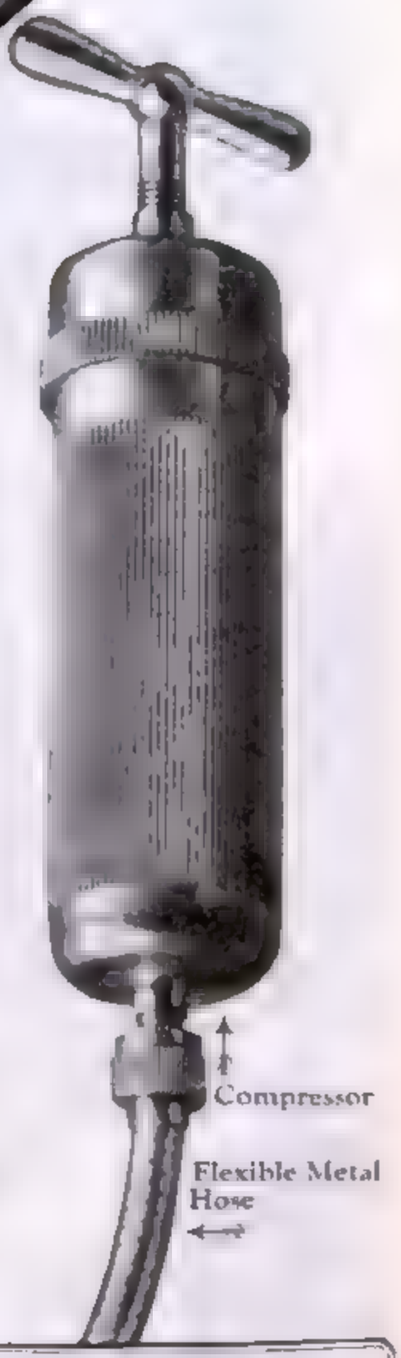

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2660 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Canadian Factory: Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario

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OIL OR GREASE

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Continued from Page 54

unjust alike, but her eyes when they met Rupert's told him through the smile that rat poison was too good for him. Lady Celia, being a pleasant pretty girl who played all sorts of games, fitted into the gathering without one wrinkle on her fair brow. If any man had said "What a fine day!" she would have replied "Yes, isn't it!" and if he had continued "No, it's wet!" she would have replied "Yes, it is rather wet!" Thus she had the making of a perfect wife, but Vingie's brain worked furiously nevertheless.

"Diane doesn't know me, but Celia and I played as children. There's no deceiving even a fool who played with you as a child. I must seem to be nothing but a tea-party guest, and leave with the others. If she knew I was staying here my reputation would disappear. As Rupert has done me in, it's up to him to rescue me."

With considerable skill she drew him aside and sauntered towards the river bank. Then she turned on him.

"I always realized you were a fool, Rupert," she said bitterly; "but would you mind telling me exactly why even you brought Celia here?"

Rupert frowned thoughtfully.

"It is the theory of the attraction of opposites," he explained. "I considered it likely that the violent contrast between you and her might turn his fancy in her direction. It was an experiment in psychology, my dear Virginia. Of course I had no idea that other woman would be here. It is most distressing that Lady Celia should breathe the same air ——"

"It would take more than air to hurt Celia!" snarled Vingie. "My dear Rupert, you're the hopeless, frozen limit. I get him here quietly, handle him perfectly for days, arrange for Diane to come down looking like a film star on a desert island, and tonight I'd have finished the job and packed him off to Celia in the morning. Now I wash my hands of you and your duke. All I'm concerned is to get away before Celia. She must never know I'm staying here."

"Why not?" asked Rupert kindly.

"Because," retorted Vingie, fighting for breath—"because it's—just possible—she might think it funny. Not laughing-funny, you know, curious-funny—like widows who aren't married, and that kind of thing. Do you see that man over there with two arms and two legs? That is Figgis, the chauffeur. Go and tell him to get the car ready and not be surprised when I tell him to drive me home, but just to do it. And tell him to tell Vokes to hide. Celia must never see Vokes. She might remember her. And tell him to get a coat of mine and put it in the car. It looks better, and I'll need it. And, Rupert, if I didn't happen to have a hat on Celia would have guessed, and nothing could have saved me. Now go!"

Rupert had at least one virtue, the capacity to obey. He went.

For ten minutes Vingie tossed the shuttlecock of conversation lightly to and fro. Then she rose and held out a hand to the duke. He had long ceased to think or wonder; he hid a bruised and bewildered boy behind a grinning society image. But under this last blow his nerve almost cracked.

"Good-by," said Vingie. "I've enjoyed my tea most awfully; thank you for a gorgeous time."

His eye, wandering helplessly, beheld Figgis, capped and dust-coated, beside a purring car. "But," he began, "must you go? What about your ——"

"My coat's in the car, thanks!" she broke in. "Rupert, you can take me over to it if you like. Good-by, everyone."

Once again Rupert watched with disapproval while she escaladed the sporting body.

"I didn't really want you; I loathe the sight of you," she explained over the side of it. "But I must know which road your car will take."

"We go north. Celia and I are both staying with the Tees. I think you are being a little unkind, Virginia."

"Let's go south, then," said Vingie to Figgis, and at her word the car glided away.

"I followed all your instructions, miss," he reassured her. "I told the other chauffeurs what I thought would do most good, and Vokes is concealed in the stores tent."

"Jolly good of you, Figgis. Take me about twenty miles and stop at some decent place for dinner, and then we'll go back when the coast's clear."

Even as Vingie nourished herself in the ancient splendor of the Rose and Crown while Figgis lurked in the outer darkness where chauffeurs feed, the duke dined alone in his stricken camp. Diane had gone, and Celia had gone, and Vingie, for all he knew, still traveled south in his pet car. His dinner was badly served by some awkward substitute for Figgis. Afterward he lay back in a cane lounge, smoked a cigar and stared at the evening sky.

"A person in my position," he said to himself at last, "is doomed as far as women are concerned. The suitable ones are dull and the attractive ones aren't suitable. They do these things better in the East; I believe I could get together a harem as well as the next person if only people's silly prejudice didn't stand in the way."

The sight of an approaching car interrupted, but he never raised his head. There had been so many cars that day. He did not hear Vingie's feet upon the grass, and started when she laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Bill darling," she said reproachfully, "you didn't think I wouldn't come back, did you? Have you forgotten we've got to go home tomorrow?"

"Vingie, sit over there, and listen."

She went obediently, crossed one knee over the other and clasped it. The duke held up his left hand and ticked things off on its fingers with his right.

"Diane is finished," he began. "She looked rather a fool in those clothes out here, and I looked rather a fool being caught here with you. A man does look a fool when one woman catches him with another. I don't know why. And directly people have looked fools, love ceases to exist."

He paused, and ticked off a second item on a second finger.

"You," he went on, "are perfectly adorable. But with you it was all fair and aboveboard, a kind of demonstration, like when I go down to Aldershot and a general with no brains for reasons that don't exist maneuvers troops armed with blank cartridge against an enemy that isn't there."

"The enemy was there, Bill," murmured Vingie. "And kindly don't confuse me with people who have no brains."

"Well, never mind all that. Now we come to Celia. She's a nice bright girl, and she'd never give me a moment's anxiety. But think of a lifetime with a woman who never gave one a moment's anxiety!"

Vingie rose, seated herself on the edge of the cane lounge and slid an arm behind his tired head. He let it fall back against her with a little sigh.

"Listen," she said. "Celia will be just as nice to you as I've been. All women are the same, really. The difference between one and the other is what you imagine. A man always falls in love with an imaginary girl, but he marries a real one, and spends his life discovering the difference. But with you it'll be the other way round. You'll expect nothing, and make all sorts of exciting discoveries."

The duke reached up, drew her head down and kissed her affectionately. At length he delivered judgment.

"If it were going to be you and not Celia I should never have a moment's peace of mind till the grave closed over me," he said.

VIII

IN HER Park Street boudoir Vingie entertained Lord Fordingbridge to tea. There is a certain appeal about these intimate entertainments which no man is too old to appreciate. Lord Fordingbridge's genial rubicund countenance wore an expression of beatitude.

"So you see," continued Vingie, "I managed to persuade him finally. But it was a fearfly narrow escape and I can't tell you how sick I am with Rupert. He nearly wrecked everything."

There is also something in the charm of a delightful girl which makes men reveal secrets they would do better to hide. Lord Fordingbridge simpered self-consciously.

"As a matter of fact it wasn't Rupert's idea at all," he confessed.

"You don't mean you ——"

Lord Fordingbridge shook his head.

"I'm a very stupid old man. All I can do is to look cheerful and pick other people's brains. But somehow I felt a little nervous about our conspiracy—indeed, you were somewhat uncertain yourself."

"Oh, no, I wasn't!" scoffed Vingie.

Continued on Page 58

Two Adding Machines in One!

THINK of a machine that can take two separate columns of figures (such as cash and discount), list them and total them simultaneously and separately, and give a grand total of the two *without any relisting.*

It does seem impossible—until you have actually done it on one of the Burroughs Duplex Machines.

For here are really two adding machines in one—and yet controlled and operated by a single keyboard, making it possible to do many things which even two separate machines could not do without additional work.

To give another example: Several columns of figures may be listed, and a total (not a sub-total) secured from each group or column. Again, no relisting is required to obtain the grand total of all columns.

Burroughs Duplex does many difficult and complicated figure jobs.

Let a Burroughs representative show you, without any obligation on your part, how this machine can be applied to your figure work and how it will economize both time and effort.

Price
$375.00
$37.50 down, balance, easy payments

For further detail or a demonstration, phone the local Burroughs office or mail the attached coupon

Burroughs Adding Machine Co.
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Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen: Please tell me how a Burroughs Duplex might help me

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BETTER FIGURES *for* BIGGER PROFITS

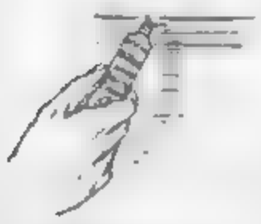
Burroughs

ADDING-BOOKKEEPING-BILLING-CALCULATING MACHINES

Hurrying Fingers Can't Drop *This* Cap

1. The new hinged cap is on even when it's off. It can't slip from your fingers down the drain pipe or hide under the bath tub

2. This patented cap is easier to screw on, too. The threads engage perfectly, the first time—none of those annoying false starts



3. There is a ring in the cap. It enables you to hang the tube up out of the way. A screw hook comes in every package

MORNING minutes are precious. The patented Williams' cap—the only shaving cream with this feature—saves time and patience. The cap is always on—*hinged* on—it can't get lost.

But fine as the cap is, most men would insist on Williams' even if it had a cap that fell off and got lost the way other caps do.

Williams' Shaving Cream will surprise the man who has not used it. White, entirely free from any coloring matter whatsoever, absolutely pure, it bulks into lather that is uncommonly quick, uncommonly thick—*lather*, not just foam.

There's nothing like it for a smooth and easy shave—nothing like it to keep your skin in perfect condition. Williams' contains a certain ingredient that helps keep your skin soothed *while* you shave and glove-smooth *after* you shave.

For men who prefer the stick, Williams' Doublecap (absolutely new) and Williams' Triple Stick, the original holder stick, give genuine Williams' in the most convenient form. There are Re-Loads for both

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Glastonbury, Conn. Montreal, Canada

Williams' Shaving Cream

(Continued from Page 56)

"So I went and had a chat with Charles," Lord Fordingbridge rumbled on. "Charles is the brainiest feller I know. A perfect marvel; never makes a mistake. And Charles said to me: 'Arrange for Celia Pytchley to find him with the other two.' So I got the Tees to ask her and Rupert up to their place, and told Rupert what to do. Of course he had to do it, so you mustn't be angry with him."

"And what was Charles' reason for the idea?" asked Vingie in a gray voice.

Lord Fordingbridge chuckled.

"He explained it all to me, because you know I haven't his brain. He said: 'I know Vingie's damned attractive, and I presume Diane's damned attractive, but Celia's absolutely safe. Now when he sees all three together he'll lose his nerve and play for safety. He'll choose the safe one, and that's exactly what you want him to do.'

"'But why will he?' says I.

"'Because, you fool, a man always does!' says he; and you see he was right. Charles was right! But your skillful handling of the situation—your tact, your patience, your insight—marvelous, my dear young lady. Simply marvelous!"

Vingie surveyed him in frigid silence. He continued to smile benignly. "I may say that the—ah!—investments you suggested have been made in your name," he purred.

"And the news of the duke's engagement shall be announced in that deplorable newspaper, a copy of which, thank God, I have never seen."

"And one thing more," demanded Vingie swiftly. "You must send Rupert to Mr. Berriman to arrange the announcement."

"But why?" asked Lord Fordingbridge dubiously.

Vingie's smile was very sweet.

"Because they'll put him in his place at the Daily Tale," she said. "He'll stroll in languidly, and they'll grab him and shut him in a waiting room and whizz him up in a lift and rush him into Mr. Berriman's room and rush him out. They only let me stay five minutes! And Charles' brain conceived it, but Rupert's was the hand that torpedoed me."

Lord Fordingbridge, still smiling, turned his thumbs down.

PATHS OF GLORY

Continued from Page 38

It was after dark when I arrived the evening before; the Viceroy and Lady Reading, with their entourage, were off on a visit to the Nawab Begum of Bhopal, and I was a guest without a host or hostess at Viceregal Lodge. But they had left behind them an attractive young A. D. C., who, upon their departure, had slumped out of impressive uniform into the comfort of an ordinary dinner jacket and was evidently prepared to be as human as an A. D. C. is capable of being, which is never very much to speak of.

He met me at the railway station, was almost articulate in explaining the mistake by reason of which I had arrived several days earlier than I was expected, and had escorted me up under the arc lights that shine upon Delhi's most historic section, from the British point of view—the Ridge, that is, and its environs, made eternally historic by the terrible events of the Great Mutiny—and so through the gardens of Viceregal Lodge and on to this beautiful pavilion, which had been built to accommodate in detached and majestic privacy the Prince of Wales and his staff.

According to the story books, fairy princes should live in battlemented castles perched picturesquely upon craggy peaks, with chasms round about and with such vegetation clothing precipitous cliffs as never grew anywhere except in colored illustrations; but I found this pavilion quite sufficiently fairylike, though one of my thoughts about it was that many an American on a moderate income has a finer home, whether he can afford it or not.

Inside, it is all green and white and rose color, and as you cross the broad veranda and enter the spacious hall you are instantly enchanted by a wide-open view through an archway of a white marble court, in the center of which a fountain plays noiselessly, with an adorable raindrop sparkle of spreading spray. In the low-rimmed basin of this fountain are flowers afloat in thrilling prodigality. Not lilies growing there, but cut flowers arranged in exquisite groups or just dancing about singly on the tiny wavelets. Everywhere against the marble whiteness of the walls are palms and ferns, flowering plants and plants of brilliant tropical foliage, while soft rose-shaded lights here and there illuminate the scene without lighting it up. Nice, don't you think?

The Viceregal Lodge

In a small sitting room on one side of the hall there was a table laid for two in front of a crackling wood fire, while a stalwart khidmatgar, or table steward, in the gorgeous red-and-yellow uniform of government service, stood waiting to serve dinner. The A. D. C. had not dined; neither had I; so we made a very pleasant hour of it while he told me stories about the prince's visit and described to me the life his royal highness had lived in the little white house and the splendid ceremonial events that had been arranged for his combined torture and entertainment. Then he explained that after the departure of the prince the pavilion had been converted into a guest bungalow. And that was how it happened that I was there. That was how it happened that I waked up next morning in the prince's dining room. It had been made a bedroom, while the commodious butler's pantry at one end of it had been fitted up as a most satisfactory, not to say luxurious, bathroom.

It was not such an awful place in which to come to life on a cool sunny morning, was it? After a chota hazri, or small breakfast, of coffee and rolls, I hurried into my sportiest sport clothes and was soon out in the sunshine inviting my soul in the midst of a scene of most colorful magnificence. Not ostentation, but only magnificence; and the magnificence was all provided by the sunlight, in which flowers of every variety and hue grow and blossom in luxuriant splendor. The Viceregal Lodge, gleaming white on the highest point of the spacious compound, is only a temporary makeshift as a viceregal residence. It is larger than our White House, but is by no means so beautiful. Yet it is beautiful enough, and being hung as it is with rich veils of rose vines and bougainvillea; dominating as it does a vast garden which is a riot of color and a gardener's dream of well-kept lawns and wide-curving, shrub-bordered drives, it makes upon one's mind a peculiarly harmonious impression. It is good enough to house the head of any state.

The New Delhi

Yet, as I say, it is only a temporary makeshift. The British are building the eighth city of Delhi now, and in the new Viceregal Lodge, which is nearing completion, they could accommodate the White House as a mantel ornament—to exaggerate just a trifle for the sake of emphasis. There is no way to describe how gosh-awful big the new Government House of India is going to be. You might think of it as a robin redbreast squatting on an acre of pelican eggs with an idea that the pelican eggs would hatch out robin redbreasts. Which is one way of looking at it; but the disinterested stranger cannot help but feel that its main intention is to be overwhelmingly impressive within a limited area, both political and geographical.

The eighth city of Delhi is a subject in Delhi of unending argument; it is a subject of ridicule and rhapsody; it has divided families and severed friendships; it is a source of irritation to the conservatives in political life, and a source of diabolical satisfaction to the radicals, who see in it a lever and wedge under the foundations of British dominance. It is a source of what seems to me to be quite unpardonable pride to its promoters and architects.

One of the first questions the viceroy asked me after his return from Bhopal was, "What do you think of New Delhi?"

"Your excellency," I replied, "I hope you will forgive me for being scrupulously truthful. I think it is perfectly dreadful!"

He laughed heartily enough, but he is a quite extraordinary diplomat and is adept in the gentle art of avoiding even a shadow of a betrayal of what his actual sentiments are; so I was not able to determine whether or not he was in sympathy with my opinion

Continued on Page 60

This special demonstration

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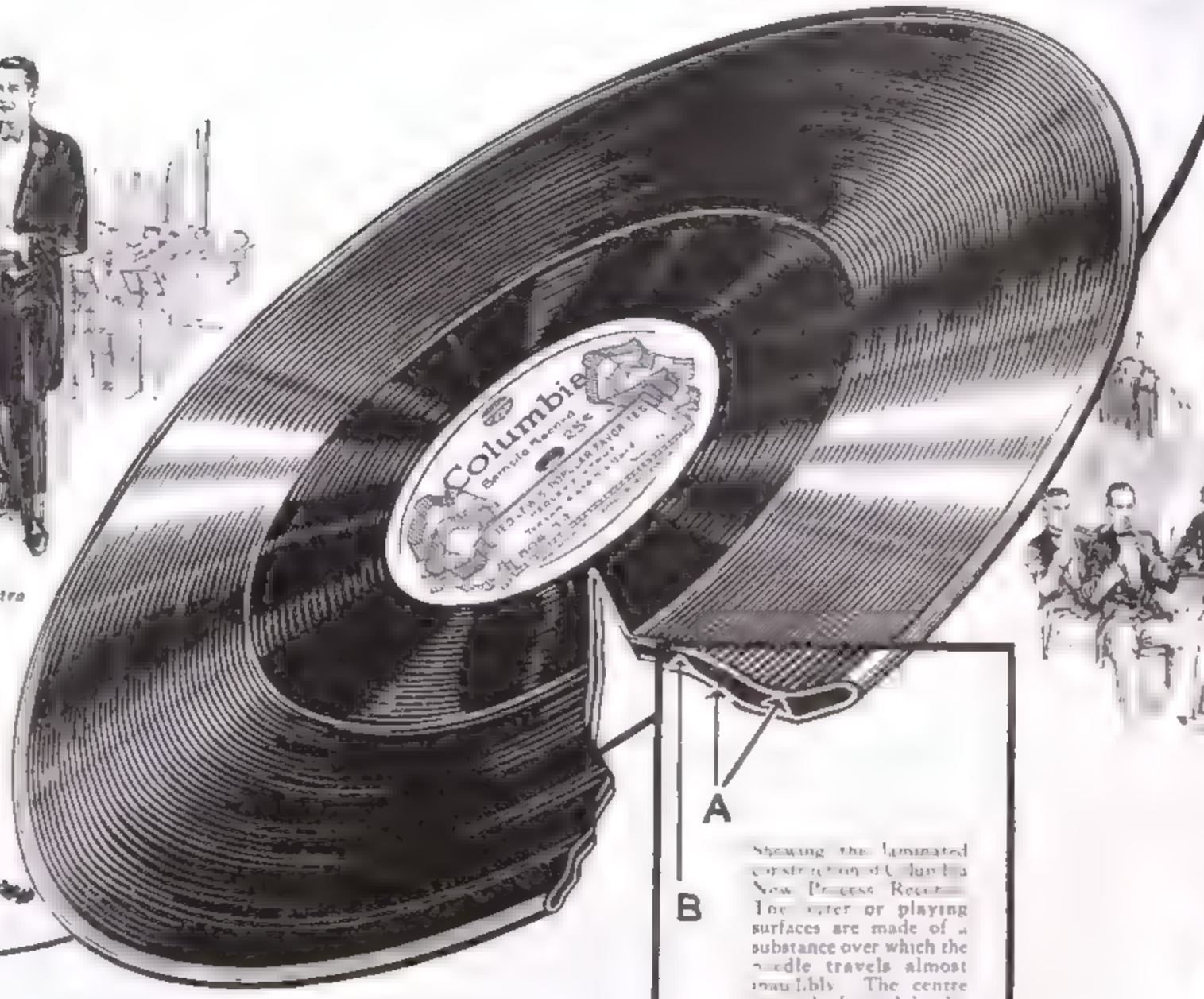
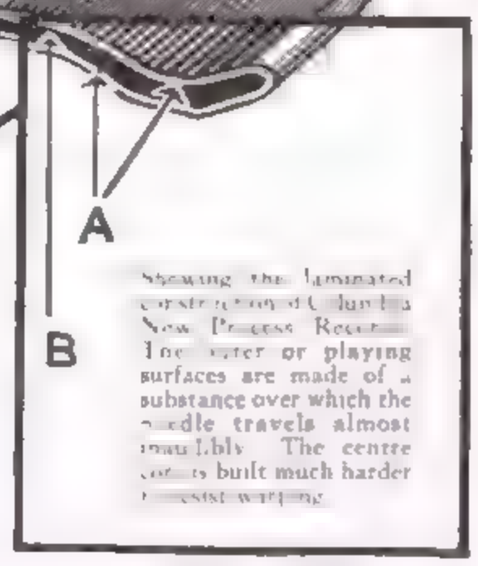
New Process RECORD *for* 25¢

Charles Hackett
Columbia Symphony Orchestra

Toscha Seidel




A
B
Showing the laminated construction of Columbia New Process Records. The outer or playing surfaces are made of a substance over which the needle travels almost inaudibly. The centre core is built much harder to resist warping.

Ted Lewis and His Band

Columbia

To prove the unmatchable quality of Columbia New Process Records, go and buy from any Columbia Dealer this special demonstration double-faced record—featuring Charles Hackett, Toscha Seidel, the Columbia Symphony Orchestra, and Ted Lewis and His Band.

A YEAR ago we startled the phonograph world by announcing an entirely new method of making phonograph records—a method discovered, patented, and perfected by us—by which the insistent and strident scratch of needle noise was practically eliminated. With this announcement, Columbia New Process Records leaped into tremendous popularity. But wonderful as has been this success, there are still thousands of phonograph owners who have not yet known the joy of owning and playing Columbia New Process Records.

It is to convince these thousands of phonograph owners that the Columbia New Process Record is *the greatest improvement in record making since the invention of the phonograph*, that we, in co-operation with Columbia Dealers, make this remarkable offer:

For only 25c, we will place in your hands this sample Columbia New Process Record featuring four classes of music—Charles Hackett, the greatest American tenor; Toscha Seidel, the famous violinist; the Columbia Symphony Orchestra; and Ted Lewis and His Band.

It is a standard-size, 10-inch, double-faced record that would sell regularly at four times the price. On sale November 19th.

Go then to any Columbia Dealer and purchase this special Columbia New Process Record. Take the record home and play it on your phonograph. Play first the medley fox-trot of popular favorites by Ted Lewis and His Band. Note the faultless recording of the music, the nicety of instrumental balance—the distinctness without blare.

Now, make the second test. Turn the record over. First you will hear the needle faintly whispering. Compare this with the coarse filing sound that greets you from ordinary phonograph records. At the first note of Charles Hackett's gorgeous voice even this hushed murmur vanishes. Then, rich and warm and smooth, his voice floods out in the strains of Schubert's "Serenade"—strains of pure beauty absolutely unmarred by needle noises of any kind. Remarkable as is this quietness, it is not exceptional to this record. All Columbia New Process Records have it.

When Hackett's solo ends, Seidel's violin picks up the "Serenade." It is played as only this master can play it. A second of intermission, and you hear the Columbia Symphony Orchestra with all the fidelity to the tone of every instrument that is given only by the Columbia New Process Record.

This process by which all Columbia Records are now made is the exclusive property of the Columbia Phonograph Company. No one else can use it. That it raises phonograph music to its rightful place among the arts, you will admit when once you have heard a Columbia New Process Record. Buy the one offered here. Columbia New Process Records can be played on any phonograph.

This special demonstration record is manufactured and sold to you for 25c solely for the purpose of convincing you of the superiority of all Columbia New Process Records. Columbia Records are regularly sold at 75c and up.

All Columbia Dealers have this Special Demonstration Record. If there is no Columbia Dealer in your vicinity fill in and mail this coupon to us. We will see that you are supplied.

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Please let me know how I can secure the Special Demonstration Columbia New Process Record.

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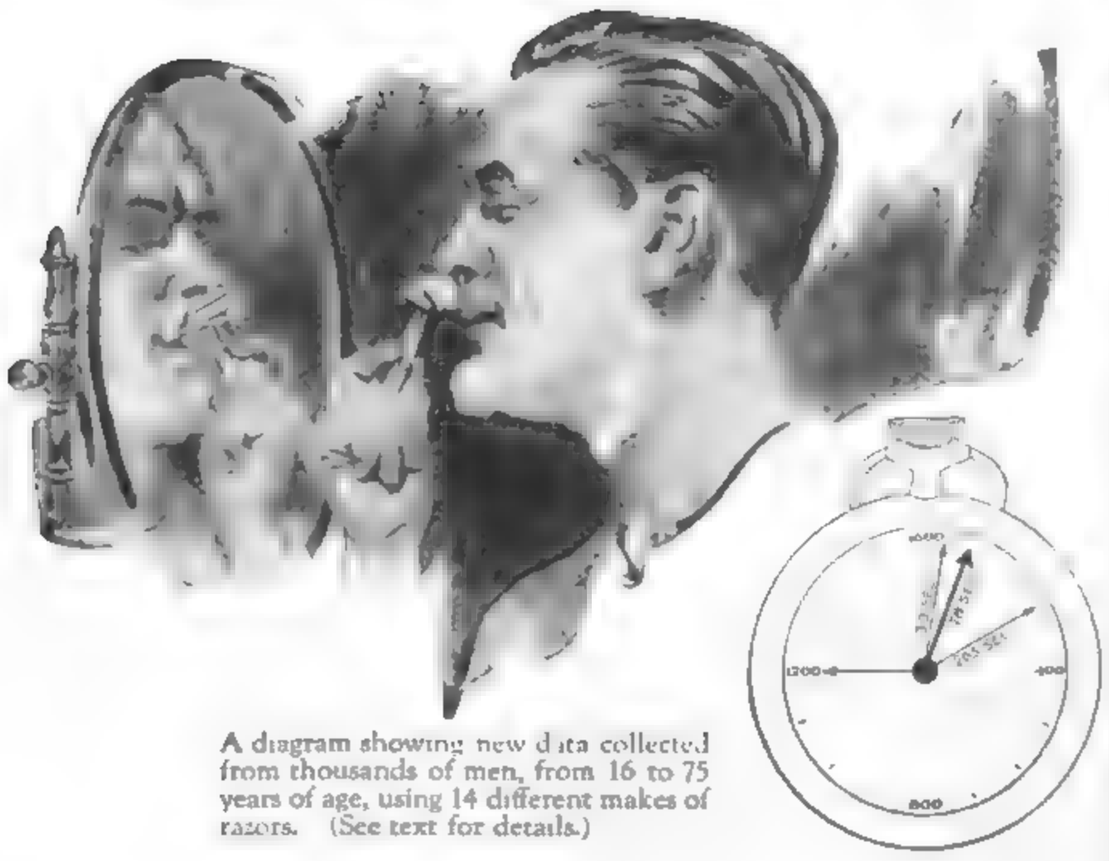

A diagram showing new data collected from thousands of men, from 16 to 75 years of age, using 14 different makes of razors. (See text for details.)

Greater shaving comfort —new facts about speed

How to reduce your shaving time by ⅔

UNTIL eighteen months ago most men thought that a close, clean shave required shaving slowly over and over the same spot.

Now dermatologists declare this a mistake. They find that slow shaving pulls, irritates and ages the skin.

Until the perfection of the Valet AutoStrop Razor, there was no razor made that combined the two necessary requirements —*i. e.*, unusual speed and greater comfort.

Three years before this time we began experimenting to overcome the difficulty, spending a fortune. But we succeeded in processing a barber's edge — the keenest cutting edge known—upon a *safety razor blade*. Now millions of men every morning enjoy the world's fastest, most refreshing shave—once over the face—78 seconds from lather to towel.

78 seconds vs. 263

Recently we asked thousands of men from 16 to 75 years of age, using 14 different kinds of razors —including our own—how long it took them to shave from the first stroke to the last.

The fastest time was 30 seconds, the slowest 1200, and the average 263.

It is remarkable that by repeated tests the average time of Valet AutoStrop Razor users proves to be 78 seconds—185 seconds faster than the average time. Think what this means in speed and comfort. More and more men are adopting this de luxe way of shaving.

Enjoy this speed and comfort

Get a Valet AutoStrop Razor. Experience the joy of the world's fastest, most comfortable shave. No scraping, no pulling. Harshness is gone, also that raw, tender feeling. Your face feels like velvet —delightfully refreshed.

Get your Valet AutoStrop Razor today. Compare its super-shave with what you have known before. A delight awaits you. At dealers' everywhere.

Write for interesting book: "History of Shaving" sent free

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., 656 FIRST AVENUE, NEW YORK

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Valet AutoStrop Razor

REG U S PAT OFF

Sharpens itself

Continued from Page 58)

However, we shall come to New Delhi later on, when we shall mention a few facts and figures, to say nothing of a few portents and prophecies

In the meantime there are the seven other cities of Delhi that one must really attempt to visualize and the ruins of which must be explored; thoughtfully and studiously if possible; light-mindedly or hurriedly if need be; but at least with a desire to penetrate in some measure the atmosphere of vast antiquity and deep-rooted tradition which irradiates to such an extraordinary degree the modern life of India and which seems to have had its genesis in the region of which Delhi is the pivotal point.

Far be it from me to attempt an outline of the record of even so much of India's ancient history as is founded upon admittedly acceptable evidence. The record begins in dim and shadowy suggestions of an advanced civilization existing about 2000 years before Christ, but it does not emerge from the shadows of legend into even an intermittent light of discernible fact until about 1400 years before the Christian era, when the hymns of the Rig-Veda were in full volume in the minds and upon the tongues of men. From that point there are high lights of recorded event succeeding event which illuminate considerable periods of time. But being in Delhi, unless you are a researching devotee devoting your life to the discovery and preservation of the valuable minutiæ of history, you can hardly be interested in anything except the names that are closely associated with the things you have to see and that you wish to understand. The subject is too vast. You are bound to confine yourself within limits at some point, however much you may regret the necessity for doing so and however eagerly your mind may grope beyond the limits you have set.

The names of historical personages and what they stand for in the story that is written upon the landscape—these you must know about, else you might just as well be somewhere else. Indeed, you might better be somewhere else; somewhere where there is enough scenery, for instance, to throw into obscurity the puny considerations of historic interest. History has to do with men, but the mighty panoramas of the earth lift themselves above the moving lives of men and enthrall the souls of men whose minds resist the intrusion of so much as the faintest ray of human enlightenment. This is actually true. Naked savages bow down to mountains and quake with heart-chilling reverence before Nature's august imperialism. And so do men, in lesser degrees, who belong to our own stratum of society.

What One Tourist Saw

I met one such one day at the hotel in Delhi and found him a most interesting and amusing individual. He thought, to begin with, that the hotels and railroads in India proved the British to be a very greatly overrated race. He was a member of a large party of American tourists and had gone on strike against the guide, who had been rushing him around until he was ready to drop. The group to which he had been assigned had gone off that morning to the Kutb Minar and Tughlakabad, but he had a consignment of old newspapers from his home town that he had just received and had elected to make himself comfortable in a shaded corner of the hotel veranda and have a good time all by himself looking them over. He had no idea what the Kutb Minar was and, what was more, he didn't give a hang. As for Tughlakabad, he couldn't pronounce it and he didn't want to pronounce it. He was fed up on ruins and was weary of trying to remember who Humayun and Akbar were, and whether Shah Jehan was the son of Asoka or vice versa. He had come to India, not to study history but to see the country, and the only country he had seen that was worth looking at was up around Simla and at Darjiling. Some scenery! He had had a perfect view of the Everest range on a cloudless day and thought that was worth all the rest of India put together. He was tired of fakirs, filthy temples and grotesque images, and had a very poor opinion also of Mohammedan mosques. He said if you had seen one you had seen them all, and that he would be something-or-other if he was going to take his shoes off to get into any more of them.

And since the British had been in complete control of things for about 150 years, he wanted to know, just incidentally, why in the umpty-te-ump they had not told the Mohammedans to cut out that nonsense about foreigners having to take their shoes off in order to get into mosques. He said that an American instinctively removed his hat in anybody's house of worship; but that because asking him to remove his shoes was about as reasonable as asking him to remove his trousers, he had blued with blasphemous thoughts the atmosphere of practically every mosque in India. Moreover, he had been reliably informed that Mohammedans entering Christian cathedrals as sightseers not only did not remove their shoes but kept their heads covered according to their own invariable custom.

He was sore about everything except the Himalayan Mountains. Though I might add, just by way of rounding him out, that he had been tremendously interested in the great jute mills on the Hugli River, which he had been permitted to see only because he happened to have a letter of introduction to an important citizen of Calcutta who was closely associated with the jute industry.

He had missed the Fort, the Jain temple, the temple of Kali, the ghats, the Victoria Memorial, the cemeteries in which the stories of the centuries of British adventure are so plainly written, and all the other things to which the conducted tourist is usually conducted; but he had been to the races and had seen the jute mills and he knew exactly what the jute mills of Calcutta amount to in their relationship to the American farmer. He was not an unintelligent traveler, but he hated ruins and strange religions, and he wanted to be permitted to chloroform a few guides.

Unshod Visitors

His objection to taking off his shoes before entering temples or mosques reminds me of an irritating little experience of my own, and I think I shall tell about it now, because it was rather illuminating, and in the course of what I have to say I am not likely to get round to it again. It was in Rangoon, and Rangoon is a long way from Delhi; but it will not take long to get there and back again to Delhi in a brief narrative.

I have never objected to taking off my shoes before entering a place of worship in the East. I never question in any country established customs to which I am expected to conform; and since temples and mosques are what one sees the most of in Eastern countries, I learned years ago to do my sight-seeing in the kind of shoes I can step out of without any difficulty.

I began in Japan, but in Japan the visitor is asked to remove his shoes not for reasons which have to do so much with the sanctity of the edifice he wishes to inspect, but for reasons which have to do with the perishable character of its furnishings. The floors of all great Japanese temples, and indeed of many other varieties of public buildings, of all homes and of a few of the finer shops, are covered with tatami, or beautiful white rice-straw mats that give under one's weight with a delightfully restful softness, but that Western shoe heels would cut into most destructively.

It is ordinarily on account of the tatami that shoes are removed in Japan, but in Mohammedan countries it is an act demanded by the Mussulmans in deference to the holiness of their shrines. It is a thing they do themselves, and their most sacred feelings would be outraged by a failure on the part of anyone to do likewise. They feel much more strongly about all such things than Christians possibly could. A Christian might—if such a thing can be imagined—stalk round a Christian church with his hat on and his hands in his pockets, whistling the latest jazzable ragtime tune without running any particular risk of being murdered; but I would not insure him against instantaneous violence if he should dare to walk into a holy Mohammedan mosque with his shoes on, or if inside a holy mosque he should express any kind of sentiments save those of reverence and respect.

All of which is perfectly satisfactory to me. But I do not like being discriminated against, and subjected to inconveniences and humiliating regulations, merely because I happen to be white and for reasons which have nothing really to do with the deep devotion of another race to a religious faith. There is nothing in the religion of Buddha that calls for anything in the nature of elaborate servility even on the part of its devotees. It is a noble faith and its tendency in the main is to ennoble the characters of those who are born within its folds

(Continued on Page 63)

A million a day!

Buy the new Handy Package of 10—the correct way to carry cigars. Special foil lining keeps cigars in condition—no breakage—no waste.

A cigar of such popularity undreamed of ten years ago

No one—cigar manufacturer, merchant or smoker—would ever have believed ten years ago that a cigar could enjoy such remarkable popularity.

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INSURING YOUR FAMILY'S SAFETY

Wherever you are, on highway or boulevard, look for the signature of the clinging, long-wearing Goodyear All-Weather Tread

No motorist who has felt the security of the Goodyear All-Weather Tread under his car needs to be told its special advantages.

He knows how firmly, how surely, the big, thick keen-edged blocks of this great tread take hold on any surface.

He knows how powerfully they put traction under the drive of the engine, and safety under the pressure of the brake.

He knows how stubbornly they clutch and cling on slippery streets or roadways, digging through to solid footing and a safe stop.

The Goodyear All-Weather Tread does these things incomparably well simply because it is scientifically designed to do them.

Its blocks are made wedgelike, so shaped as always to present right-angled resistance to the direction of skidding; they are self-cleaning, for continuous efficiency.

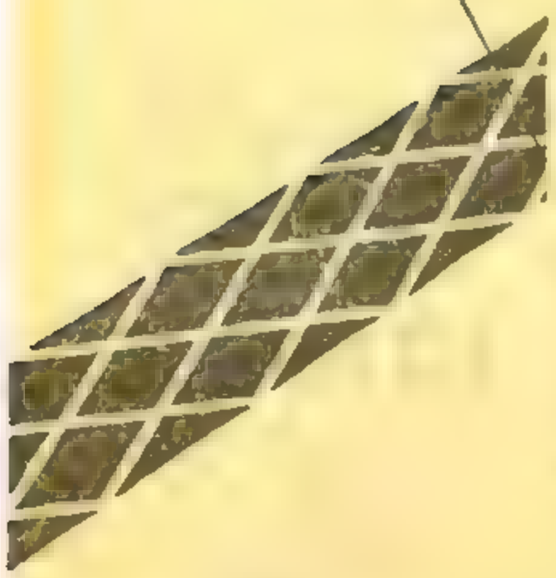
On the *new* Goodyear Cord Tire the All-Weather Tread now is made from an extraordinarily dense and enduring rubber compound, affording even longer wear.

Its deep-channeled symmetrical pattern combines the utmost in economy with maximum tractive power.

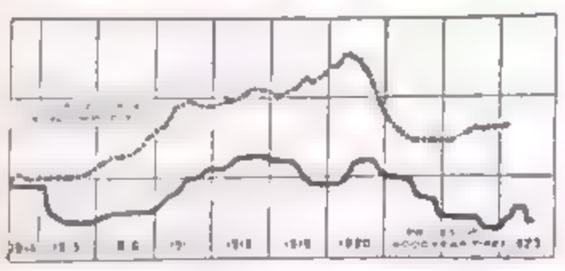
For your own and your family's safety you ought to have All-Weather Tread Goodyears on your car.

Costing no more than other good tires, they are one of the best forms of insurance you can have.

Goodyear Means Good Wear



A GOOD TIME TO BUY GOODYEARS



Over the past ten years Goodyear Tires have been steadily improved. Despite this, prices on Goodyear Tires have consistently been kept below the average price level for all commodities, as the above chart shows. Although Goodyear Tires today are better than ever before, Goodyear prices are 37% below those of 1920, and 30% below those even of 1914. This is a good time to buy Goodyears.

GOODYEAR

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(Continued from Page 60

and who live their lives under its finely liberal influence.

Hinduism succeeded long ago in absorbing Buddhism in India, and only a few holy places directly connected with the life of Gautama are maintained in a manner calculated to remind one that Buddhism—native to India—once bade fair to overcome all other beliefs in the minds of India's various peoples. These holy places, curiously enough, are maintained largely by the Burmese as places of pilgrimage for Burmese Buddhists. In Burma this faith secured an almost universal acceptance in the days of its pristine purity and has never lost ground. And without a doubt the Burmese owe to Buddhism the fact that they are superior in every way to every other people in the vast domain that is known as British India. They lead the population of 317,000,000 in both prosperity and education, and they are often referred to as being the happiest people in the world. I really believe they are so far as the essentials are concerned; but they are politically discontented in these days, and they do know how to be mean.

The New Rule

I think I have written before in a brief passing reference that they want their country restored to its time-honored position in the world as a sovereign state. They possess a splendid territory of approximately 270,000 square miles, and there are more than 13,000,000 of them, nearly 50 per cent literate, thanks principally to the monastic institutions maintained by the great Buddhist organizations for educational purposes. But they are politically discontented, and the methods they have adopted to express their discontent are more effective really than even Mr. Gandhi's method of nonviolent noncoöperation. In every way they can they assume a sovereignty they do not possess, and exercise it in devising all kinds of petty and exasperating regulations aimed directly at the Occidental overlordship which they so bitterly resent. They take advantage of their newly acquired privileges in the legislative councils and in governmental administration to establish impassable barriers between themselves and their rulers, to the end that a feud exists, the culmination of which no man can prophesy.

In Rangoon they own and keep going in uninterrupted year-round service one of the most magnificent Buddhist temples on earth. This is the great Shwe Dagôn Pagoda, which really is about all Rangoon has to offer by way of an attraction to the casual wanderer round the world. In its traditions it goes away back beyond the era of Gautama and takes in the three Buddhas who are supposed to have preceded him on this mundane sphere. But in any case the date of its permanent establishment is more or less reliably fixed as having been in the latter part of the fifth century before Christ. It contains some actual and authentic physical relics of Gautama Buddha and is universally regarded in the Buddhist world as being among the holiest of shrines. It is visited annually by thousands of pilgrims from all over Asia and presents at all times a picture as colorfully Oriental as any to be seen anywhere in the world. It is vast and very beautiful, its great golden central tower rising to a height of 370 feet and dominating the city and the whole countryside where it stands in the midst of many picturesquely walled and finely terraced acres. But during the Burmese wars, which terminated in the establishment over Burma of British dominion, the white conquerors seized the pagoda and fortified the eminence upon which it stands, since when it has been a military establishment as well as a sacred shrine, which is part of the story.

Needless to say that the British during their occupation have never injured so much as a paving brick. Quite the contrary, as is their usual custom, they began at once to beautify the gardens and to rescue the ancient structure from age-old and destructive accumulations of dirt and débris, with a result that a Westerner would be inclined to look upon as a valuable improvement.

Now in days gone by anybody could visit the Shwe Dagôn, and it is not recorded that in days gone by anybody ever had to remove his shoes unless it may have been to enter some particular holy of holies. So it came as a surprise and shock, a literal slap in the face to the British community, when the Buddhist governors or board of directors of the pagoda issued an order that no person in future would be admitted to any part of the great inclosure without first removing not only his shoes but his stockings as well!

It is to be remembered, of course, that nearly all Eastern populations, and especially those that dwell in tropical lands, are barefoot populations, and that stockings in particular are not often a part of native costume under any circumstances. The order was a direct and intentional thrust at the resident British and at British authority. Large signs were painted, No Footgear Allowed, and so forth, and placed on each side of every gate. Whereupon the British authorities had similar but larger notice boards put up to remind the populace that the inclosure was a fortification and that the priestly regulation could not apply to soldiers, army officers or officials of the government entering the premises in line of duty. After which the argument began to be interesting.

When I landed in Rangoon I knew nothing about all this. I had read a good deal about the Shwe Dagôn, and as my ship steamed up the Irawadi I stood by the deck rail delighting my soul with the gleaming beauty of its far-away golden spires and promising myself that I would go and have a look at it the very first thing. And this is what happened:

We arrived late in the morning. I got myself settled at the hotel and immediately after luncheon called a waiting automobile—the taxis all over the East are all of the touring-car variety—and said to the Chinese driver, "Take me to the Shwe Dagôn Pagoda."

I did not want a guide. I had no use for a guide. I had been in Buddhist temples in nearly every country where Buddhist temples are, and I knew the process of following a path from shrine to shrine, of following the teaching as it is invariably depicted in sculpture and intricately carved wood the teaching which carries one's mind from life unto life in infinite variety; from life unto life unto nothingness in the great absorption. It was the unique architectural picture in its curious human setting that interested me.

My driver whirled recklessly up against the curb of a broad and very modern concrete sidewalk in front of the main gate. I got out with no shadow of a thought in my mind of any obstacle ahead. And it was hot! Oh, it was hot! Nobody can possibly know what heat means who has never waded around in the dense humidity that is breathed out of the mouths of the Irawadi during the hot season. There was a thick odor in the air of decayed and decaying flowers. There were other odors, too, but I am not going to be so offensive as to describe them. All round the splendid ancient gateway and within its shade beyond the wall were sellers of flowers; women mostly, in spangles and bangles and richly colorful raiment, surrounded by heaps and heaps of marigolds and roses and varieties of blossoms innumerable, while the flagpaved and quaintly stone-canopied avenue leading up and up from terrace to terrace and so to the central shrine was strewn with flowers trampled into the kind of ooze and muck that any crowd anywhere may produce with its feet in a humid atmosphere. I started to walk right in, but was immediately stopped by a priestly garmented guard. He spoke almost perfect English.

Offensive Temple Guardians

"Madam," said he, "you must remove your shoes."

Well, that was all right. I looked around for the canvas slip-overs or the soft straw sandals that are usually provided on such occasions, but I saw none. Incidentally, I simply had not observed the notice boards against the sides of the gateway.

I said to the guard, "But I can't very well walk up there in my stockings!"

"No," said he, "you are not permitted to do so. You must take off your stockings."

"What!" I exclaimed. "Go barefoot?"

"You must enter barefoot or not at all," he answered, while the flower women and the Buddhist pilgrims round about laughed unpleasantly and gazed at me with daggers in their eyes—for no reason. I was a perfectly friendly visitor, feeling all the respect in the world for the faith that was in them. The guard pointed to the notice boards and I read them. They were in English, so of course they were put up for the benefit of foreigners. I read the priestly order against footgear and the British governmental order denying its authority in connection with the governmentally employed, and a light began to dawn upon me.

"May I not even go into the garden with my shoes on for an outside view of the pagoda?" I asked.

"No," said the guard, "it is forbidden. You must take your shoes and stockings off at the gate."

And he knew perfectly well that no Western woman could possibly do this without perpetrating upon her every instinct an unbearable outrage, to say nothing of the risk she would run in exposing herself to the dangers of disease. I felt rising within me a white-hot anger, but I knew that I must be entirely suave. I said I was sorry that I was not able to comply with the regulations; then I went back to my car and told the driver to take me to the hotel.

Meantime, mind you, I knew nothing at all about the local controversy. I had only just arrived and was acting on mere instinct backed by a somewhat dignified experience. The next day I quite casually introduced the subject in a conversation with the American consul in Rangoon and got the whole extraordinary story. The rift had made a rift in the British-American relationship no less than in the relationship between the British and the Burmese.

There were crowds of American tourists coming into Rangoon by practically every steamer that touched the port, and these tourists, knowing nothing about the Anglo-Burmese political situation, were intent only upon having a look at those points of interest that were starred in their guidebooks. The Shwe Dagôn Pagoda was the one bright and shining thing that every American tourist had to see, and large numbers of them had pulled up in front of its portals and submitted to the humiliation of baring their feet and legs before crossing its sacred threshold.

Easy-Going Tourists

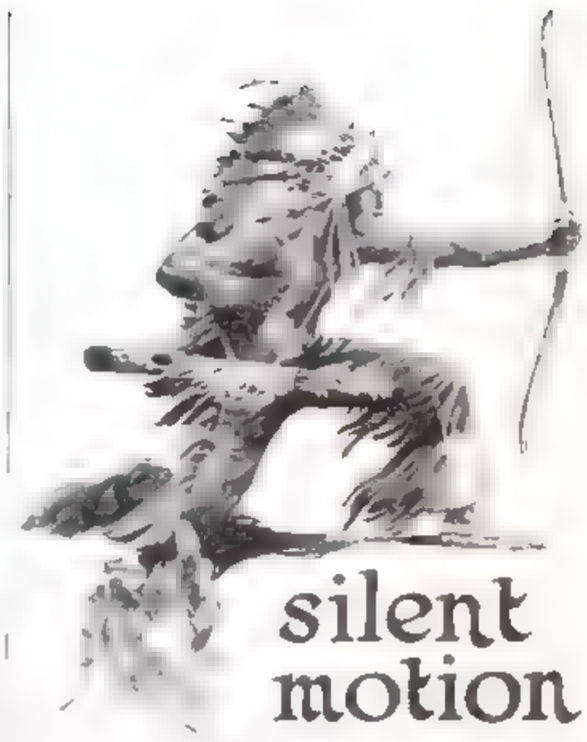
This had caused the British community to suffer pangs of deep disgust, and the British authorities had even gone so far—unofficially, of course—as to ask the American consul if he could not take steps to prevent his nationals from so degrading themselves in the eyes of the natives and from so lowering the prestige of their own race. The American consul, though being in full sympathy with the British viewpoint, had said that so far as his authority was concerned American tourists could walk up the terraces of Shwe Dagôn on their hands if they felt like it, and that he had too much else to do to undertake to make a personal appeal to every American who blew into Rangoon during the tourist season.

After which the local British press began to get sarcastic on the subject and to print funny and not at all complimentary stories about the American visitors. I remember one about an old lady who was said to have exposed a considerable expanse of petticoat and a good deal of her anatomy in her grunting efforts to detach her hosiery from its safety devices, and who was heard at the moment to exclaim:

"Well, I swan, I ain't been doin' nothin' for months but climbin' in an' outa my shoes; but I'm blest if this ain't the first place in Chiner where I've had to take my socks off!"

This was told to me by an Englishman, who embellished the tale with many a little side shaft of wit; but I have forgotten whether or not he said it had been published. In any case it made me feel like treating the gentleman to an imitation of Queen Victoria. When anybody told a story in the presence of that grand old lady which met with her disapproval her habit was to maintain a rigid and withering solemnity and to remark for the benefit of all and sundry, "We are not amused." I was not amused, because if there is anything that is calculated to rouse me it is to hear any countryman of mine or any American idiosyncrasy ridiculed by anybody but an American, though I am fully aware that one must never permit this particular variety of resentment to be anything but good-natured and merely spatty. I will say, however, to any Burmese who may happen to be interested that unless his people in this instance are quite profoundly sincere on purely religious grounds they have adopted a curious method for gaining the sympathy of the innocent but perhaps not altogether uninfluential outsider.

(Continued on Page 65)



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(Continued from Page 63)

And now, having made my brief little narrative as long as possible, what should I do? I should get back to Delhi, of course. But suppose we assume that we have been in Delhi all the time and that I have been telling this story in a shady corner of the hotel veranda, sitting alongside the man from the Middle West who preferred his home papers to the Kutb Minar and Tughlakabad, who hated sight-seeing in his socks, but who adored scenery.

There is not much in the way of scenery round about Delhi. This marvelous old capital of a marvelous old empire lies on a rolling plain, the highest lift upon which is the historic Ridge, that can be negotiated on high without even an extra pressure on the gas. There are heights from which the plain of Delhi may be viewed, but they are heights due to the heaven-soaring instinct of the human mind and not to natural upheavals. From such heights one looks out across a vast expanse of devastation that is to be matched by nothing on earth that I have ever seen save the lunar landscape the Germans gardened with their guns in the eastern provinces of France. There are no adjectives by which these ruins may be described; but mainly, I think, they are incomprehensible. One wants to know why so many cities should have been built and destroyed in rapid succession within an area almost entirely within the range of unassisted vision.

A Vast Undertaking

One explanation is that the Mohammedans were extraordinary builders and sought to outshine one another in the monuments they left behind them. Another is that the city of Delhi, being built upon the banks of the River Jumna, had to shift its walls and fortifications with the shifting channel of the broad stream which provided for it its principal protection. Standing today upon the outer walls of the seventh city of Delhi, the city which was built by Shah Jehan, who built the Taj Mahal, and which is the only city closely associated with modern history, one sees in the distance the winding silvery ribbon of the River Jumna across a wide expanse of pebbly waste producing nothing but cactuses and scrubby shrubs. Down below lies the sandy and unmistakable indication of a former channel, while up along the mighty walls are ineffaceable streaks and discolorations proving beyond question that once upon a time in the not very remote past the river flowed against them and tried to eat its way into their unyielding solidity.

The Indians believe the first city of Delhi was built about 1450 years before the Christian era. Its name was Indraprastha, and Indarpat is what they now call the ruins of the sixth city, which was built in 1534 by Humayun, the second of the six Great Moguls and father of Akbar, the greatest of them all. The persistent claim of the Hindus is that Humayun built his fortifications upon the site of their ancient city, about which songs are sung in their legendary lore but about which there is nothing in any written record that can be relied upon for definite identification. The name by which this sixth city is generally known is the Purana Kila, which means the old fort, and in the vast plan of New Delhi—which reminds me considerably of a sort of glorified suburban improvement scheme—the majestic ruins of the Purana Kila stand as a grim reminder of glorious ages past, at the far end of the grand avenue which leads in a direct line straight up to the overwhelming portals of the new government center. You stand in the never-before-undertaken-on-such-a-scale portico of the new Secretariat Building and look straight into the gaping noble main gateway of Humayun's city, and when you do you are likely to be thinking about things that are not featured in the guidebook.

The first foundation stones of New Delhi were laid by the king-emperor himself in December, 1911, and his majesty said then:

"It is my desire that the planning and designing of the public buildings to be erected will be considered with the greatest deliberation and care, so that the new creation may be in every way worthy of this ancient and beautiful city."

All he had to do at the moment was to lift his eyes in order to see that which the architects subsequently pointed out. They stand in prideful satisfaction upon the very slight eminence which marks the site of their new city and say for the benefit of the sympathetic and the unsympathetic:

"Looking toward the Jumna, Shah Jehan's Delhi on the left fills the space between the Ridge and the river. Following down from the present city, on the fore shore of the riverain Feroz Shah's Delhi; the site of Indraprastha; Humayun's fort, Humayun's tomb and Nizam-ud-din's tomb take the eye in a continuous progress to the rocky eminence on which Ghiyasud-din Tughlak erected his fortress city. On the right the Lal Kot, the Kutb Minar, the Kila Rai Pithora, Siri and Jahanpanal complete the circle of the monuments of ancient Delhis."

So-o-o! says you. Fortresses, temples and tombs; more tombs than anything, and mostly ruins—monumental ruins! The history of millenniums written in débris! Some person native to the soil is sure to get hold of you sooner or later and whisper to you an awesome secret. The peoples native to the soil say that there is a certain little flower which blooms nowhere else in all India save on the plains of Delhi, and never even there except in prophecy of the destruction of a city of Delhi. They tell you this in utter solemnity, believing it. Then they add that when the king-emperor was gesticulating with his historic trowel and saying that he wanted the modern Delhi to be as fine as any Delhi that had preceded it, this little posy of evil omen was brightening the landscape for the first time in the memory of living men. Those who would like to see an end of British sovereignty in India, as well as those who uphold the British authority and would make any sacrifice to insure its continuance, waggled their heads then and said that the New Delhi was foredoomed to go the way of all the Delhis that were ever built.

According to the original estimates the cost of the new capital was to have been approximately £4,000,000; but a good many things have happened since that estimate was submitted to the government to increase the cost of everything, with the result that the outlay now anticipated and provided for in the appropriations is something over £9,000,000, and this only for the main features of principal and most important construction. When I was looking at the stupendous plans and the miniature models of the great buildings I remember wishing—whimsically enough, no doubt—that we could afford a new State, War and Navy Building to take the place of the old architectural eyesore that we have to look at in Washington. But the great American taxpayer takes very little interest in that sort of thing, and could probably be depended upon to be mean about it if any Congress ever had the courage to take such a proposition under serious consideration.

Ruins for Posterity

Yet we are rich and India is poor; India is no longer the land of fabulous wealth. Nevertheless, the people of India pay not only for everything that England does in India but for everything that is done in India's name outside of India. They pay for the maintenance of both British and Indian troops—otherwise the Indian Army—in India, and for foreign expeditions and border wars undertaken by the Indian Army; they pay for all the vast irrigation projects, for railways and roadways; they pay for all the magnificence of British official life; they pay for all the schools and colleges and universities and hospitals and laboratories and for the services of thousands of high-grade Englishmen in the employ of all such institutions; they pay for everything, including such an epoch-making enterprise as the building of a new capital that cannot fail to put an indelible stamp of Western domination upon their national existence. But it has to be admitted that if it were not for the Western domination they probably would be groveling at the feet of some ruthless despoiler or wasting their money and getting nowhere, whereas a large part of what is now spent for them is spent for their lasting benefit and betterment.

When the budget for 1923 was up for discussion in the new National Assembly at Delhi I happened to be among those present in the visitors' gallery and heard some pretty acrimonious comment on the extravagance and generally unsatisfactory character of the New Delhi project, along with a proposal that the appropriation to cover it be considerably curtailed. Later on, after I had explored the buildings completed, had climbed around over those under process of construction and had familiarized myself likewise with all the Delhis of the past, I made the remark that I hoped they would not reduce the expenditure, because there was a future to consider and they owed it to posterity to produce a set of ruins as splendid and enduring as any that now thrill us with their dimensions and fill us with wonder and admiration. I made myself responsible for this foolishness in Delhi one day, and about a month later it was repeated to me away up on the Northwest Frontier as being typical of American 'umor. Which only goes to show how careful Americans ought to be about what they say to strangers.

Does one attempt to write a history of India in less than several hundred thousand words? No, it cannot be done. It is a history of invasion succeeding invasion; a history of plunder and rapine, of devastation and cruelties unthinkable; but principally it seems to me to be a history of religious warfare, and in that respect it is a history in the making on the same old lines. From away back in the dim distance of Vedic times comes the cry of the Aryan conquerors of the aboriginal tribes:

"They are not men! They do not believe as we believe! Their rites are not as our rites! They perform no sacrifices! O, destroyer of foes! Kill them! Kill them!"

These Aryan invaders established in India the slavery of the caste system; they introduced fixed forms of social organization that no subsequent invasion has ever served very greatly to modify; and looking back across the ages one observes a kind of monstrous nonresistance on the part of the Hindu peoples which rendered all but futile one foreign onslaught after another.

Ancient History

Came the birth in 568 B.C. of Prince Siddhartha Gautama, himself of the great Kshatriya, or warrior, caste, who was to break away from the restraints and the gross superstitions of Hinduism and found Buddhism, the religion of enlightenment, while nearly three centuries later was born his first powerful and indefatigable disciple and supporter. This was Asoka, the third king of the Mauryan dynasty, who left upon India more ineffaceable evidences of his greatness than any other ruler whose age preceded the Mohammedan era. Indeed, his name is coupled with that of Akbar as being one of the two greatest sovereigns India ever had. He devoted his life to the propagation of Buddhism and to the enforcement of the Buddhist laws; but, as has been noted, he was not able permanently to overcome the power of the Brahmans, whose descendants, in unbroken line, are today, as throughout the ages, resisting the influences of enlightenment which threaten to undermine their social supremacy.

Asoka chiseled his edicts in everlasting rock and set up all over India monolithic columns and stupas upon which were inscribed in enduring form his magnificently moral teachings, the acceptance of which he was able temporarily to enforce.

Between the invasion of Alexander the Great in 326 B.C. and the marauding expedition of Tamerlane—ancestor of Baber, founder of the Mogul dynasty—in 1398, intervened a period of more than sixteen centuries, during the passing years of which, almost year after year, the history of India continued to be written upon the sands of Punjab battlefields. The first great descent of the Mohammedan hordes was in 1001 A.D., when Mahmud, King of Ghazni, came down across the Khyber Pass to thrill the heart of India with the Islamic battle cry, "Kill! Kill! Kill for the Faith!" Since when this historic battle cry has never ceased to echo—whether in terrible volume or only as a fearsome whisper—in the heart of India. Since when the history of India is written clearly enough upon the plain of Delhi.

The first of the seven cities is known as Old Delhi and is probably the most majestic of them all, though in its far-flung greatness it is in a less perfect state of preservation than some of the more recent cities more compactly built. Mahmud of Ghazni did not conquer Delhi. For a period of thirty years he harried and profaned, pillaged and harassed the northwest regions of India in the name of the True Faith, and left behind him a broad highway of conquest lined with the mute evidences of his ruthlessness; but it is thought that there could not have been in his time an important city of Delhi, nor an important city known by any other name upon the site of

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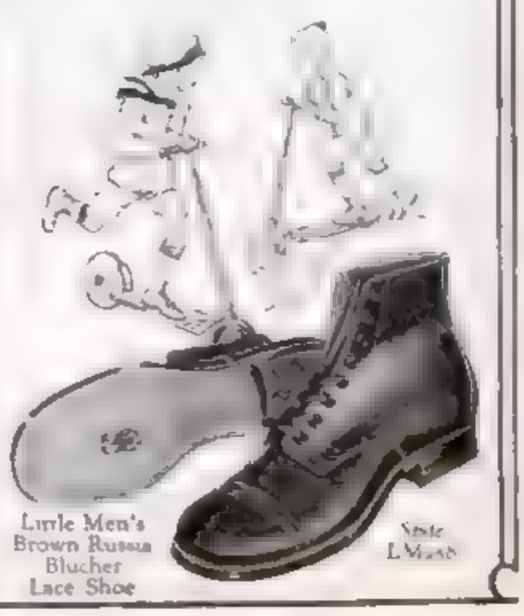

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"From Sheep's Back To Yours"

Delhi, because in the record of his raids there is no mention made of a descent upon such a city. But he defeated in the Punjab Jaipal, King of Lahore, whose son Anang Pal seems eventually, in the course of the reconstruction of his war-torn world, to have selected the site of Delhi for his new capital.

There is a marvelous old iron pillar in the court of the scrupulously kept ruins of Old Delhi which is thought to be the hoariest antique in all India. Also it is thought that it must have been somewhere near where it now is in the days of Anang Pal, because it is wrought of solid iron and is of immense weight, being twenty-three feet eight inches high and sixteen inches in diameter. In any case, upon its smooth surface, along with the inscriptions which establish its antiquity, Anang Pal inscribed the fact that he founded the city of Delhi in the year 1052.

There is a good deal of a hiatus between 1052 and 1193, when the Mohammedans really conquered India for keeps; but one is able to stand upon the topmost stage of the Kutb Minar and wave the centuries aside with entire unconcern. In 1193 Muhammad-bin-Sam completed the subjugation of Northern India, and, with a magnificent royal gesture, left his favorite slave, Kutb-ud-din, to administer the affairs of the conquered territories. The name of Muhammad-bin-Sam is seldom on the tongues of men these days, but the name of his slave is forever illustrious as having been bestowed upon the almost unimaginable tower of victory which he started to erect hard by the ancient temple of the Hindu kings in the conquered city.

Historical Explorations

There was a council of generals in session at Delhi when I was there. You see, they were having quite a handsome little war up in Waziristan, on the borders of the forever pestiferous Afghanistan, that the world at large knew nothing about. Imagine reading the news from the front in Waziristan: Eighteen killed and seventy-nine wounded; enemy casualties estimated at about 500. Well, that was the kind of thing that was going on in the early months of 1923, and it may be going on yet for all I know. I have not kept up with the news. Added to which the elected members of the Assembly were demanding vociferously, and with a good deal by way of rancorous detail in their arguments, the Indianization of the army, in which no Indian had ever been permitted to rise to commanding rank. A council of generals—all British, of course—was an immediate necessity, and among the generals called to confer with the commander in chief were Gen. Sir William Birdwood, in command of the Army of the North, and Gen. Sir George MacMunn, quartermaster-general of India, who was inspector-general of communications in Mesopotamia throughout the last three years of the war, and who was my boss during my visit to the land of the Tigris and Euphrates in 1917. A good deal of a joyful reunion when we two met again!

Both these officers have spent the better part of their professional lives in the Indian Army, and each of them has specialized in his own way in the histories of the peoples with whom they have to deal so intimately and with such delicately balanced tact. And particularly have they specialized in the history of the Great Mutiny, which they know scene by scene, step by step and almost word for word.

Sir George took me round over the place to begin with; from Viceregal Lodge up over the Ridge to Flagstaff Tower; to Hindu Rao's House; to the Mutiny Memorial; then to Metcalfe House; to Ludlow Castle; down round some historic siege batteries to the Water Gate; through Kashmir Gate in the great outer wall of the city, which, untouched since the days of the Mutiny, is perhaps the mightiest memorial to British heroism on the whole of the vast battlefield; on past the cheap little modern shops within the gate and so to St. James' Church, where the British community goes for Sunday services within walls almost entirely covered with memorial tablets bearing upon them the tragic stories of men, nearly all of whom departed this life amid scenes of violence and in the churchyard of which is to be seen the famous dome cross riddled by the bullets of the mutineers; on past the fort of Shah Jehan in the gates of which the midsummer mad or merely incompetent Bahadur Shah, last of the Moguls, permitted the British, both men and women, to be brutally slaughtered; on past all that is left of the blown-up magazine, and so back to the Ridge through the foreign cemetery, where we stopped to read the inscription on a monument:

"The grave of Brigadier General John Nicholson, who led the assault of Delhi, but fell in the hour of victory mortally wounded, and died 23rd of September, 1857. Aged 35 years."

Gen. Sir William Birdwood was a harder taskmaster than General MacMunn. He and I were fellow guests at Viceregal Lodge, and when he could get away from his daily grind at the council table he was as eager as a mere enthusiastic student to go exploring. But he found that I was rather fed up on the Mutiny, and he was not interested in discussing with me the pros and cons of my belief that the greatest mistake the British have made in India has been to keep alive the terrible memories of that inexplicable event and to have permitted these memories to influence their every attitude toward the people whose destinies they have been called upon to control.

All right, said he, we will go to the Kutb Minar and Tughlakabad. And so we struck off in our army car down the Grand Trunk Road. Do you remember in Kim where that never-was-such-a-boy and the old lama come to the Big Road that "runs straight, bearing without crowding India's traffic for fifteen hundred miles—such a river of life as nowhere else exists in the world"? Well, that is the road by which you leave modern Delhi, modern Delhi being modern in little else except the modern aspects bestowed upon it by its modern inhabitants, it being a combination of the fifth and seventh cities, built respectively by Feroz Shah in 1354 and Shah Jahan in 1648. But it is by the Grand Trunk Road that you leave modern Delhi to reach Old Delhi; Siri, the second city, built by Ala-ud-din in 1303; Tughlakabad, the third city, built by Tughlak in 1320, and the fourth city built by the second Tughlak in 1325.

When we arrived within the confines of Old Delhi I simply stood in my tracks and gazed in mute astonishment. I could not possibly attempt to describe the Kutb Minar and the stupendous combination of Hindu and Mohammedan ruins covering acres upon acres and upon which are written the history of such marvelous times. A single pillar in a forest of pillars is worth more than all that modern art has to offer in its process of chiseling into everlasting marble its modern conceptions. Stories in stone—superlative!

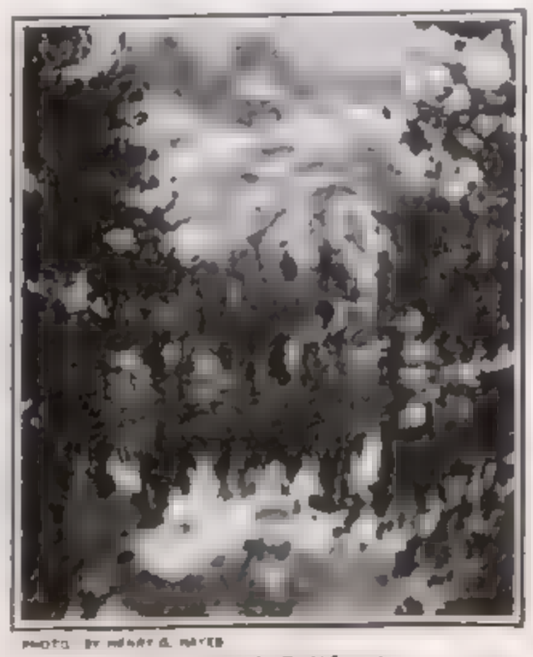
A Painful Climb

All round about were soft acres bright with flowers. The British have developed a big scheme for preserving all the ancient monuments of India, and wherever there is a former area of desolation dominated by an important old structure they have laid out gardens and made amazing parks. The Indians have to pay for this, too; but I was interested to observe that they have no wish to cut the appropriation made to cover such extravagance. They love the parks and the parkways and the luxuriance of bloom in which their well-kept historic ruins have come to be enshrined.

"Well, come on," said Sir William, "let's go on up."

"What do you mean, go on up?" said I.

"Aren't you going to climb the Kutb Minar?" he asked.



Mount Tiff, California

Was I going to climb the Kutb Minar? I stopped for a moment to consider, and decided that at any rate I was not going to be bluffed by any gin'ral in the army. It was 379 steps, worn hollow by the feet of the millions who had passed that way during a millennium, and no step was less than a foot high, so that it would be more or less like climbing a ladder; but if an athletic old hard-muscled militarist could do it I could.

We climbed the Kutb Minar and from its lofty height looked out across that which I have endeavored briefly to describe.

I should like to go on with further descriptions; I know that I should have something to say about Humayun's tomb, which stands in a state of almost perfect preservation—being one of the noblest examples in all India of Mohammedan architecture—just outside the walls of the city that Humayun built. But nobody knows better than I that such descriptions do not describe. We went on later and spent the sunset hours in the colossal ruins of Tughlakabad, where I longed for an alpenstock and could hardly keep from yodeling. Never was anything in the way of mere ruins more like far-flung and all but unscalable Alps. Old Mr. Tughlak must have thought that after he passed out the world would simply stand still for all time and marvel at his magnificence. He had a tomb built for himself away out in the middle of a flatland that was in his day a lake. He built an island and had his tomb erected upon that; then he built a causeway with water gates and everything, so that his friends would not have to use boats in order to pay their respects to his remains. But the lake dried up or sank away or something, and the bed of it was turned eventually into vast fields of waving grain, which is what one sees in this day and generation.

Viceregal Ceremony

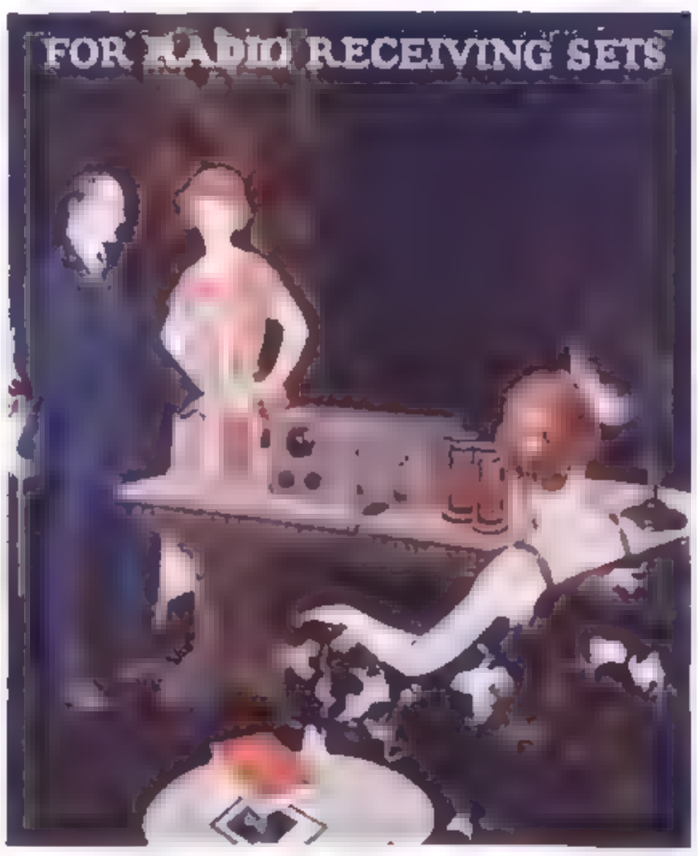
However, you go out across the old causeway just as people have been going since the fourteenth century, and you heave yourself up the unnecessarily steep stairways to the great courtyard in which the mighty tomb stands in all its majestic ugliness. And there we found no less a personage than Lord Rawlinson, commander in chief of the Indian Army. He had been out shootin', had bagged a couple o' bucks and had stopped to set up his little easel and do a bit of sketching. He was filling in on a small canvas some of the intricate architectural details of Tughlak's mausoleum, and I knew that he was due the next morning to make a speech in the Assembly for which all India was waiting—a speech in defense of the idea that India really needs a dependable army. I mention the fact that we met him at Tughlak's tomb merely for the purpose of offering the picture of him working away on an unimportant little bit of amateur art as an example of the extreme nonchalance with which the average Britisher may be counted upon to approach historic crises.

His Excellency and Lady Reading returned the following day and I met them for the first time at luncheon. What happens is that all guests and minor members of the viceregal household gather in the drawing-room about five minutes before the luncheon hour—or the dinner hour, as the case may be—and pretend they are interested in one another while they wait for the entrance of his majesty's representatives. When their excellencies emerge every woman present unlimbers herself in the best and lowest curtsy she knows how to drop. I went down as far as I could and came up with a suppressed groan of almost unbearable agony. Every muscle in my body was sore.

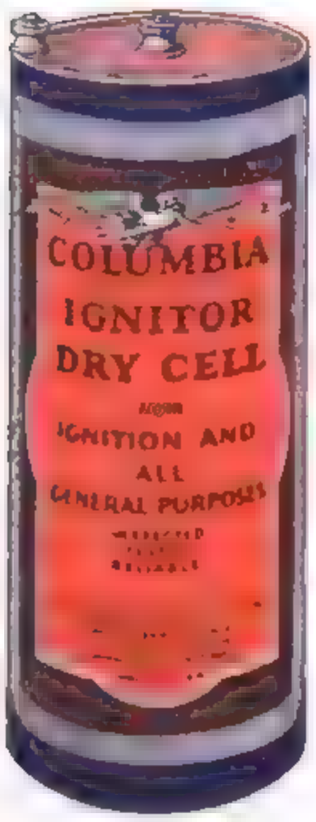
It is not to the viceroy in his own person, you understand, that this genuflection is made. It is to his exalted office and to the majesty of government personified in him. Lord Reading is as democratic and unostentatious as an Indiana farmer, but he knows how to meet the necessities imposed upon him by long-established custom in the viceregal office.

At luncheon he asked me what I had been doing, and I told him about my aches and pains. I asked him if he had ever climbed the Kutb Minar, and he confessed that he never had. My answer was, "Well, don't!" And over on the other side of the table the athletic General Birdwood sat and laughed with great enjoyment.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mrs. Egan. The next will appear in an early issue.



Some things Columbias do



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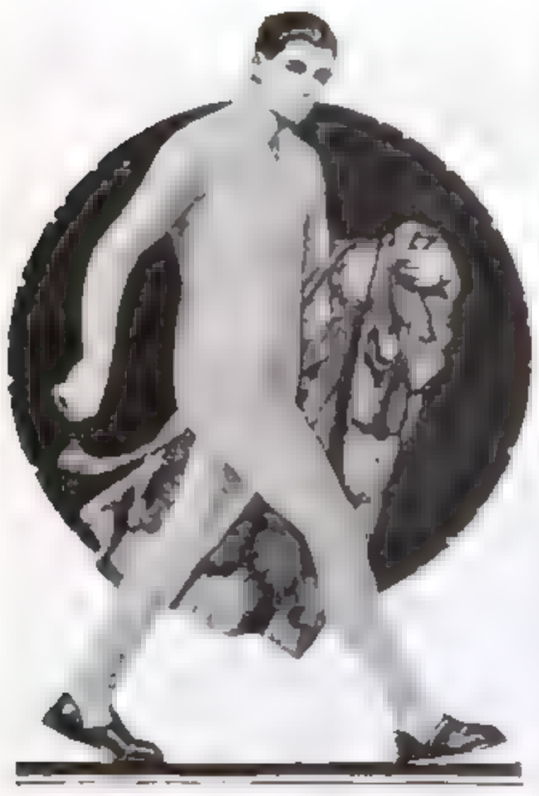

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THE ENGLISH COURT OF CRIMINAL APPEAL

(Continued from Page 27)

There is little ground or reason thereafter for appeal for reduction of sentence.

The second wholesome provision of this section lies in the words "whether more or less severe." This provision of the law is most effective in preventing dilatory or trifling appeals.

Where such mere dilatory appeal appears, or under the record the appeal is merely frivolous, the court in its wholesome discretion may increase the sentence imposed by the trial court.

In a number of cases the Court of Criminal Appeal, considering applications for leave to appeal, frankly characterized the appeals as frivolous and in several cases as impudent; in some cases it decreased the sentence. In others it increased the sentence, as a just penalty for such appeal, by dating it not from the time the trial court pronounced it, but from the date the criminal appeal is decided. It is to be regretted that we have no such provision of law relating to our courts of criminal appeal.

There is another wholesome provision in this act that should be noticed, and that is the one relating to hearing further evidence in the court of appeals. This evidence, of course, is in behalf of the prisoner. True, this is exercised with great caution; but, nevertheless, the court has that right under the act if it sees fit to exercise it and believes the facts touching the crime, in the interest of substantial justice, require it.

Reasonable Doubt

When the appeal act was under consideration the English bar and bench were in serious doubt whether the act would not greatly delay criminal justice by largely increasing the labors of the court and causing an unusual number of trifling or frivolous appeals. The results covering a period of years dispel that fear. The average number of appeals annually is from five hundred to seven hundred, in round numbers, in this special court, out of some eleven thousand or more who might if they saw fit prosecute appeal to such court either as a matter of right or upon application.

There are some other very vital provisions in this act that are worthy of notice. The act provides:

> Where an appellant has been convicted of an offense and the jury could on the indictment have found him guilty of some other offense, and on the finding of the jury it appears to the court that the jury must have been satisfied of facts which prove him guilty of that other offense, the court may, instead of allowing or dismissing the appeal, substitute for the verdict found by the jury a verdict of guilty of that other offense, and pass such sentence in substitution for the sentence passed at the trial as may be warranted in law for that other offense, not being a sentence of greater severity.

Another fact is most noteworthy. The English Court of Criminal Appeal does not reverse upon the ground that the verdict is against the weight of the evidence. The statute creating the court touching the matter of evidence is as follows:

> That the evidence of the prosecution did not make a prima-facie case, which the defendant would be called upon to answer.

What is meant by "prima-facie case?" Bouvier's dictionary defines it as "evidence which is sufficient to establish the fact unless rebutted." It gives a number of illustrations, among which are the following: The holder of a bill of exchange, indorsed in blank, is prima facie its owner. Proof of the mailing of a letter duly stamped is prima-facie evidence of its receipt by the person to whom it is addressed.

If a mere prima-facie case is presented under the evidence on the sworn testimony before the jury, the question of the sufficiency of this fact, the credibility of the witnesses testifying to the same, and all the inferences that may be fairly and justly drawn, are purely and solely questions for the jury, and their verdict upon the evidence, if there be no legal error, is conclusive.

The court of appeals does not consider the weight of evidence, nor does it undertake to determine whether or not under that evidence there is a reasonable doubt in their minds as to the guilt of the prisoner. The jury's verdict upon that question is practically a finality.

Here in America we find a most radical departure from this procedure, notwithstanding the appellate courts do not see the witnesses or the prisoner, cannot hear their testimony, cannot judge of the degree of credibility as can the jury and the trial judge, but simply see the cold type of the pages submitted to them. Too often they do not hesitate to reverse the finding of the jury upon the facts on the ground that the verdict is against the weight of the evidence. This results in many reversals in criminal causes upon the facts, the granting of so many new trials, causing long and expensive delays and at last very often an entire denial of justice.

The court of appeals, in refusing to hear any claim that the verdict of the jury is against or contrary to the weight of the evidence, recalls another claim that they refuse to hear, and that is that the statute under which the prosecution is brought is contrary to the Constitution. No English court considers for a moment any such constitutional question, which is so common in our American courts.

When Parliament passes the act making the crime, that ends all controversy as to that act being the law of the land. It remains only for the courts to apply it and in really doubtful cases to construe it. Hence on both these grounds the English courts very much limit their jurisdiction, reducing not only the number of cases before them but the amount of work involved in the consideration of such questions.

There is no delay in this court by reason of any failure to print any portion of the record or any brief submitted by counsel. This is all done by typewriter and mimeograph.

I am greatly indebted for valuable information concerning this court to the Registrar of the Crown, Master Leonard Kershaw, and the clerk of that court, Mr. R. E. Ross, both eminent barristers. The latter is an author of distinction in criminal jurisprudence who has written many works on criminal law and especially a work on the Court of Criminal Appeal. In his preface to that book the following observation is made:

> The court has now become a firmly established part of our legal system. . . . On the whole, it may safely be said that the machinery of the court has worked extremely well.

I attended that court on four different days, in the Law Courts on the Strand, during which time I heard, among other cases, the appeal in the Mason murder case referred to in a former article. The record in that case, a multigraph, or manifold, copy of the proceedings in the court below, was furnished to each of the judges, counsel and other persons interested.

Questions by the Court

Ordinarily, in the States, the death sentence having been imposed on the fourteenth day of July and the long vacation beginning on the first day of August, the appeal would be easily continued until sometime in the fall. But that is not the practice in the English courts. The appellant has ten days to give his notice of appeal and at once perfects the same and an early hearing is had, such as in this case, seventeen days after the day of the death sentence. On that day Mr. Justice Darling, presiding, with Mr. Justice Shearman and Mr. Justice Branson as associates, sat as the Criminal Court of Appeal and heard the Mason case. Appellant's barrister, Mr. Fox-Davies, opened the argument at great length, especially bearing upon his application to offer further evidence. Here again there is no limitation on the time the barrister may occupy save such limitation as the court imposes by its line of questions.

To give the public and the bench and bar of America some idea of the extent of the court's inquiry, I may say that I kept a tally in this case of the number of questions put by the several judges. I continued to tally like a clerk of an election until I had reached a hundred questions and then quit. It is not exaggeration to say that fully one hundred more were put to counsel during the argument.

I asked one of the English judges whether there was not more or less complaint from the barristers by reason of the directness of the questions often breaking the thread of counsel's argument. His reply was that if there was nothing more to counsel's argument than a thread it might as well be broken, but that their own experience was that that line of inquiry from the bench led to a better understanding of the questions involved, a complete threshing out of the controversy, and at the conclusion of the argument and the questioning they were the better prepared not only to understand the case but immediately to decide it.

A large portion of the argument of prisoner's counsel was directed to his application for hearing further evidence touching his conviction; the character of that evidence, whether merely cumulative or not, and whether it could in anywise have affected the verdict. All these matters were carefully inquired into from the bench.

After more than three hours' hearing of this case, Mr. Justice Darling, presiding, at once pronounced the judgment of the court without any delay or reservation. That judgment did not cover more than eight typewritten pages. In conclusion, his lordship said:

"I have now dealt with all the points which the court has thought it necessary to consider, and the result is that this application must be refused."

Applications for Appeal

The judgment of this Court of Criminal Appeal on this application was a finality. There is no appeal to the House of Lords save and except at the instance of the Crown, but not at the instance of the prisoner. If the director of public prosecutions, or other prosecutor, or the appellant, obtains the certificate of the attorney general, who is a member of the government cabinet, that the decision of the court involved a point of exceptional public importance, then the cause may be carried to the House of Lords; but the certificate of the attorney general to that fact is indispensable. Such cases rarely occur in criminal matters.

The last session of the Court of Criminal Appeal which I attended was on the thirteenth of August, in the midst of their long vacation, their lordships not hesitating to come back to their official duties in order to facilitate the administration of justice.

The speed with which that court does business may be better understood from what happened on that day. The court convened at 11:17 A. M. They usually convene at 10.30 or eleven. Doubtless they were engaged in their preliminary work in order to facilitate what they did upon the bench. There were heard before that court seventeen different applications for appeal in a little less than two hours. An average of about seven minutes per case. Each justice in his turn took these applications as they had been put on paper, with such records as had been furnished and the memorandums of counsel as to their respective contentions. In none of these cases was any oral argument made, but the submission was upon the record. Some of these applications were against conviction, some against sentence, some against both, some for leave to call further evidence—the usual grist of criminal cases, usually felonies. Each of these judges had had a complete record of the case, as far at least as furnished by counsel before the sitting of the court, with a brief summary of the same usually furnished by the Registrar to the Crown.

In addition to the applications for appeal, there were heard several cases on final appeal. All of them were decided upon that same day directly from the bench.

Laymen and lawyers can well understand what a remarkable departure this is from the custom too generally prevailing in the various states about reserving cases for further consideration and determination and the delays and uncertainties that result therefrom.

An examination of the record of the Court of Criminal Appeal shows that the general average time intervening between the entry of the case in the Court of Criminal Appeal and the hearing and judgment on the same is about two months. But the most significant thing about it all is that when that decision is rendered, that is an end of that criminal controversy—no new trials, no further appeals.

This procedure is so different from appellate procedure in our American courts that something should be said about its merits. These decisions or judgments rendered by the Court of Criminal Appeal from the

(Continued on Page 71)

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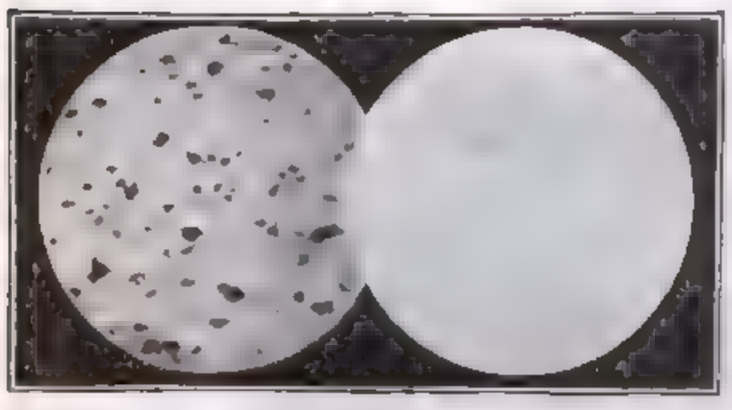

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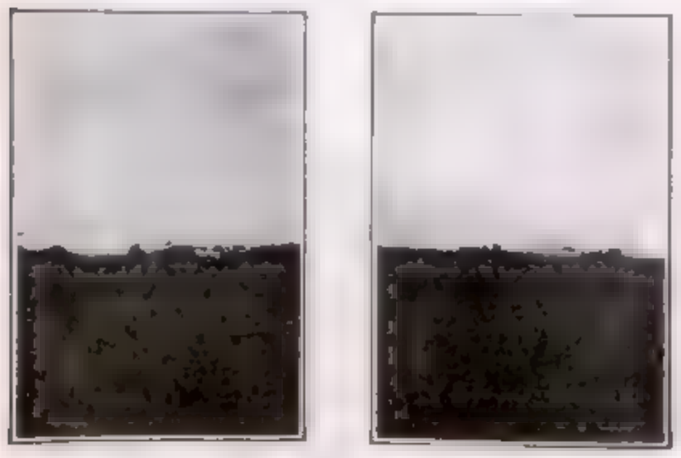

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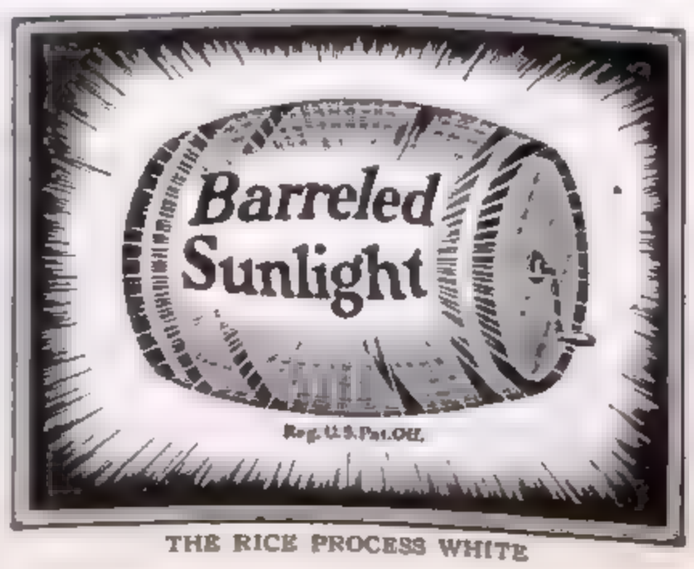


THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

(Continued from Page 68)

bench—and the civil court of appeals quite as much—are great contributors to the speedy justice that we find dominating the English practice. In our American appellate courts—yes, in the trial courts—by holding motions for new trial and cases finally submitted upon evidence and brief, holding them for months and sometimes years, proves a most serious handicap to speedy justice and is a burning shame to our American jurisprudence. Yet nothing seems to have been done to stop it.

Years ago Congress, in enacting legislation for a judicial system in the Philippines, made some effective provision for speedy justice, requiring the Federal judges to decide cases within sixty days from their submission. I would suggest a somewhat similar provision for the American states, that when the judge presents his voucher for his salary it shall be accompanied by an affidavit that no case finally submitted to him for more than sixty days remains undecided. Indeed, I incline to the limitation of thirty days in this respect rather than the sixty days. It would seem that speedy justice is as necessary for the American people as for the Filipinos.

It should be observed here that though there is the greatest deference between barristers and bench in the Court of Criminal Appeal, the questions put to counsel by the court are exceedingly searching, direct and at times most embarrassing. In America we should regard them as somewhat hostile. Questions are numerous and usually touch the vitals of the case. The material errors relied upon are thus threshed out during the hearing. Trifling errors and technical rules of practice are entirely ignored.

The pole star of investigation by the English Court of Criminal Appeal may be found in this one single question: Has substantial justice been done in the case upon the whole record, taken by its four corners?

Further reference to this Court of Criminal Appeal will appear in a succeeding article, where it is further distinguished from our American courts of appeal.

SKOOKUM CHUCK

Continued from Page 25

physical fitness that comes from complete and habitual physical command. That was his detached way of expressing it to himself. It really meant that he saw that rich, healthy blood underlay the brown of her complexion, that her long, lithe body moved, rounded and supple, in the close-fitting brown clothes, that her hands and wrists were strong and flexible in spite of a quite feminine delicacy—yes, there was the queer silver ring with the swastika—and that her legs were not bulgy, but ran in long graceful lines from the already noted neat ankles.

During the short row out of the little pond and into the narrow gut between the cliffs, she remained cheerfully silent. So Marshall obstinately proffered no conversation. The open sea beyond the points still showed white and tumbling. The breakers, however, ceased quite suddenly just outside the entrance, within which the oily dark water stirred restlessly. Here between the cliffs was no wind, but a humming as of a swarm of bees overhead, and the vagrant questing of stray little breezes, now in one direction, now in another.

The girl gave a last vigorous stroke and dropped the oars. From behind her she produced a strange contraption which she handed to Marshall.

"Here you are," she said; "I'll hold the boat in position."

The thing she gave him was a huge winding of what was almost a young clothesline on a long piece of wood. To the end of this had been attached a five-foot piece of green cutty-hunk, which in turn was fastened to a piece of lead.

The lead was perhaps five inches long and shaped roughly like a fish. On its nose revolved a nickeled two-bladed propeller-screw arrangement, and set solidly in its tail at right angles to each other were two enormous hooks. She laughed at his evident amazement.

"Didn't you ever jig before?" she asked. "Well, follow directions. Lower it until you feel bottom, and then draw it up four or five feet."

"Where's the bait?" asked Marshall.

"There is no bait."

"Do you mean to say that any self-respecting fish will bite at that thing?"

"Cod will. I've often wondered if they were self-respecting. Possibly that's it. There are other indications that they are not. They look quite like some people who are not self-respecting, to my certain knowledge."

Marshall dropped the lead thing overboard and lowered away on the line until he felt the bottom. Then he drew in the required five feet.

"Now stand up," advised the girl, "and raise and lower it a full arm's length, rather rapidly. That's jigging."

He obeyed orders. It was a foolish performance. Shortly his right arm got tired, so he shifted to his left. He had no faith whatever.

"Hold it and I'll move a little," she instructed after a few moments. With a half dozen strokes of the oars the dinghy was shot over toward the other bank. "Try again," she commanded briefly.

Marshall obeyed, with an increasing sense of futility. He wondered how long he must keep this up before she would be satisfied and would permit him to cease.

"Good calisthenics, anyway," she answered his unspoken thought.

"Well, now I've caught the bottom!" said Marshall resignedly.

"Pull steadily, without jerking. Perhaps it will come loose."

Marshall pulled steadily. The hook did not come loose, but he took in perhaps ten feet of line before it dawned on him that this must be a movable bottom.

"I think I must have snagged a piece of water-logged wood or kelp or something," he proffered. "It seems to be coming up."

The girl chuckled.

Marshall continued to take in the baby clothesline—yards and fathoms of it. He had not realized the water was so deep. The weight on the end gave way to his steady slow pulling arm over arm. And then he looked over the side of the boat straight into a countenance whose expression was wide and open and whose eyes stared into his own with an aloof and stolid scorn. The complexion of the countenance was rubicund, and there seemed to be attached to it an obese and inert body of a brilliant carnation hue. Paralyzed with astonishment, he stared at this creature; and the creature stared back. Its expression was resentful but entirely acquiescent.

The girl chuckled again, made a desperate effort at control, finally dropped the oars and gave way to laughter.

"Oh, oh!" she cried. "You don't know how funny you both look!"

Marshall started, choked; then he, too, overcome by the ridiculous surprise and the contagion of the girl's mirth, gave way to laughter.

"Sporting creature, isn't he?" he managed to gasp at last. "And what in the name of heaven do I do next with the thing?"

She handed him a short gaff.

"No need to stick him with it. Just hook it under his gill covers and haul him in."

Marshall did so. The creature slid unprotesting over the rail and lay quite resigned in the bottom of the boat where it continued steadily to regard them with a detached and sullen malevolence. Seen in its entirety it proved to be rather beautiful, of a clear, uniform coral color, with red fins and large plate scales. It lay quite inert, except that twice it flapped its tail as though in bored and perfunctory applause.

"Wind up the line," said the girl. "We're in luck. It's a red cod. They are usually in much deeper water. I thought we might get a rock cod or a ling, but this is real luck."

"Is that thing good to eat?" asked Marshall dubiously.

"Delicious; the best of all." She picked up the oars. "We'll take him back and let Sid clean him."

"Can't I do it?"

"There's a trick about it. Isn't he a lamb?"

The cod lay between them, resentful but resigned, eying them sardonically. She laughed afresh, so joyously that Marshall laughed too. Something seemed to him to have been swept away between them, some forgotten constraint. She laughed as though she had some definite thought whose ridiculous effect she could not overcome. Marshall laughed at first through

Continued on Page 73

Hosiery & Allen A Underwear

A Man Has a Right to Expect Comfort in Underwear

NO MAN goes around shouting how comfortable his underwear is. But let it bind or bulge uncomfortably—then you hear from him.

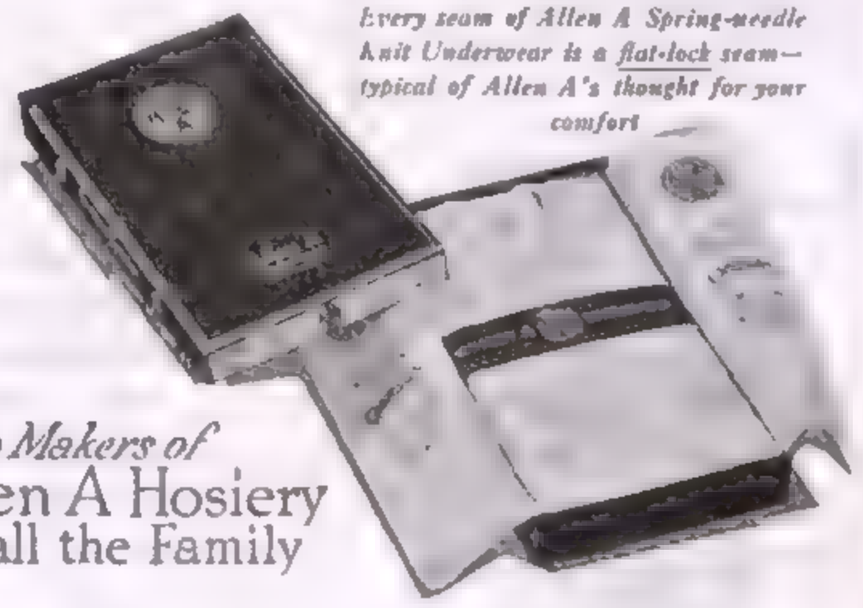
Underwear is successful on its job only when *you don't realize it is there.*

Brought about in Allen A by the *spring-needle* knitting. The added elasticity makes it yield better and conform to the body—*the stretch that comes back.*

Undergarments of comfort and style—

Style that Wears

Every seam of Allen A Spring-needle Knit Underwear is a flat-lock seam—typical of Allen A's thought for your comfort



Also Makers of
Allen A Hosiery
for all the Family

THE ALLEN A COMPANY, Kenosha, Wisconsin

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MONDAY *was*
WASHDAY

Yesterday
custom ruled Women

A girl of today would smile at the idea of a young man's asking her father's permission before so much as taking her walking. Yet not so many years ago this was the custom.

Indeed, a woman's life was entirely ordered for her. She had little or no choice in the matter of a husband; school-teaching was practically the only profession open to her; custom dictated that she be prim and stiff in dress and manner.

Even her methods of housekeeping were ruled by tradition. She washed on Monday, ironed on Tuesday, baked and mended on Wednesday, did a definite task each day, because her mother and grandmother had done so before her.

But those customs passed with the years. What a different life women lead now!

Now:
MONDAY
or
TUESDAY
or
WEDNESDAY
or
THURSDAY
or
FRIDAY
is
Laundry
Day

Today...*they are guided*
by common sense

If they choose, they become doctors and lawyers. They golf and play tennis; they dress for comfort. And in the realm of housekeeping, they answer only the dictates of convenience.

They no longer bake or clean on a specified day. The bakery and improved cleaning methods have banished that custom.

And in the same way, they no longer regard Monday as washday. For the modern laundry, in addition to relieving women of their hardest household task, has brought them the advantage of five washdays.

Today, hundreds of thousands of women send the family bundle to the laundry on Thursday or Friday, other hundreds of thousands on Tuesday or Wednesday, while some still use the old-fashioned Monday as washday.

And as a result, all have the benefit not only of a new convenience but of prompter service, more efficient work, lower prices, and a greater variety of services. In fact, the choice of services obtainable is so wide as to offer an economical solution to every family's washday problem.

If you desire a complete, all-ironed service, you may have that. If you prefer to do some of the ironing yourself, there are a number of partially-ironed services to choose from. And if you would rather do all the ironing at home, with just the washing cared for by the laundry, you may have such a service.

Today—call one of the modern laundries in your city and have them explain the services they offer. Then select the one that suits you best and try it. The laundry will send a representative for your bundle.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY
Executive Offices: Cincinnati

Continued from Page 71

sheer contagion. But shortly that passed. She, too, controlled herself and began to row toward the Kittiwake. But every few moments, whenever her eye fell on their prize, she burst forth again into a delighted chuckle. Her eye danced toward Marshall.

"Look at him!" she cried at last, as though in answer to the young man's stare. "From fifty feet down in the cool green water to the planks of a boat; from starfish and sea kelp to humans! Can you imagine a greater or more sudden change?" She hesitated, then chortled and added, "And he's so colossally indifferent!"

IV

THE red cod on the table proved to be all that had been told of him. But he failed to distract Marshall from his resentful withdrawal. Twice in the same place was enough. He was very certain he did not like this girl. He was quite certain he did not like his situation aboard this craft. There was now no question in his mind that the girl did not take his case at all seriously; and though youth may tolerate almost anything else, it can never tolerate that.

As for X. Anaxagoras, the alleged healer of souls, though he seemed to be a nice enough young fellow, and very competent on a boat, his pretensions were ridiculous. What had he actually done besides indulge in a lot of spectacular aping of professional methods? And it looked as if Marshall was in for it for some time to come.

Anaxagoras and his sister seemed to make no note of this glumness. They chatted across the table at each other. Marshall did not listen in. He heard enough to realize that the subject was one Sigmund Freud, whose theories these two seemed to find interesting, but whose carrying out and application of the said theories appeared to them ridiculous.

"He's like all specialists," pronounced Anaxagoras. "He lights on one bit out of a whole universe of truth, and insists on referring everything in the universe to that one bit, instead of trying to fit it in where it belongs, and see what proportion it bears to the rest."

"Specialists have to be that way," pointed out the girl. "Otherwise they couldn't get up enough minute interest in small bits to research 'em. That's their job. The fitting it where it belongs and reducing it back to its proper proportion is not the job of specialists but of generalists."

"Like us," suggested Anaxagoras.

"Like us," she agreed.

They both laughed.

"If you will excuse me," said Marshall stiffly, "I'll go on deck for a smoke."

He sought out his old place against the pilot house.

The sun had slipped below the bordering high hills of the tiny pond harbor, so that a cool of evening was filling the basin as if poured in gently by a steady hand. On the eastern summits it still shone, but with a softened light as though something of its daytime brilliance had been withdrawn. On the fir tops it rested, molten, a dull green-gold. Night shadows lurked far back among the trees along the shore. One could see them, deep within the forest between the tree trunks, waiting, motionless. Innumerable hermit thrushes sang; their leisurely cathedral chiming building up note by note the hush of the evening. The water was glassy. In it reflected in accurate detail the wooded hills. Through their phantom trees one could look deep into far vistas, the more alluring because of their actual inaccessibility. They possessed all the mystery of that which they reflected, and a fascination added perhaps from the enchantment of the sea.

Only one locked tightly within himself, as was Marshall, could have been impervious to the smoothing magic. Nor could even he remain locked for long. His eyes faithfully brought the impression to him over and over again. Item by item, and hardly, little details gained their recognition; and as they slipped in by that opening that they made some little portion of his self-preoccupation slipped out. He ceased to think, either of himself or of anything else. He did not consciously notice or appreciate. He simply absorbed; and something profoundly peaceful flowed through him softly with a faint far-felt long rhythm as of a tide.

By and by the sky gathered the last daylight from the earth to itself in pale transparent lucence a million miles deep. A single star appeared.

V

AT THIS propitious moment the girl came forward and sat down beside him. He glanced at her a moment aside, but somehow as an active object of resentment she did not for that moment exist. The oncoming night had drawn to herself all the importance there was in the world. In the presence of this, her soft and solemn ritual of appropriation, two merely human figures had been struck small and must keep their place.

The girl said nothing, but sat knee-clasped staring out into the gathering twilight. One by one land details of tree and rock left the daytime posts they had held so steadily for so many hours, and vanished silently about whatever business they might have in an insubstantial land of dreams.

Only those on the sky line remained. The land shrank lower, giving place to the heavens, until it became only a dusky velvet band between the silver of the waters and the dark clear blue of the sky. And then leisurely, one by one, night bejeweled herself with shining worlds; and in her mirror they reflected back one by one.

At what moment the day definitely withdrew and the night became supreme it would have been difficult to say. Yet such a moment did come; as though this new queen of the world had stepped back from a finished occupancy, leaving her realm once more to the pleasure of its creatures. The slow solemn ritual was finished; now once more life could do its affairs. Whether this was indeed a fact, and that a pause had intervened in animated activities; or whether, more simply, the spell of the transformation had blinded and deafened to ordinary impressions, it seemed to Marshall that a world that had stood motionless was again beginning to stir. An owl hooted; something far away crashed in the brush; a fish jumped; a little breeze came hurrying as though belated to lift the pennant.

The girl, too, stirred.

"Do you mind my saying that was a most awfully plucky thing?" She turned to Marshall. "You were taking long chances trying to get that dinghy overboard alone in that sea."

"It was nothing," replied Marshall, his stiffness returning.

"But it was. I know something about such things."

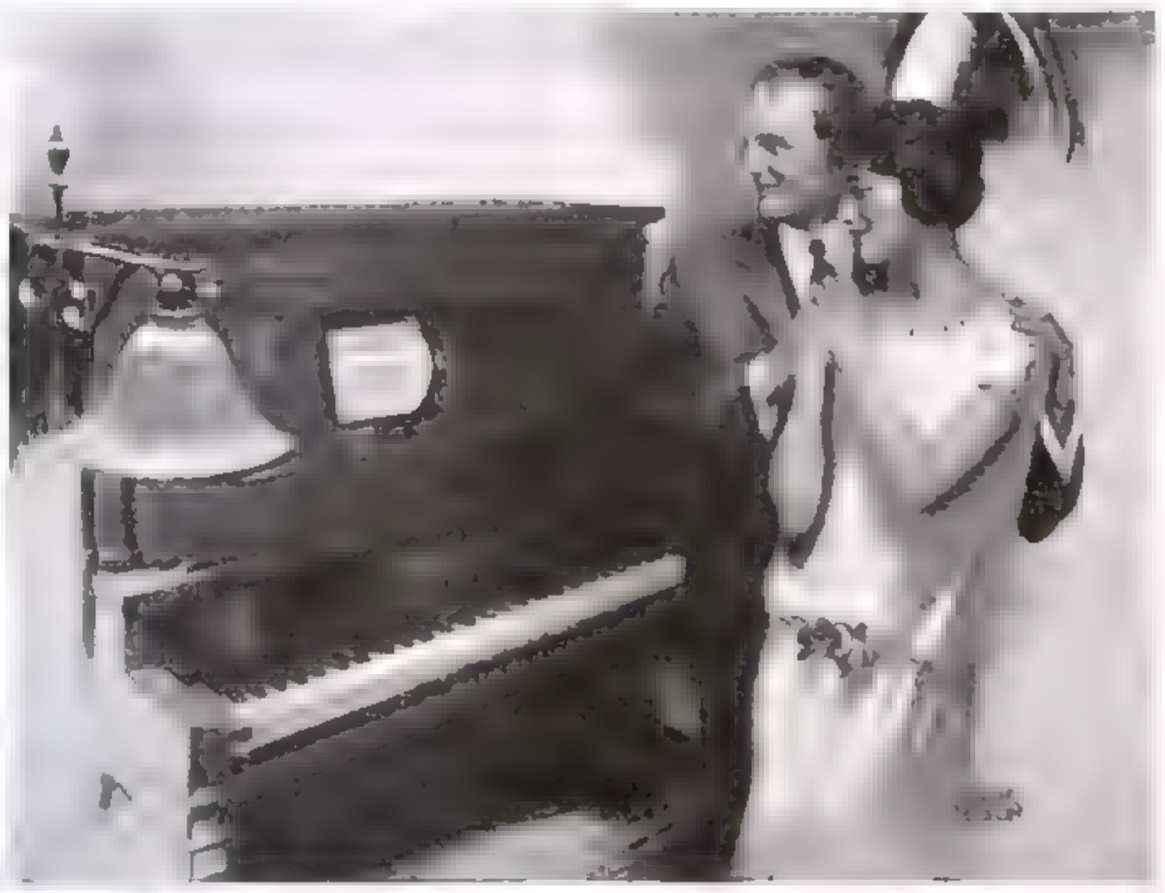
"Somebody had to do something."

"I know. But it was plucky; and I wanted you to know I know it."

"Thank you," said Marshall dryly.

She peered at him with curiosity.

VIRTUOLO



Her thrilling surprise

SUDDENLY, a future vibrantly happy with music is revealed to her. With a Virtuolo in her home the pent-up music of her soul is liberated. She can play with all the expressiveness of the long-practiced musician. Even better, for unwearied by the tedious finger exercises.

The Virtuolo is instantly responsive to all her moods; she can vary the tones to all shades of meaning, imbue each rendition with emotion. The playing is effortless.

Recreation for all

She will teach her children the quaint pieces her mother played to her. She will take rest from household cares in dreaming over the favorite melodies, those which have such a deep meaning to her.

Under the lamp-light she will pour forth to him who made possible such a home, all the tenderness that forever entwines itself in music.

There will be parties of friends, sparkling affairs because of the magical cheer of music. She will delight her guests with both popular and classic music. Dances will swing merrily through her home. All will say: "Hers is the nicest place of all."

In thousands of homes

All over America the Virtuolo is bringing happiness and home contentment. A Virtuolo can be in your own home a few hours after you have talked with a dealer.

The eighty-year experience of Hallet & Davis Piano Company, and its unparalleled resources, have wrought a new-day triumph—a piano-player of soundless mechanism, so durable it lasts a life-time, and the easiest to play in every way.

An illustrated book

Write at once that we may send you this complete description of the Virtuolo Player-Piano in its three makes: in the incomparable Hallet & Davis at $750 and $685; in the Conway at $595 and $575; in the Lexington at $495—*the same price everywhere.*

Let us also direct you to a neighboring dealer where you can hear and play the Virtuolo.

Hallet & Davis
ESTABLISHED 1839
Piano Company
661 Boylston St. Boston, Mass.

"Why are you so dreadfully formidable?" she challenged suddenly. "Is it your usual manner, or are you shy, or just don't you like us? We're going to be on the same boat together for some time, so let's find out how to get along with each other; it's the only way. If you don't like me, say so; I've no false pride. But then, you don't know me: do you?"

"I had not realized that I was formidable," said Marshall.

"Well, you are. Right now. I'm not petitioning for your good graces, fair sir; but I aim to please, and all complaints will be carefully considered by the management."

Marshall withdrew completely within his shell and pulled its trapdoor to behind him.

"I am sorry if I may have seemed in any way discourteous," he said in his best manner, "but it has been unintentional, I assure you. Do you mind if I smoke?"

She nodded permission abstractedly.

"It is not his natural manner," she reasoned aloud, but as though to herself; "for he was quite human when he was interested in cod. He is not shy, or he would not be rude. So it must be that he doesn't like me." She turned to Marshall. "Would you mind telling me why?"

"My dear young lady," said the young man with labored patience, "there is no reason in the world why I should either like or dislike you. Our acquaintance is very brief and limited. Your assumptions are quite baseless, I assure you."

"He is snubbing me," she remarked dispassionately to her invisible interlocutor, "and he is assuring me again. He thinks I am brazen."

She returned to Marshall.

"I am not brazen; I'm just interested. It seems unnatural. Everybody likes me. I'm a likable person. And I like everybody. Why should you come aboard to make any new records in that respect? What is it you don't like about me? The way I dress? I could change that."

Marshall disdained reply.

"My looks?"

Still silence.

She sighed. "I can't change them. It must be something I've done, then. But I've done so little! I threw you a rope, and helped you catch a red cod, and cooked the same; and that's every mortal thing!"

Apparently she mused over the problem. Her manner was quite impersonal and detached. At length she gave it up with a sigh.

"Well, if you won't tell me!" she concluded regretfully.

Marshall's manly dignity had come to a decision. He was being made ridiculous; and he did not propose to stand it. He was shrewd enough to see that her appalling downrightness was no part of a game of attraction, nor intended to arouse interest. And he had no intention of being made the ship's goat for the entertainment of any light-minded young person. He would imitate her astonishing frankness. Doing things and then pretending to be unaware of it, and getting away with it because people are too polite or proud or considerate to admit that they know that she knows, is a favorite feminine weapon. He would take that weapon from her simply by saying boldly what she supposed he would not mention. Rush youth!

"Look here," he said curtly. "You claim I dislike you, and that's all rubbish of course. But will you inform me why I should be especially keen to continue to offer myself for your amusement?"

"I don't want to be amused; I just want to be human," she murmured. "But never mind that; go on. He's going to tell me!" she informed her invisible interlocutor. "What have I done?"

"You are quite well aware. In the first place, you avoid my mere presence in so marked a manner that it could not otherwise be taken than as a hint. In the second place, when under the hurry of considerable excitement I made, I must admit, rather an asinine speech about your saving my life, you inform me that whether it was saved or not was in your opinion a small matter. In the third place, you compare me to a red cod. I am not complaining, you understand, in any way, shape or manner; though my cataloguing of these apparently trivial things might be so interpreted. I am stating the reasons, small but significant, why I cannot reasonably be expected further to offer myself for your amusement."

She listened to him with the deepest attention until he had quite finished.

"You have caught my brother's professional manner," she accused, "but without his clarity. I make neither head nor tail of what you say." She struck her hands sharply together as though a new idea had struck her, started to say something, then thought better of it. "Would you mind elucidating?" she asked with what he should have recognized as suspicious meekness. "I am not explaining, you understand," she said with an excellent imitation of his manner, "but I should at least like to comprehend the small but significant reasons. The first cause of—er, not complaint—is a plea of avoidance. It had not occurred to me, but it is a fact that circumstances may look that way. To tell the truth, when we started I was rather tired, fed up on people, even fascinating young men. I wanted to soak up a little solitude, so I did. Then, too, you were pretty busy,

They Chatted Across the Table at Each Other. Marshall Did Not Listen To

going on expeditions and sleeping at odd times, and the like. But as I look back on it, it was not too courteous. Plea: Absolutely not guilty in intention. Now," she concluded, "that was rather handsome of me, I think. But I don't understand your other counts at all."

Marshall's confidence was momentarily shaken, for her manner was such that he could not but believe her. However, the red cod episode braced him. That at least was a direct enough thrust.

"The remark you made when I thanked you for throwing me the painter was certainly—to my view—uncalled for," he reminded her stiffly.

"My remark?" she repeated.

Well, if she must have it!

"I called your attention to the fact that you had by so doing saved my life. You replied, 'What of it?'"

She puzzled over this a moment.

"I see. You thought I meant it didn't matter whether your life was saved or not. You will forgive me, won't you, if I find in that interpretation a slight egocentricity. My remark was intended as a mere disclaimer of merit, so to speak; as one would politely say, 'Not at all!' to an expression of obligation. You see, I have been nicely brought up; but, alas, my education in expressing myself accurately when under the spell of considerable excitement has been sketchy. That was the way you defined the condition at the time, was it not?" she asked sweetly.

Marshall was uncomfortable. The thing was not going as anticipated. He was silent.

"Now about the cod," she reminded him. "That sounds interesting. How did I compare you to a cod?"

"It is unimportant," said Marshall.

"Oh, probably—but interesting. How did I do it? The only thing I said about him was that he was good to eat. Oh, yes, and that he was colossally indifferent. Which was it?"

"My dear young lady," cried Marshall, exasperated, "you cannot mean to tell me that with your professional knowledge of me that remark was made without intention!"

"My what?" she exclaimed; then turned to her invisible other self in mock despair. "My knowledge of him! And I never even heard of him before! I must be very ignorant and he very famous! And I'm his dear young lady again!"

Then abruptly she dropped her mocking manner.

"Tell me," said she, "you don't mind, I'm sure—are you by any chance a patient of my brother's?"

This was too much!

"Considering the fact that you yourself typed the absurd and regrettable agreement that made me so," he replied with dry asperity, "I think that question uncalled for!"

"I—tell me, what makes you think that?"

"Simply that I saw you."

"Where?"

"In your brother's office. Where else?"

"You saw me there?" she repeated. "Are you sure of that? Did you see me plainly?"

"Of course I did. You were within three feet of me. How absurd!" He was becoming really angry.

"You are sure you saw me plainly?"

"As sure as I am sitting here. What's the object of keeping up this farce?"

She made no reply to this. He enjoyed his triumph. Now that at last he had the upper hand, which was his right, the rigor of his displeasure abated to a trace of magnanimity. He reached out to touch lightly the silver ring.

"If you intended an alibi you should have remembered this," said he.

She sat up straight and clapped her hands together.

"I see! I see!" she cried. She turned to him, all animation. "Answer me! You must! You shall! Did you see my face there in the office? Answer!"

Caught aback, Marshall recollected briefly. He remembered now that his eyes had been cast down and that he had stubbornly kept them so.

"It was unnecessary," he said. "That ring is unmistakable."

"So the ring is your only means of identification?" she pressed him.

"Not at all; though it is certainly enough. Your feet and ankles are quite as characteristic."

"Thank heaven, hers are passable!" ejaculated she fervently. "Now listen, my dear young man. This absolutely unique ring is made by the score, but exclusively for the college sorority to which both my brother's secretary and myself belong. In fact I got her the place because she belongs to my sorority. Her feet and ankles may be like mine, but you should not identify girls by their feet and ankles. Otherwise we are totally unlike."

She began to chuckle, then to laugh. At last Marshall had a little shamefacedly to join her.

"I am sorry," he said after a moment, "but I seem to have made of myself rather more of an ass than usual."

"Now that was handsome of you!" she cried. "So we're quits. But I think you owe me an explanation about the cod. Is indifference your own copyrighted specialty?"

Marshall flushed in the darkness. Ordinarily he would never have even considered discussing this aspect of himself with her, but his strict sense of reparation forced him.

"You had no idea, then, that I was a patient?" he first queried.

"None whatever! Sid is always taking somebody unexpectedly for a cruise; and he never explains anything nor introduces anybody. I thought we'd find out about each other in due time. That's the usual procedure."

"I am under your brother's care for just that copyrighted specialty. Since the war something has gone dead in me, and I don't like it—but I cannot care. That sounds silly to you, I dare say, but it is only too true."

"It does not sound silly; and I am sorry," she said gently. "I did not mean to intrude on you. We will not talk about it unless you wish to do so. I am glad you came to my brother; he is wonderful."

"Thank you," said Marshall; "I am sorry I have been an ass."

She began to chuckle again.

"So have I been," she gurgled. "You're not the only one. When I learned that you were a patient I made sure he was trying to cure a deranged mind!"

They laughed together once more. She thrust forth a friendly paw.

"So now we'll start over again," said she, "and we can catch another cod without danger of international complications."

"You have been very patient; and I am afraid I have seemed very rude," said Marshall contritely, as he shook hands on this.

"I've long made it a rule never in any circumstances actually to quarrel with anyone fifty miles from a railroad," said she. "Within that limit I'll fight with you any time you say." She arose lightly. "The chill is coming down from the high country," she observed.

He arose to accompany her aft.

"I say," he hesitated as they stood in the cabin, "it seems ridiculous to call you that. It doesn't sound real, somehow."

"What?"

"Miss Anaxagoras."

Once more her rich laughter rang out.

"Good heavens! I never thought of that!"

"Well, what?" he persisted.

She considered.

"I can give you the choice of two," she decided at last. "Beatrice or Betsy. They are both supposed to fit me."

Marshall recovered instantly from a slight impact over the unconventionality of this free offering of the given name.

"He thinks I'm brazen," she addressed herself, "but he doesn't like Miss Anaxagoras."

"No!" he disclaimed with some fervor. "But won't your brother think it a little hasty?"

"My brother thinks nothing hasty, because in everything he understands," she said, with a return to the sober fervor of her previous reference to the healer of souls. "He understands; he is wonderful." A slight pause ensued after this statement. "Well," she challenged lightly, "and which is it to be?"

"Betsy," he chose boldly.

"I like that better myself. And do I call you Cod for short? I have as yet no faintest inkling of anything more appropriate."

"My name is Roger," he told her.

"Very well; I shall call you Jerry, then," said she promptly. "So that's settled."

Again she thrust forth her paw in confirmation.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of stories by Mr. White. The next will appear in an early issue.

What's on the back of every Velvet tin is absolutely true — *and you can prove it*

mild—
fine flavor—
Smokes cool

aged in wood

that's why

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co

Run your car this Winter

HOW TO BE FULLY PROTECTED AGAINST TROUBLES WITH STARTER, BATTERY, OIL PUMP, OIL GAUGE AND MOVING ENGINE PARTS

More and more cars are being run in cold weather.

Your investment in your car will continue to pay you returns when you brush aside these common problems by the use of the correct winter grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil.

Starting difficulty minimized. In cold weather, engines are harder to start. With incorrect or poor-quality oil, this difficulty is greater. The grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil recommended for winter use in your engine minimizes starting difficulty—often surprisingly so. With easier starting, both your starter and your battery are protected against undue strain.

Oil pump troubles eliminated. Incorrect or low-quality oils frequently fail to circulate properly in cold weather. The oil pump may fail to work. Trouble may be experienced with the gauge. In determining the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for winter use in your car special consideration is given to the ability of your pump to properly circulate the oil.

Engine protection assured. Many oils which congeal in winter are not suited to the lubrication of cars employing splash lubrication. The oil is not properly distributed until the engine gets warm. During this warming-up period the moving parts are but poorly protected. On the other hand, many light, free-flowing oils are often equally unsuited to the lubrication of cars with force feed lubrication. The correct oil in each case can only be determined by a detailed engineering analysis of the construction of the engine. The result of this careful analysis by our Board of Automotive Engineers is offered you in our Chart of Recommendations which represents our professional advice.

Proved in the Coldest Countries

The correctness and efficiency of Gargoyle Mobiloil during cold weather have been proved not only in the United States, but in Canada. In Norway and Sweden where low temperatures are experienced, Gargoyle Mobiloil is the favorite oil.

The winter recommendations on the Chart have been approved by 405 automotive manufacturers.

The quality and body of Gargoyle Mobiloil enable it to better withstand gasoline dilution which may follow the free use of the choke.

If you laid up your car last winter, try running it this year—with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil in the crank case and completely refilling with fresh oil after every 500 miles.

Or, if you put up with winter troubles last year—discover for yourself how thoroughly the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil protects you against them.

If your car is not listed in the partial Chart printed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's, or ask our nearest Branch for our booklet, "Correct Automobile Lubrication."

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Extract)

This correct guide to Gargoyle Mobiloil for [illegible] Chart passenger and [illegible] specified on the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arctic means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where and when grade changes are necessary for summer and winter use, the proper grade for each is indicated in the Chart. Follow the recommendations for the type of car you drive, the year it was built and the temperature in which it is operated.

The Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and is based on the practical experience of motorists and automobile manufacturers.

Makes of Engines	1923	1922	1921	1920	1919
[illegible]					

Transmission and Differential:
For their correct lubrication use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "Compound" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

Domestic Branches: New York (Main Office) Indianapolis Boston Chicago Buffalo Rochester Philadelphia Des Moines Detroit St. Louis Minneapolis Denver Milwaukee Pittsburgh Kansas City, Mo. Oklahoma City

Showing Barrett Giant Shingles being laid right over the old roof. This method of laying affords big savings in time, trouble and money.

Reroofing Time is Here — Lay Roofs that *Last*

Have you noticed how many buildings are reroofed at this time of year?

Do you realize that some of these roofs, within a few years, will need expensive repairs? Others will remain stoutly weather-tight—will stand practically indestructible. There's one sure way to get such lasting roofs—specify roofing that bears the Barrett Label.

The Barrett Label has a definite significance. It stands for The Barrett Company's 65 years of leadership in the manufacture of roofings and roofing materials. It stands for the more than 70 inspections that every Barrett Roofing must pass before it leaves a Barrett factory.

There are inspections to make sure that the tough felt base is absolutely flawless. Inspections by expert chemists to see that the everlasting waterproofing compound with which this felt base is saturated, and then heavily coated, is up to the exacting Barrett standard. Inspections to see that the mineral, with which certain Barrett Roofings are surfaced, is uniform in quality and color and is permanently embedded.

No matter what kind of building you are thinking of roofing, there is a Barrett Roofing that is right for the job.

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Barrett
ROOFINGS

EASY

(Continued from Page 23)

"You'd better come back to the locker and park your headpiece," said Gussie. "Our cakie will be in more or less soon, and he'll show you the job. I got some filing to do and we may as well get to work, even if today is a calendar page on which the boss' entrance is scheduled for the end of the last act, if at all."

"You mean he won't be in until late this afternoon?" said I.

"The child is remarkably clever!" said Gussie, nodding. "Get ready to toil, dear, but don't sprain yourself hurrying!"

I left my things where she showed me, unable to hurry if I had wished. My mind was rather numb from the series of shocks it had received during the past twenty-four hours, and I was having a hard time adjusting myself.

Then there was that snapshot in my purse. What was Easy thinking at this moment? Had he missed the picture yet? What, for that matter, did I think? I didn't know; my mind was waiting for Adrian.

But I was not allowed to brood for very long, because presently Gussie stuck the peroxide bob inside the dressing-room door and gave me the high sign.

"Cakie's here!" said she. "Just oozed in. Name of Eddie Geofford. Be gentle with him, mommer!"

Then she withdrew, and I followed her, to be faced in the office by a young man with perfectly disciplined hair, a suit of clothes which though loud was under complete control, and a manner at once intimate and deferential.

"Miss Steerforth?" he asked solicitously, as if it were an ailment. "I'm awfully glad! Mr. Lee told me to expect you, and - ah—sort of show you about! I'm in charge when he's away talking to the really big chaps."

"Really?" said I, because that seemed safe. Not that Mr. Geofford looked exactly dangerous to anybody but himself.

"Yes!" he affirmed. "I take care of the lesser—ah—fry! And you will have to take care of me! Oh, bother!"

He laughed delicately, and gave me a playful tap on the shoulder.

"Well," said I, "I will if you will show me the ropes. I do hope you won't hesitate to, because I'm absolutely ignorant, and more than eager to make good here."

"Oh, bother, it's quite simple!" said he. "You'll learn in no time, I'm positive. I'll show you where things are kept, and you bring them to me when I am making a sale. And then all you do is stand about and confirm whatever I tell the client."

"That might be rather a large order, mightn't it?" I suggested laughingly.

But he raised one lily hand in horror at my mirth.

"I hope you haven't a sense of humor!" he bleated. "Humor is quite out of the question in this business. You will have to control yourself, my dear girl, and never, I beg of you, make a humorous remark about any print or picture whatsoever! In fact, I think perhaps for the present you had better remain dumb!"

"Then how can I echo you?" I demanded, trying not to smile. "It would look odd for me to stand by and say nothing!"

He considered this very carefully.

"Oh, bother!" he exclaimed at length. "It's all a matter of a bit of jargon which I can teach you easily, and you might as well learn it at once!"

"As for instance?" I suggested.

"Well," said he, "take 'intriguing.' That's a good word and can be said practically by itself. Anything that's a bit peculiar or obviously not very valuable or—ah—definite, we call intriguing! Just murmur 'Frightfully intriguing, don't you think'? like that! See what I mean?"

I could only nod.

"Or 'amusing,'" he went on. "Amusing is an excellent word for little things, like the German prints, or an Alma-Tadema, or any of the obvious chaps like Burne-Jones, who have to be apologized for in a deal nowadays. Do you follow me?"

"I'm on your heels!" said I, endeavoring to speak seriously. "And when we come to an alleged Rubens or a Lely or even a doubtful Turner in the early manner we throw off a few 'Extraordinary tone values' and 'Unusual treatment' and 'Best manner,' and wave our thumbs at it critically."

He gave me a stare of admiration.

"I see you are an apt pupil!" said he. "Or else you actually know something about pictures! Have you been in the game before?"

"No," said I, "but I think you can trust me not to break any china around here, at that! I will be discretion's own soul!"

"Oh, bother!" said he. "How is it, I wonder, that dear Adrian always sees the very nicest girls first! I'm forever an just too late, it seems. But I positively know that we shall do famously together. After all, the hokum has to be gone through with or else we'd never sell any except the genuinely important pieces—and at that rate we'd - ah—all starve to death! So long as you're willing to work in with us, why—— Oh, bother, but we will have a splendid time! It's rather a strain, being perfectly good form with the clients, and it will be a relief to work with someone who is in the know right from the start!"

Then at length he showed me the detail of the shop—the secrets of the portfolios, the cubbies where the paintings were hidden until needed; how to arrange chair and easel for a client—differentiating between a cheap and an important one; how to place a picture on the easel before it was shown, back to the customer, and to whirl it around, a brocade over the face of it; how to unmask the canvas and light it properly.

Of course I had all this salted down by noon, and up to that time not a single customer had come into the shop.

When my turn came to go out to lunch I asked where the nearest soda fountain was, and was met by a united shriek of protest from both of my fellow employes.

"Soda, my foot!" shrilled Gussie. "Martelli's for yours, pet, or go without. We don't use any soda-fountain clerks around this dump!"

"Dear Miss Steerforth!" chirped Earnest Eddie. "Really, you mustn't think of such a thing as a fountain lunch. It's quite against dear Adrian's policy. Martelli's is the correct place!"

"But have a heart!" said I. "Martelli's is the very smartest little restaurant in town. Only millionaires go there!"

"Oh, bother—that's just the point!" he exclaimed. "Millionaires, and the people who sell to them. It pays to be seen there, and one never knows whom one will run into"

"But I'd eat my month's salary in a week!" I objected. "Nonsense!"

And over their protest I headed for Sixth Avenue instead of Fifth, and fifteen cents' worth of good old baked beans.

The afternoon wore away in a leisure as elegant and uninterrupted as that of the morning. Only Gussie's intermittent typewriter or a casual remark thrown languidly from Eddie's direction broke the velvet silence of the luxurious shop. I began to wonder how on earth it existed without customers. Sales must be infrequent, but enormous when they came. It was a big game, but a waiting one. I wondered, rather, that Adrian should have felt that he needed an assistant to Mr. Geofford. Feeble as he was, that young man should have been able to take care of the rush of trade at the rate we were going!

And still Adrian did not show up. Three o'clock struck on the hidden chimes of an antique clock at the rear of the building, and then four. I began to be nervous about his nonappearance. What kept him? Had some trouble overtaken him? We were scheduled to close at five, and I simply had to see him before I faced Easy that evening!

And then after a misery that mounted with the last moments of waiting, he appeared—bringing vitality with him as startling as if sunlight had suddenly flooded the shadowy place.

"Geofford—hello, there!" said he, swinging through the door and throwing aside his light gray hat and yellow stick. "I've had a good day! The Rombert Foundation will take the Corot! Fair enough, eh? And, Nancy! At last, dear child! I am so sorry not to have been here to welcome you. Have they done well by you—eh? Come into my office a moment and tell me some things I must know!"

"Yes, Adrian," was all I could manage to say, his vigorous presence, as usual, overwhelming me for the moment. I followed meekly in his wake to the office at the extreme rear. At its door we met the blond stenographer coming out. Her painted face flushed at sight of him, and she held out some papers.

"I have finished all that you left, Ad—Mr Lee," said she. "Will I take your letters now?"

"Oh, Gussie!" said he. "Why, no, thanks! That will be all. Good night, good night!" And gently pushing me ahead of him he turned his shoulder to her, following me in and closing the door.

"Sit down here, most beautiful little one!" said he. "All day long I have been talking dull business, but I have thought of you! Tell me—are you going to be happy here? Do you like my lovely pictures?"

"Adrian!" I said breathlessly. "I do—but there is something I must ask you about before I know if I am to be happy in this work. Whether I am to be in it at all!"

"Good gracious, how serious!" said he, laughing and biting off the end of a big cigar with one snap of his strong even teeth. "Sit down, my almond blossom, and tell me what dreadful thing has arisen!"

"It may not be so dreadful, after all," I stammered, beginning to feel rather foolish now that I came right to the interview. "It's only strange, perhaps. It's this, Adrian. Yesterday an old friend of mine from home came to see me. He is a Federal officer and he came to New York on an important case. He told me, Adrian, that the man he was after—at least who was very much under suspicion—was supposed to be here, you see. He also told me that he had a snapshot of this man which he had brought to show to police headquarters. When he left my place I found that he had dropped his wallet. I returned the wallet to him, but I did not return the snapshot, which had fallen out of it. He—he doesn't know I have it—but here it is"

And with that I leaned over and placed Adrian's own photograph before him on his desk.

VI

ADRIAN'S office was already nearly dark. I had not looked at him as I made my declaration; whether from an innate sense of shame at betraying Easy or not, I can scarcely tell. But when I laid the snapshot on his desk I met his eyes, and was once again startled by their brilliancy. They shone in the semidarkness like those of a cat or of some wild creature, and sent a queer, half-familiar, wholly disturbing sensation through me. But it lasted for only a second. Then Adrian switched on the desk lamp, and the illusion of something supernatural was gone.

For a long moment he sat studying the snapshot quietly, and then turned to me in mild surprise.

"Why, it looks like me!" he exclaimed. "How very amusing!"

"It wasn't amusing to me, Adrian," said I earnestly, "when I discovered the likeness, for it's very like!"

"Yes," said he slowly, "it is. And what did you say the chap's name is?"

"His name is Bowditch," said I. "A relation of some people who keep a shop in Little Cape, where I come from."

Adrian knitted the great dark brows, and I waited breathlessly during an interval of silence.

"Nancy, what made you bring me this?" said he at last.

I felt myself flushing heavily.

"Why, because," I stuttered, "because I believe in you, Adrian—even as you have shown that you believe in me!"

He got to his feet and took hold of my shoulders, the golden eyes seering into my very soul.

"You brought it because you love me!" said he, "even as I love you!"

"Adrian!" I cried, electrified.

To my amazement he did not kiss me, but put me from him

"No!" said he, reading my thought. "I cannot—not yet. Yesterday, a month ago, or even the very first night I met you I could have taken your kiss much as I would nibble at a sweetmeat. But your utter trust in bringing me this picture—well, you force me to tell you something you ought to know, first."

"Adrian, is the picture you?" I cried. "Oh, I couldn't endure it!"

There was a long pause this time, during which he stood looking not at me, but at the snapshot on his desk.

"No," he said finally. "My name is Bowditch, and he is my brother!"

"Oh!" I cried, at once shocked and relieved. "Then Little Cape—you must

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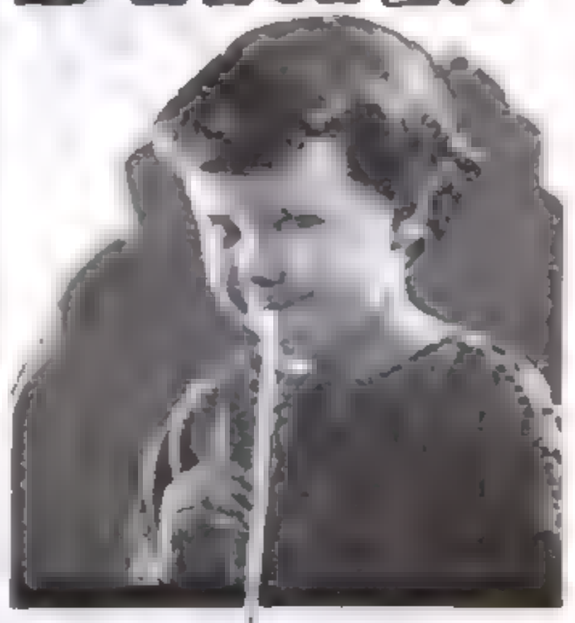
Drink it through a STRAW



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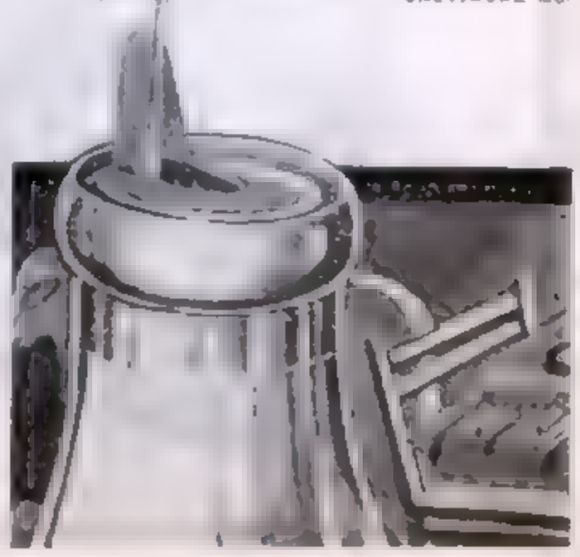

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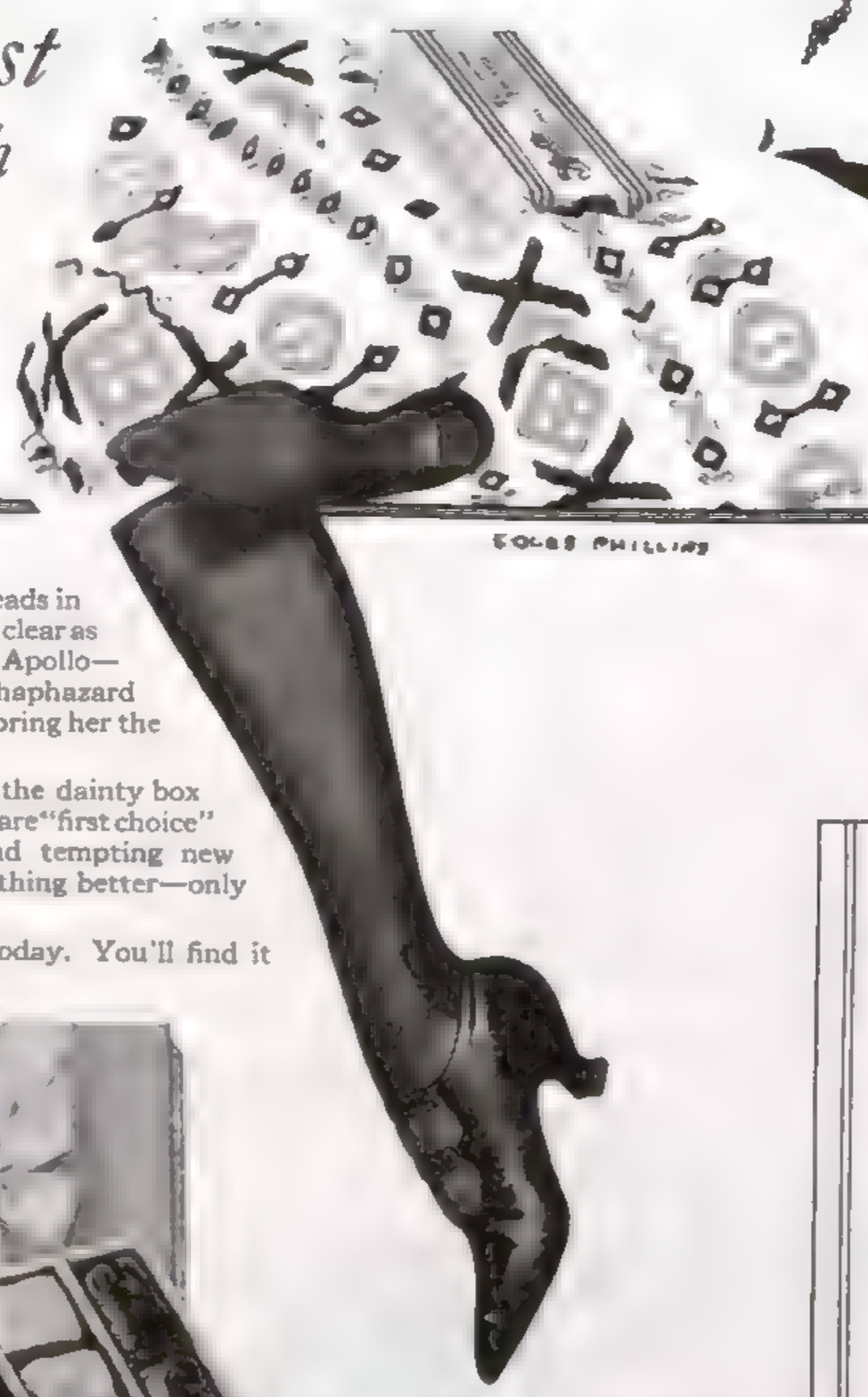

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When you want only the finest, take her Apollo.

PRESIDENT

F. H. ROBERTS CO., 128 CROSS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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have known about it all the time—perhaps you have even been there? Why didn't you tell me, Adrian?"

"Yes, I have been there," said he. "Once years ago when I was a boy. Only for a day or two. I visited my cousins at the store. I even saw you, my beautiful!"

"But," I cried, bewildered and doubly alarmed, "why have you kept all this a secret? There must be a reason!"

"There always is!" said he, smiling crookedly. "I didn't tell you because I have put that whole connection behind me forever. I knew my brother was a crook, and I was unable to change him, so I cut myself off from him completely and from those other relations who could be of no possible advantage to me. And as for telling you, my dear, I think you ought to understand why I didn't do that!"

"No, I don't," I said stubbornly. "You are you, no matter what your name is. How could it possibly have mattered to me?"

"I didn't wish you to associate me with the Bowditches," said he, "and be prejudiced against me because of them, right from the start."

It fairly took away my breath, and when I found it again, it was, automatically, to champion his people.

"Why, Adrian!" said I. "I should think you would be proud of being what you are! I have no foolish prejudices about such things. Believe me, your uncle, old Mr. Bowditch, isn't ashamed of his family. He's mighty proud of it, and he is a grand old man in his way—honest, hard working, clean living! I'd own him quickly enough! As for Morris and the others, well, of course the younger generation don't live up to the strict rules of the old folk, and I don't get on with them so well."

Adrian was laughing at me now, but I was dead serious. He took me by the shoulders again, trying to shake a smile out of me.

"Wildfire!" he exclaimed. "If all of your people felt that way, what a happy thing that would be. But unfortunately the reverse is true. Once you accepted me at my surface value I saw no reason to change it, until now, when I want to be honest with you."

"Thank God for that, Adrian!" said I solemnly.

"One thing more!" said he. "About this unfortunate brother of mine. What I have told you is, of course, in complete confidence, even as regards your sheriff friend from Little Cape. Just let the matter drop. Say nothing about the picture, for he cannot fasten its theft on you, and I, for my part, will destroy it and promise not to warn my brother. Indeed, I could not do so in any event, because I haven't the remotest idea of where he is. Are we agreed?"

I nodded dumbly, for he had held out his arms to me, and in another instant I was crushed in an unforgetable embrace.

"Adrian!"

"Nancy!"

An unmeasurable interval followed. We had been headed for this all our lives, or so it seemed to me. And then came a discreet tap on the office door. Reluctantly Adrian let me go with a warning gesture.

"Remember," said he, "not a word!" And he opened the door to admit the dapper and apologetic Mr. Eddie Geofford.

"Oh, bother!" said he. "I do hate to disturb you, Mr. Lee, but it's after six. Shall we close up?"

"After six!" I cried. "Then I must fly! I have a dinner date, and theater!"

"Yes, close up," said Adrian to his assistant. "I'll get ready and go with you, Geofford. I want to give you instructions about the foundation's purchase." Then he turned to me. "Until tomorrow, Miss Steerforth!" said he with his lips. But his eyes, that could say anything, caressed me as I left him.

I turned homeward with a lighter step than I had known for twenty-four hours. How good the world was, how sparkling the town with its gay dress of lights. I was loved, loved, loved! Nothing else mattered, not even the sale of my picture. I wanted to share my joy with someone immediately, but when I reached the studio Lila had already gone out, and so no one remained but Easy, who would soon be coming for me.

But could I tell him? The thought gave me pause, and I stood stock-still in the midst of my dressing, hairbrush suspended in mid-air as though I had become suddenly paralyzed by the idea of breaking the news. I realized slowly that I could do no such thing, that I didn't want Easy even to know of my acquaintance with Adrian, much less that I loved him and expected to marry him! No, it would never do to tell Easy of my engagement, or even of my job in the art gallery.

I hated the thought of letting David Cooper go, even if his hard common-sense attitude toward life, his humorous angle on the subject of love and his blindness to art had already in the other sense definitely separated us. But he had been awfully fond of me, and that is a cozy thought to any woman, and one she will not surrender easily. And so, in spite of the fact that I was fresh from Adrian's arms, I dressed for Easy with particular care. Women are funny that way! And the costume was, as he would say, useful. It held him spellbound at the door when he arrived.

"Nancy, you look like Aunt Myrtle's garden in full bloom!" said he. "Only your eyes are like stars, by gollies! But your smile is too sunny for that!"

"That's me to a tintype!" said I. "What have you in the deepest-sympathy package?"

"Oh, this?" said he, holding the big florist's box which he carried toward me. "For you. It makes me feel like a dumb kluck, carrying flowers to a garden party!"

I took his offering and opened it. Red roses! He had brought me red Jack roses, with all of New York fairly bristling with corsage bouquets of violets or orchids! If that wasn't Easy every hour! But I pinned a few to my waistline, because it was so evidently expected of me. Then we started out into the glare of night.

"I've got a taxi, hon," said Easy, hindering me down the steps by my elbow, the way some men will under the delusion that they are helping one along. "I thought maybe you'd like to go uptown to a regular place to eat, after all this foreign goulash you get down around the square."

"Any place you like, Dave," said I amiably.

And so we set off, headed for Riley's Chop House. That, too, was about what I should have expected. Having devoured beefsteak, potatoes and apple pie with great regularity back home, Easy would naturally, having come to a town where he could get spaghetti, gerfilderfische or sole à la Marguery, select a spot where beefsteak, potatoes and apple pie would be the inevitable meal!

But it was a good meal, I will admit, and for all Easy's too voluminous clothes and thick boots he had that mysterious quality which commands service in a restaurant—a certain something which has nothing whatsoever to do with the money you spend.

His choice of a show was as naïve as his selection of a restaurant. The Theater Club's new play, Rotting Lilacs, was running, amidst a fire of controversy; The Sauerkraut, a famous Viennese translation, was playing uptown; and that German film with the crooked scenery was showing at the Colossal, but Easy craved none of these intellectual offerings.

"I thought we'd see something bright and snappy, hon," said he, "so I got us two checks to the Spring Garden Show—lots of girls and music and a good comedian that's my idea of drama. The seats are right on the runway too. That ought to be useful!"

I smiled resignedly, but Easy didn't notice. He was too happy. Well, so was I happy. But it gave me a tiny pang, even then, to find Easy should lay so much stress on the girl part of it. To this day it remains a mystery to me how and why the most devoted man in the world will take his sweetheart or his wife to a girl show! He may love her all there is, but he can always dig up a hearty interest in a girl show and, what is far more extraordinary, expect her to share his enthusiasm! Of course if the chorus men warranted it, things might be different, but they don't. One of the women's rights which their advocates have entirely overlooked is better chorus men.

Well, at any rate, Easy led me from the chop house to the Spring Garden without so much as mentioning what was uppermost in my mind—to wit, the loss of the snapshot. I began to hope that its presence among his belongings had not been of any such great importance after all.

But the show held Easy only for a little while, and as number followed number he began to grow restless. A male dancer—a Russian, slender and yet rounded, like a girl—did a queer interpretative dance which I liked, but it made Easy growl.

"Fool nonsense!" said he. "Rolling a tambourine around the stage like a nitwit!

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Why don't they have a good soft-shoe dancer? They always used to, at this place!"

And the number that followed was equally objectionable to him—an Italian tenor who sang Pagliacci rather badly. Two Mexican girls, dancers, he tolerated, and then the pair of comedians who had occupied the stage several times before returned, much to the delight of the audience, but not to Easy's.

"Say, Nancy!" he exclaimed. "Why do you figure they don't run this show in English? Do you realize that over half the jokes in this piece have either been references to some foreign custom that we don't know a thing about or actually in Yiddish or German? And pretty nearly everybody in the audience has laughed except us?"

"Why, I hadn't noticed especially," said I. "It has just seemed to me a typical Broadway musical show. But now that you speak of it, I believe you are right."

"Well, it wasn't always like this," he whispered back. "Last time I was down, three years ago, you could at least make out where the joke lay."

"Oh, Easy, do hush up!" I said impatiently. "You are getting hipped on the subject."

"Hipped, nothing, hon!" said he. "I'm merely elbowed by the facts all the time. Sometimes, I swear, I think I'll pull up stakes and give these fellers the East, since they've so nearly got it anyway, and go out to Kansas where my Uncle Henry lives, and there are a few Americans left!"

"Dumb-bell!" said I. "These people are Americans! Can't you get that through your bean? They work here, live here—lots of them fought overseas for us! What on earth do you call an American?"

"Well," said he, "it seems like I have to call one several times around these parts before anybody answers present!"

I gave him up then, and we watched the first half of the show out in silence. But when the lights came on for the intermission Easy turned to me with a changed expression.

With this gesture my heart took a big leap and then seemed to stop beating entirely. So the moment had come!

"By the way, hon!" said he, taking the little leather case out and holding it, closed, in his big palms. "I haven't thanked you for returning this, yet. Your finding it certainly was a life saver for me. I had my credentials in it, most of my money, and pretty near everything I needed. I got it from Miss Lila first thing this morning."

"Yes," said I tremulously—"that is, I'm glad."

Then Easy opened the wallet carelessly, and to my incredulous amazement there lay the snapshot of Adrian!

How on earth had it got there? Could Easy have seen Adrian since I had? Impossible! What had been going on during the short interval between the time of my leaving the shop and the hour of Easy's calling for me? I felt his eyes upon my face, but I could not look up at him.

"Look here, hon," said he, "did you happen to see a picture like this around the studio?"

Still I couldn't look at him. The portrait of Adrian there in his hand fascinated me.

"Like that?" I gasped. "Why, no!"

"Well, take a look around tonight, will you?" he asked. "I had one, and it dropped out somewhere along the line. It would be useful if I could get it back, because there are only two of these in existence, and the chief let me have this rather under protest."

So it was a duplicate. I breathed easier.

"It's not at the studio," said I. "Or I would have found it when I cleaned up early this morning. But I'll tell Lila."

"It's pretty clear now," said he, "that this is the fellow we want. I got a rather complete history of him last night. I now know all about our friends, the Bowditches, from Father Abraham down. It seems they are not such a numerous tribe as we thought, and this fellow I'm after is their cousin, an only child with no immediate family at all. Our Little Cape people are the only kin he has in the world and they took him after a pogrom or something in the old country, where his father and mother were finished off, and brought him up like one of their own. So it's a cinch if he gets hard pressed he'll run to them, which is where I intend to come in strong."

His words spread themselves before my mind almost unintelligibly at first. Was it possible that Adrian had no brother?

"Are you sure of all that, Easy?" I heard myself asking, apparently from some great distance.

"Of course!" said he, grinning. "What kind of an officer do you think I am, hon? The bird is big game, believe me, operating on a huge scale, and making barrels of money off of liquor, although he doesn't drink a drop himself! And to think he began a few years ago as a poor little Russian orphan—the very tag end of a poverty-stricken immigrant family!"

For a terrible moment I couldn't speak at all. Something seemed to be strangling me. Then at last I got out the necessary words.

"And have you traced him?" I asked.

"No," said he. "Not yet. But the Department is on his trail. I have to go back to Little Cape on the early morning train tomorrow, so if you locate that picture you'd better mail it to me there."

"It's dreadful!" said I with an involuntary shudder. "Hunting a man!"

"Nonsense!" said Easy with a laugh. "It fires your wits. In this particular case it's a barrel of fun!"

The rest of that show was a greater nightmare to me than the first half had been. Just to sit and watch the senseless antics, and endure the tuneless crash of the orchestra, was almost more than my strength could sustain. At the last curtain Easy suggested supper, which I had to refuse, pleading fatigue. But when he called for a taxi I found that I must walk, instead, and so we turned over to the desolate pearl-white streak of midnight Fifth Avenue, and walked downtown arm-in-arm, Easy drawling small accounts of Little Cape and its people.

At my door he was very sweet and considerate, being vaguely aware that something was wrong with me and disturbed by the fact in his helpless masculine fashion.

"Don't work too hard at your painting, hon!" said he tenderly. "And come home just the very minute you get ready. Ma will move out for you any day."

I felt like a criminal as I gave him my hand.

"No, Dave!" said I. "You must not think of me that way any more! Good-by, and—well, good-by!"

"Won't you wish me luck?" said he.

"Oh, Dave, I can't," said I, and fled from him, up the echoing stairs.

As soon as I was certain that Lila, the nighthawk, was still abroad, I made for the telephone. Late as it was I must get hold of Adrian and have this matter out or I should go quite mad! Feverishly I turned the pages of the directory, searching for his home number. There it lay for all to read who would—Easy as well as the next man—Easy, who was hunting for the mysterious criminal whose whereabouts was unknown! Right in the telephone book! Did criminals do that sort of thing? I laughed hysterically.

The telephone had apparently gone dead just as I needed it most, but at last came the sleepy voice of the operator, and then an endless nagging of the number for which I asked. I sat there tapping my foot, seething, but there was no answer. Reluctantly I had, in the end, to accept this for a fact, and then there was nothing to do except wait for the morning and my return to work.

Even now I was still willing to be explained to. I would give Adrian every conceivable chance; his kiss had seen to that! But it was certainly one wretched night for me, and when morning came I could hardly wait to reach the shop, so tense had I become.

The spring had advanced rapidly these last few days, and the city had begun to take on the dusty air it had borne upon my arrival the summer before. Little eddies of dry filth scurried along the pavings under the scourge of the warm clean wind, dashing uselessly against the walls of the buildings and the seamless curbs, like swarms of insects seeking cover. Old newspapers appeared from nowhere and blew against one unexpectedly. Spring was out of place in Manhattan, and at a loss what to do with herself, and when I reached the shop evidences of her disorder were aplenty. Old papers lay flattened against the cellar grating under the show window and dust banked the brownstone stoop of the adjoining houses. It was plain that Jake Neptune was not as yet on the job, but the shop was open, and inside I found Gussie fussing about with a dust rag.

"Good morning, dearie!" she greeted me as amiably as if I had been an old friend. "D'yer know that bum of a janitor ain't showed yet? Wet as the Hudson again, I suppose! As if I didn't have enough on these frail shoulders without his work!"

I couldn't help smiling, it sounded so like home. Ever since I could remember I had heard someone complaining because Jake was late coming to work.

"Mr. Lee in yet?" I asked. She shook the peroxide at me vigorously.

"Nope!" said she. "He's out of town unexpectedly."

"Where?" I asked. "I want to see him."

Gussie gave me a sharp look.

"Then you don't know?" said she. "Well, neither do I. He phoned he'd be late or maybe not in at all. But don't ever expect him here this early, cutie, because he ain't any dicky bird, and his worms don't generally get up before noon, theirselves, not in this man's business!"

Well, there was nothing for it but to wait, so I went in back and took off my things, very low in my mind as I returned to help Gussie get Jake Neptune's job done for him—not for the first time in my life, either! We dusted and swept the interior very properly, but both of us balked at doing the sidewalk.

"Not a lick!" said Gussie firmly when I inquired about it. "I'll do a lot for Adrian, but I'm not manicuring any pavements for him—not yet!"

Idly the interminable morning wore away without the advent of a single customer. Once, indeed, the door opened and a richly dressed lady entered, accompanied by a small dog, and I arose expectantly to greet her. But she only wanted to know where the Ritz-Carlton was, and departed forthwith when she got her information, after which we subsided again into the monotony. And at a little before eleven o'clock Mr. Eddie Geofford wandered in, languidly removing a pair of bright yellow gloves as he came, and displaying a new hat for our edification.

"Sets rather sweetly, don't you think, girls?" he asked, putting it on at an angle and turning around for our inspection—turning like a worm, it seemed to me!

"It has certainly got a message!" said Gussie critically, her hands on her almost nonexistent black-satin hips. "Is that light buff the newest?"

"It's what the dear Prince of Wales is wearing!" he assured us with dainty emphasis. "Do you think it's perhaps a trifle too high in the crown?"

"It's a darling!" she replied.

Reassured, he put it away carefully and skipped back to us in high good humor.

"Oh, bother!" he cried. "I forgot to tell you! Who on earth do you suppose I ran into on the Avenue just now?"

We couldn't suppose, of course, so he put us out of our misery.

"Dear Mrs. Gould Vandewater!" said he. "She was walking ten blocks—she's reducing, you know—and I trotted along with her."

"She's the dame who bought the Winslow Homer, isn't she?" Gussie asked.

"She is!" replied Eddie. "And I told her we had another—a little gem that had just come in. She has promised to come over this afternoon to see it!"

"But we haven't any!" Gussie objected. "Not even a synthetic one. What on earth'll we do?"

"We have got to have one!" he insisted. "Homer is her specialty, and nothing else will drag her into the shop! Remember that hunch of junk we bought at the auction last week? There were a few paintings in it, one a little marine. Dig it out like a good girl, Gussie."

"But won't she know the difference?" I asked.

"Not much!" said he. "I'll tell her it's a very early example—so early it was done before he was born! Ha, ha! She doesn't know a Homer when she sees it, unless it's at a ball game! But she's a free spender if you handle her right!"

"But surely Adrian won't stand for a fraud like that!" I cried. "Why, it's an outrage!"

"Sh-sh, my dear!" said Eddie. "Not so noisy! We don't use harsh names in this business—we can't afford to."

They dragged out the desired canvas and we dusted it off, placing it in an elaborate frame, and planting it, under black velvet, upon an easel in a far corner.

"Do you really think that old money bags will show?" asked Gussie doubtfully, as we did this. "She's as full of promises as a sailor, but she's just as apt to sail in the other direction!"

"Well," said Eddie, "she told me she was lunching at Martelli's and would come over from there!"

The two exchanged significant glances.

"Ahem!" said Mr. Geofford. "I suppose that I had possibly better lunch at Martelli's myself."

"Not alone!" said Gussie quickly. "You don't want to show up like a guidepost, old butterfly! But if you was to be lunching there casually with a lady friend—why, that would be something yet again!"

"Yet, it mustn't be too obvious," he admitted. Then he turned to me. "How about it, Miss Nancy?"

"Oh, no!" I cried. "I simply couldn't do it. You go, Gussie!"

"I suppose I'll have to pay my own shot!" she said grudgingly.

"The boss will cover that," replied Eddie. "Just keep your trap shut except when you're putting food in it, Gussie, and you will get by like a million dollars!"

"Oh, I guess I'm triple-plated pretty good," agreed Gussie complacently. "I only wish this place could put up as good a front as me. That bug Jake ain't showed, and our sidewalk looks like nothing Mrs. Vandewater is used to traveling over!"

"Oh, bother!" said Eddie. "I suppose I shall have to go and dig him out then! The brute sleeps in the basement next door, and he certainly keeps them from moving his bed very often!" And off he went to his errand.

So it was arranged by the conspirators, while I watched and listened, an increasingly disillusioned looker-on.

"I suppose these things have to happen in any business," I thought, "and yet it does not seem right."

Presently Eddie returned, a grumbling, disheveled Jake at his heels, just as I had often seen him follow my Brother Bobby home during the planting season.

"I was jest comin' anyways!" he declared. "Seems like it's terrible hard to get started, mornings, nowadays. 'Tain't like it useter be!"

"It certainly gives you a worse hangover than it used to!" said Eddie. "Get out there now, and get busy."

Jake found his broom and shuffled off with it, and the others made ready to act upon their plot, Gussie, true to her word, presenting a most misleadingly smart appearance, Eddie objectionably elegant in his new haberdashery.

"Ta, ta!" said he from the doorway. "I do hope you won't starve to death before we get back, Miss Nancy. We may be gone some time, because there is no telling how long that old Gorgonzola will eat, and of course we can't leave until she does!"

"Oh, that's all right," said I. "Don't hurry."

As the door slammed after them, and I was at last free to slump, I did not care if I never ate again. All the troubled thoughts I had forced to the back of my brain overwhelmed me anew, and I began a restless pacing between the offices at the rear and the big plate window in front, beyond which Jake moved languidly at the performance of his daily rite.

There was a single painting on display in this window—a brilliant Turner. Not a fake, but a vivid gem by the great master's own brush—a Venetian scene of the most colorful period. All about it hung draperies of black velvet and a person inside the shop was able to see the street plainly and at the same time remain concealed from the gaze of the passerby. I had come to a restless pause in this position when my attention was violently aroused by sight of a man approaching on the opposite side of the way.

It was Easy! He was walking rapidly and carrying a suitcase, evidently on his way to the station. So he had not taken the early train after all! Why? What had detained him here and how was it that he was afoot? At first glance I assumed that he had some ulterior motive in choosing this street, but in an instant I perceived that I was mistaken. Easy was wholly preoccupied with his own thoughts and was going to pass without even a glance in my direction!

I breathed again as this became evident, and he had almost got away when a shout arrested him and he turned back, plainly surprised.

It was that old fool of a Jake Neptune who had recognized him and called a greeting.

"Hey, Easy!" he yelled. "Hi, come back here, son! Where you traveling to so swift?"

Continued on Page 87

MEN—THERE'S A LADY DUOFOLD WITH WIDE GOLD GIRDLE FOR HER MONOGRAM—$5

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The Duofolds will all be sold in 2 weeks

Yes, a New Gift at Last—the Princely Pen

With a Point that will last them to ripe old age

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The Firestone Dealer points with pride to the construction of Gum Dipped Cords and the all-weather quality that is responsible for so many extra thousands of miles of service

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6 Current Paramount Pictures

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"The Call of the Canyon"

A Zane Grey production, with Richard Dix, Lois Wilson and Estelle Taylor. Supported by Noah Beery and Ricardo Cortez. Written for the screen by Doris Schroeder and Edfrid Bingham. Directed by Victor Fleming.

"The Light That Failed"

By Rudyard Kipling. A George Melford production, with Jacqueline Logan, Percy Marmont, Sigrid Holmquist and David Torrence. Scenario by F. McGrew Willis and Jack Cunningham.

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Starring POLA NEGRI. A Herbert Brenon production, with Antonio Moreno, supported by Wallace Beery, Kathlyn Williams, Gareth Hughes, Adolphe Menjou and Robert Agnew. Written for the screen by June Mathis, and Beulah Marie Dix, from the play "Don Cesar deBazan," by Adolphe D'Ennery and P. S. P. Dumanoir.

"West of the Water Tower"

Starring GLENN HUNTER, with Ernest Torrence and May McAvoy. Supported by George Fawcett and Zazu Pitts. Directed by Rollin Sturgeon. Adapted by Doris Schroeder from the novel by Homer Croy

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A Sam Wood production, with Bebe Daniels, Dorothy Mackaill, James Rennie, George Fawcett, Mary Eaton, Warner Oland, Hale Hamilton and others. Adapted by Monte Katterjohn from the famous novel by Arthur Train.

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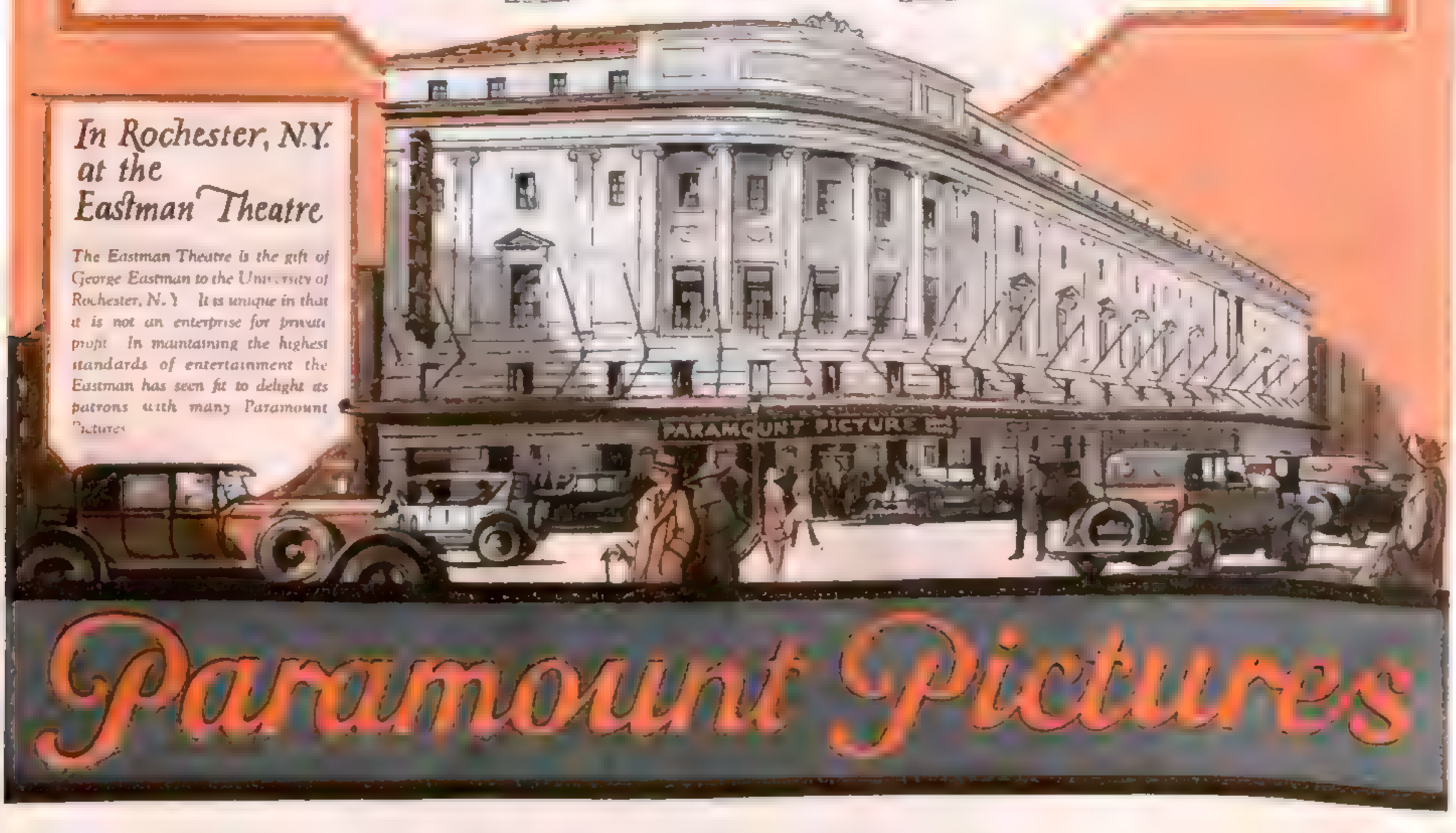


Paramount Pictures

(Continued from Page 82)

Slowly recognition came to David Cooper's face and he crossed the street with hand outstretched to the old man, while from my hiding place I watched with painfully beating heart. The weather being so warm I had opened a ventilator and so could hear perfectly.

"Jake!" said Dave. "For the love of heaven, how come?"

"On the train, same as you, I reckon!" said Jake, chuckling, and shaking Easy's arm as if it had been a pump handle. "My, it's good to see you, boy!"

"And you, too, Jake!" said Easy. "So this is where you disappeared to, you old stinging lizard! I'll be hanged if it isn't funny, running into you like this!"

"Where you goin' ter?" said Jake. "Back home?"

"Why, yes," said Easy. "I'm on my way to the depot now. Had plenty of time, so I was walking over for the exercise! And to think I nearly took another street. I wouldn't have missed seeing you for a lot! Any messages for the folks in Little Cape?"

"Only fer the white folks!" replied Jake, spitting. "Give the ones thet belong my regards, and give them foreign ones thet run me out—why, give 'em hell!"

Easy laughed.

"I'll do that!" said he. "Well, I guess I'd better be getting along. Fine to see you, Neptune! You'll come back to us up in Massachusetts some day, I hope!"

He lifted up his bag and would have gone, but Jake caught him by the coat.

"Hold on!" he cried. "Don't you want to say a word to Nancy Steerforth? She's right inside!"

Easy stopped instantly, arrested in the very act of moving away, and standing as still as a painted figure. I shrank back, trembling.

"The hell you say!" he exclaimed. "In this store? What's she doing—buying oil paintings?"

Jake laughed his foolish cackle.

"Buying nothin'!" said he. "This is where she works!"

"Is that so?" said Easy in a cold voice. "How long has she been working here, eh?"

"Oh, she just come recent!" said Jake, delighted to be able to spread a bit of news. "She and the boss is real thick, accordin' to Miss Leonard—that's the typewriter woman!"

"You don't tell!" said Easy grimly. "Very interesting! And who is the boss, Jake?"

"A feller named Adrian Lee, but Russian!" said Jake. "You better run in and josh her a mite, Easy, or you're liable to wake up and find your nose broke one of these days!"

"And she's here now!" said Easy. "Well, thanks for the tip, Jake, old man—it ought to be useful!"

He was making for the door. In another instant he would enter. What was I to do? A mad fear possessed me, and I did a foolish thing. I turned and ran, blindly, hopelessly, as if it were possible to escape him in that narrow place. But such was my fear of facing him that I went a little crazy and fled for Adrian's private office.

As I reached the door Easy's voice was upon me.

"Nancy!" he called "What's the matter? It's only Dave!"

But I couldn't wait. My feet were moving automatically now, despite the fact of his heavy pursuit, which gained on me with such appalling swiftness. I entered Adrian's room and stood at bay, my back to his open roll-top desk, the palms of my hands upon it. An instant later Easy had entered and stood towering above me.

"Nancy!" he said breathlessly. "Why do you run away? There is no disgrace in working, hon! You should have told me; I am proud of you for doing it. Why hide on me like this? Why ——"

Suddenly he broke off for an instant, and then his voice shattered the moment's pause. It was as if another man spoke—a stranger.

"So that is why!" said he.

I followed his gaze to where it had become riveted to something upon Adrian's desk, and then I understood. Under the edge of my hand lay the snapshot of which I had denied all knowledge.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MY CRYSTAL BALL

(Continued from Page 32)

to the headquarters of the party she has selected.

Progressive Republicans and Independent Democrats are generally absorbed sooner or later by one of the three parties I have mentioned. They are individual until beaten at the polls, after which they generally become docile and amenable to reason.

I was surprised when I was asked to head the Woman's Committee of the Citizens' Committee to campaign for Alfred E. Smith, who had been nominated for the first time as the Democratic candidate for governor of the State of New York, although he had always held minor offices.

I evidently seemed promising timber in the minds of the leaders. I had met Al Smith many years before, together with our present state senator, Jimmy Walker. I thought them both fine fellows. The war had made me a staunch Democrat.

I took to my new associates and to my new environment with real delight. I entered into this unexpected job with enthusiasm. I became a good campaigner, for I could talk so as to hold attention and could write copy which the crowd would read. I studied my political catechism day and night until I had mastered enough data to serve in the emergency of platform heckling.

To get a ticket over was an intensive preoccupation. It had to be quick work in limited time. There is an excitement in a campaign which only those who have been participants in it can really understand. It is the one experience which to my mind is as full of thrills as is the taking of a three-pound black bass with an eight-ounce trout rod. Both produce a tingling effect.

Mother Casey

I soon became acquainted with the so-called bosses, which word is as little understood as is any other in the dictionary. After five years of intimate acquaintance with these men who presumably command our political destinies, let me state that I am still looking for bosses in the ordinary conception of the word.

I have found, on the contrary, that persuasion and not coercion is the influence which produces the actual leadership. Heart rule and not head rule is the real asset of the Democratic Party.

During the winter of 1918 and 1919 I became more and more affiliated with politics. I was threatened with chronic indigestion owing to the public banquets I attended, and with a permanent paralysis of my vocal cords due to the eternal speechmaking for which I was slated. However, all this was to be temporarily cut short.

In June, 1919, I sailed for Europe in a dual capacity. Secretary Franklin K. Lane selected me to go abroad in the interests of the Department of the Interior, there to present his farm scheme to the soldiers who were slowly returning, and to show them that they could take up land in either small or large acreage which would enable them to build homes and to earn livings. The plan as then worked out by Secretary Lane was practical and convincing. During the three months I was working at the proposition I succeeded in turning into the department some fifteen thousand applications. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Lane never succeeded in securing the appropriation he required in order to make his project operative, thus these applications were doubtless thrown into the scrap basket.

At this time the Knights of Columbus, who during the war had sternly refused to introduce women into their overseas service, suddenly decided, as I have always insisted, that, as I was neither young nor beautiful, they could safely ask me to go over in their interests to travel about through their still existing centers, to make suggestions as to their peace needs and to tie up any loose ends of their work which I might happen to find. Thus I sailed away to serve both our Government and this great organization to the best of my ability.

Of all my experiences in life I think that this reached the climax of my enjoyment. I was in splendid physical condition and the word "tired" was never in my vocabulary, although I had just celebrated my sixty-third birthday.

On reaching France I reveled for the first time in the luxury of going about in a car which was militarized. The U. S. A. on the door was a magic sign. We never had to stop at an *octroi*, our papers were never examined, gasoline could be had in every barrack yard by merely showing our passbook. Privileges such as I had never dreamed of were ours for the mere asking. No speed laws were imposed, no restrictions were in evidence. In fact, of all spoiling habits easily acquired and never to be forgotten this was the most agreeable.

I was told that, discouraging as it might seem, my errand so far as addressing audiences was concerned, was hopeless. The men had been practically talked to death by representatives of every welfare organization then operating abroad.

My first experience was at Le Mans, where in the K. of C. clubhouse about two hundred had crowded in. I was asked to repeat this talk to some three hundred more on the following morning. Then I went on to Bordeaux and to St.-Nazaire, with the audiences ever increasing. The K. of C. secretaries were called Casey. In the minds of the boys this didn't seem to be quite the proper trade-mark for me, so suddenly I found myself referred to as Mother Casey, by which name I was known during my entire trip. At the end of a fortnight I was surprised to receive a wire from the general headquarters in Paris, there to report at once.

I responded as quickly as possible, and thus had my first audience with General Pershing. He looked at me quizzically and I know wanted to address me as "young woman." He had the habit of gallantry, but he couldn't quite get to this.

"What hypnotic influence have you been using, Miss Marbury? My officers report that you are playing to full houses."

I laughed and answered, "For thirty years, general, I've been learning the secret."

"I want you," he continued, "to take your itinerary hereafter from me—beginning tomorrow at the Stadium, just outside of Paris. We have three thousand men stationed there, and Colonel Roberts, who is in charge, has assured me that at eleven o'clock you will have a big crowd to listen to you."

"Very well, sir, that suits me all right if I can make my voice carry."

"No fear of that. I am glad that we agree."

This interview was short and to the point, so under these conditions I began my obedience to army orders.

The Virtue in a Laugh

On reaching the Stadium next day I was faced with the fact that I was to stand in the open in front of the grand stand, which acted as a huge sounding board and which held about four thousand. When I looked at the towering rows and rows of men, I could readily believe that this was no overestimate of its capacity. However, General Pershing to the contrary, I was not sure that I could pitch my voice so that it really would be heard. Throwing back my head, I tried the effect by directing the tone toward the top rows.

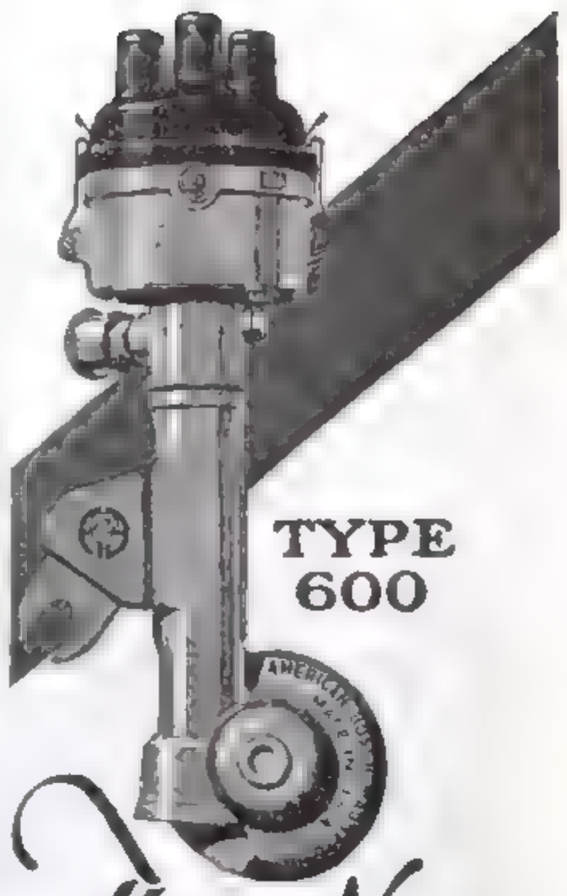
"Say, fellows, can you hear me up there?" I cried.

Judge my relief when the answer came back: "Sure we can hear you; you're all right; go to the mat!"

I found our troops everywhere in a very restless and disgruntled frame of mind. They resented the delays which still kept them in France. Their one idea was to get home. They had played the game. Hanging around in semi-idleness was boring. Nothing amused them any more. The novelty had worn off. I sensed this psychology at once. I never talked about the war, but about actualities and the future. America, not France was my theme. Even when I was with men who were minus arms and legs they wanted diversion, not sympathy. Thus a good laugh went far to help the situation and many a one we had together.

I was speaking one night at Romorantin in a very large balloon tent. The place was packed to overflowing. The young Jews

(Continued on Page 89)



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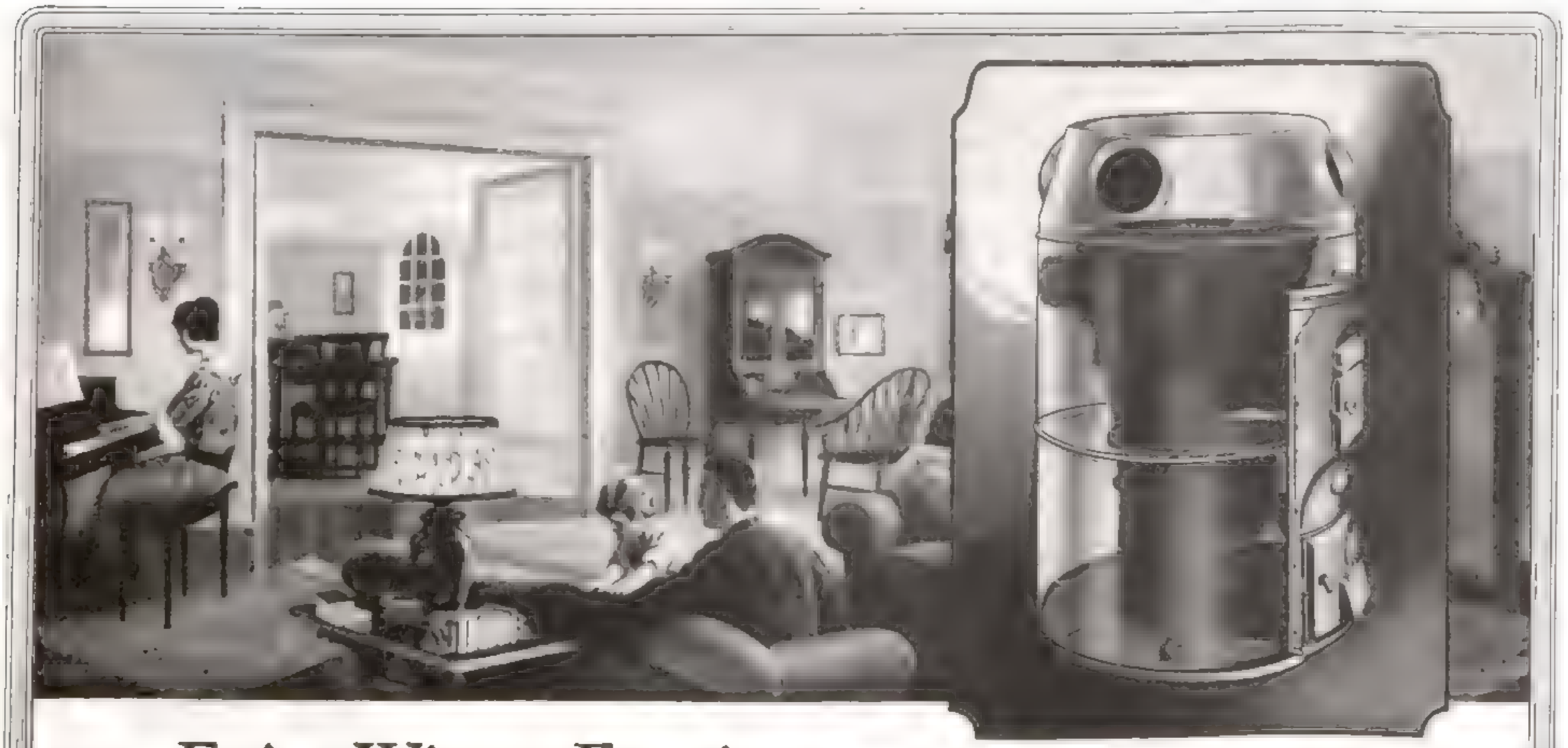

Enjoy Winter Evenings at Home

Throughout winter's bleak months, a good heating system is surely a great comfort.

It is the mission of every International Carton Warm Air Furnace not only to provide full winter-long heating comfort, but to do it at an exceptionally low **yearly** cost and with a minimum of attention.

Consider one of its features—the radiator. You never have to clean it. There is, in fact, no "clean out" door on the Carton.

The sides of its radiator rise **vertically** above the firepot. Soot cannot lodge there.

Not only does this save time and unpleasant work, but it also contributes substantially to fuel economy. A layer of soot collects in the usual type of radiator and insulates it against the heat from the fire. That soot wastes heat, except for the few hours following each cleaning.

The Carton's radiator is **self-cleaning,** therefore it is **always** soot-free. It never wastes heat through that agency.

That is one example of many Carton features of **design** that go to make it so satisfactory a heater. Furthermore, it is a long service heater. Instances where the Carton has served for 25 and even 30 years without a single repair are not uncommon.

For full information, write for booklet—"International Carton Warm Air Furnaces." Address Dept. A.

BRANCHES: New York, Chicago, Nashua, N. H., Cleveland

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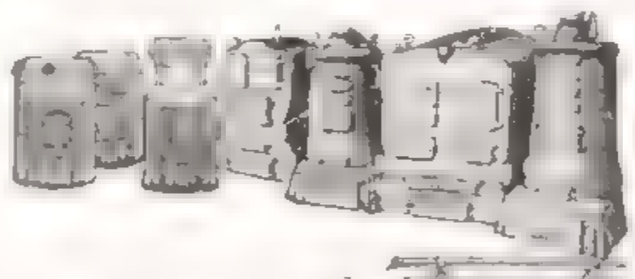
To illustrate another Carton feature: It has a triangular, revolving, herringbone grate, hung in a drop frame. (This is an exclusive "International" feature.) One simple operation lowers the grates for easy removal of any slate or clinkers that might lodge between grate bars.

The teeth of this grate are set at a slant. This provides a powerful shearing cut for easy and thorough removal of ashes.



Every International Heater (and we make all standard types, for steam, hot water, vapor steam and warm air heating) offers advantages equally as pronounced in its field as those of the Carton Furnace. Let the International name plate be a guide in your heater selection. You will assure yourself of lasting heating satisfaction.

The fund of heating knowledge gained through our 75 years' experience is at your disposal, if you want advice as to which type and size heater is best suited to your home. Our engineers' recommendations are without prejudice in favor of any one type, since we make them all. Send for Catalog, Chart and Question Blank. Address Dept. A.

INTERNATIONAL HEATER COMPANY
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
UTICA, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 87)

seemed my strong patrons, and as usual were on hand early, so as to be assured of the best seats. Suddenly an Irishman appeared, steering toward the front middle section, only to find every place taken. He was evidently not for prohibition, and his temper did not seem of the best. Standing and shouting, he exclaimed, "Things have come to a pretty pass when the O'Briens have no chance to hear Mother Casey because them bums have grabbed every dacent seat."

Realizing that in another minute we were in for a scrap, with a tone of clarion authority I cried: "Sit down, O'Brien! Behave yourself. If you hadn't come in so late you would have known that I have just opened a Jewish chapter of the Knights of Columbus."

He accepted my statement, rushed over to his presumably new associates, grasping each and every one of them fraternally by the hand.

On another occasion I was sitting outside of a big Red Cross building with some twenty lads gathered about me. I had noticed a long lank oldish fellow who was uninterruptedly chewing gum and whose personality was not unlike that of Will Rogers. Two youngsters were discussing the ever-popular theme, just girls. One expressed his preference for a blonde, whereas the other favored a brunette. At last they decided that the matrimonial choice didn't make much difference, after all, because in case of need the divorce court was always a solution.

A Qualified Expert

The elderly gentleman, who, I discovered, hailed from Nebraska and who until that moment had never broken his silence, drawled out, "You fellers seem to think dee-vorce is easy!"

"Listen to pop! What do you know about that?"

"Oh, enough, I reckon. It's a pretty costly business. If you go into it, you'll have to dig down pretty deep into your jeans!"

"Say, you're a wise guy, all right, but this is somethin' I bet you know nothin' about!"

"I don't, don't I? Wall, I reckon I must know sumthin' about dee-vorce, considerin' I'm payin' alimony now to three dames in the States!"

Our boys' sense of humor rarely failed, and it was comparatively easy to turn away their wrath. Reason also went a long way with them. In one place there were a lot of German prisoners directly opposite a contingent of three hundred of our negroes. I found the latter surly and resentful because they had discovered that the same rations were being served to them as to the prisoners. They kept jumping up to investigate the latter's chow while their own grew cold and unappetizing

When I realized the situation I called their attention to the folly of their conduct, saying that if I were in their places I would never allow the boches to ruin my meals, that if I found my soup cold on their account I would kick myself for being so many kinds of a fool. My logic was unanswerable and there were no more surly faces. Soon the jazz jingled on the old piano and the feet twinkled. The sun had broken out.

I was soon sent to Brest, where we still had over one hundred thousand men in camp. Pontarnesin, two miles out, was like a great city. The road was always very crowded and very dusty. I was booked to speak twice a day on an average, and the camp was so vast that the audience was sectional and varied. Occasionally I was loaned to the Navy.

One night, at the peril of life and limb, I was taken out to the flagship Bridgeport, which seemed a frightening distance from the pier. The launch was dancing so merrily that I dreaded to leave the solid ground. As we neared the ship my heart sank, for there hanging on the side was a wretched little rope ladder swaying in the wind. Turning to the young officer in charge of our boat I asked him whether for one moment he thought I would risk my life attempting such a feat as to climb on board the ship. He said the crew would make our boat secure. Two youths then proceeded to hook up to a little platform which was bobbing about like a cork. Two others were looking on as ornaments.

Entirely regardless of discipline I said, "Let those other two get busy. I need the whole crew to get me up that scaling ladder."

With the utmost difficulty the stunt was accomplished. Halfway up I saw an officer waiting on the deck to receive me formally.

"Come down and help me up," I exclaimed. "You're no good to me there!"

Having thus demoralized the Navy I spent rather a nice evening. I found a large audience easy to amuse. To my surprise no one knew why sailors were called gobs. I was as ignorant as the others, but suddenly had a luminous idea, which inspired me to say, "I know why you are gobs. G. O. B. stands for God's Own Boys."

This seemed to carry over so that subsequently the explanation went the rounds.

One of my experiences, showing how thoroughly we were detested by the French at that time, concerned a conversation I overheard while crossing the large public square in Brest, which had always been known as the Place d'Armes, but which a few months before had been changed to the Place du President Wilson. Two ladies were gazing at the recently erected sign and were volubly denouncing Wilson as the cause of all their country's misery. No epithet of abuse remained in their vocabulary.

When they paused for breath I stepped up to them and said, "Ladies, your conversation has been most edifying to me, an American, but I must remind you that only a few months ago you had to choose whether this square was to be the Place du President Wilson or the Place du Kaiser."

Having shot my 75 I turned on my heel, leaving the objectors to their own reflections.

The war brides who were waiting an opportunity to sail were a queer lot. In a group of four hundred there were not a dozen who seemed to me really good-looking or attractive. Never have I seen such a collection. They had come from all over, most of them apparently delighted to have wedding rings on their fingers, for with his pay and the low rate of exchange every doughboy was rated as a millionaire. Many of our men must have been ornamental liars, judging from the description of their home towns as given to these baby brides. I asked one of the girls where her husband lived.

She answered, "O-ee-o."

I inquired the name of the town.

A Popular Slogan

She replied that it was a place as large as Paris, that there were many theaters there, wonderful shops, all the fashions, that gayety was continuous and wealth abundant.

"But the name," I insisted. "Tell me the name."

"Ah, madame, it is hard to pronounce. I will write it for madame."

She scribbled it on a bit of paper. It was Xenia, Ohio, opposite Dayton.

Occasionally we had an excitement when some husband would try to slip away on the transport, leaving his wife in Brest. Then the services of an M. P. would be employed to drag him off the boat by the leg and to restore him to the waiting lady who had been abandoned on the pier. However, these connubial misunderstandings were usually straightened out by the officer in charge and by a few days of short rations dealt out to the culprit.

I found the best spirit prevailing everywhere in the huts of the Knights of Columbus. The magic words: "Everyone Welcome, Everything Free," did the trick. Jam, biscuits, cigarettes, chocolates—were words with which to conjure, but behind these creature comforts stood sympathy, an entire absence of any sectarian spirit, and a human understanding which was unfailing. The work done by this organization overseas needs no indorsement. It has become a matter of history, due to the reports brought back by our two million men.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Miss Marbury. The concluding article will appear in an early issue.

Bond Bread's flavor is helping the farmer

THE farmer is wheat-poor with 170 million more bushels than can be sold. Every time you eat an extra slice of bread you help the farmer. And by helping the farmer, you help the nation's prosperity and therefore yourself.

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Eat More Wheat

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SPRUCE JUNGLES

(Continued from Page 9)

The snowfall ceased and the skies cleared. Just at dusk of the third night there was a flurry of snow at the crest of a mound that indicated the presence of the buried logs of the blow-down, and a golden creature emerged, shook the snow from its fur and set forth across the white hills—Matsee, ravenously hungry and starting out again on the meat trail. By sheer chance she turned down country away from Anderson's trap line. The new snow was soft and fluffy and she sank deep at every leap. Other killers were abroad. She crossed the hot trail of a lynx, then those of three martens, the tracks of two weasels and a wolverine, but of hares or grouse she found no trace.

The great owls, too, were abroad, patrolling the air on silent wings. Matsee was twice startled by the snapping of a savage beak close overhead as some owl, attracted by the movement of her body across the snow, floated above her, prepared to strike before discovering the nature of its intended prey. She met a weasel as she leaped a snow-covered down log, and they passed with mutual snarls. Matsee spent a meatless night, and another. The beaks of the owls popped closer and when she chanced across another weasel, as savage as herself, he glared evilly and voiced his defiance.

Another few days of this and the usual respect between killers would crumble. The big owls would strike at any small creature that moved across the snow and engage it in mortal combat, regardless of the outcome. Matsee would fly at a weasel if opportunity offered, or even fight it out to the last with a member of her own tribe; and one would die that the other might live.

She came out on the third night, famished and desperate, ready to strike at any creature that moved. Instead, another killer, as hungry and desperate as herself, struck at her before she had traveled a mile. Matsee's nose apprised her of the nearness of the lynx, but she paid no heed, having found the big cats harmless. Two sets of unsheathed claws were stretched forth ahead of the huge gray form that was suddenly launched from behind an upturned root, but Matsee, the quickest creature of all the hills, darted to safety even as the lynx swept through the air; and once she was under way the big cat had no chance to catch the orange streak that faded into the gloom.

An hour later Matsee's back was suddenly gripped by pointed talons that pierced her flesh as a great horned owl struck from above without a sound to warn her. A heavy beak struck the base of her skull and closed with a pop, the curved point cleaving through hide and flesh till it scored the bone. Matsee whirled in her skin with a lightning twist, spitting forth a strangled snarl of murderous fury. Even as the beak descended again Matsee avoided it and drove her own fangs at the mass of feathers below the great head that towered above her. The first snap netted only a mouthful of feathers, and the wicked beak missed her eye by a narrow margin as it was driven against her skull. She struck deeper and set her teeth in the flesh of the breast beneath the soft sheath of feathers, shifted her hold to the throat, and while the talons still worked convulsively, stoking deeper into her own flesh, she literally beheaded the giant owl in a space of ten seconds. The gripping claws relaxed and the orange marten waited not to lick her own wounds before starting to feast upon the body of the owl that had intended to feed upon her own golden carcass. She gorged upon the hot quivering meat until the keen edge of her hunger was appeased, then desisted and cleansed her lacerated back, after which she resumed her meal and lingered until the last scrap had disappeared and there was only a whirl of barred feathers drifting round a bloody, trampled patch of snow to tell the tale of the clash between two accomplished killers of the spruce slopes.

Matsee holed up for a night and a day, alternately sleeping and dressing her hurts, then started out once more to hunt. Her wandering led her to a loop of Anderson's trap line and again she picked up that curious tantalizing trail that spoke of meat and whetted her lust to kill. She stopped to circle a lynx that padded about in a limited space, its foot clamped in a heavy trap that clanked as the cat shifted to and fro at the end of the chain. Another meatless mile along the trail and her nose caught the tidings that one of her own kind was just ahead; but the marten, a big male with a lustrous dark-brown pelt, greeted her with a display of ferocity that assumed the proportions of an insane frenzy as he struggled to reach her. Some mysterious force seemed to hold him back, and as Matsee hopped curiously about the spot the marten struck repeatedly at some object that was fastened upon his foot and which gave off a harsh grating sound as his teeth clashed against it.

These things failed to warn Matsee or to rouse her caution and when, a bit farther along the trail, she located a portion of dead grouse fastened to the trunk of a spruce some six feet above the snow, she darted up the leaning runway log without hesitation, but as her forepaw was planted on the flattened end of the log where it met the tree the member was gripped by steel jaws that closed upon it with a powerful snap.

Matsee gave a convulsive leap that carried her to the end of the trap chain, then was jerked back against the trunk of the tree. That first wild spring and rebound exerted a leverage that snapped the bone of her foreleg. She fought the thing that gripped her foot, grinding her teeth upon it in savage desperation, but she dangled helplessly at the end of the chain and so could exert but a portion of her strength in the fight against the trap. The sharp end of the fractured bone pierced through the hide and its cutting edge sheared away the flesh as Matsee struggled. She fought until entirely exhausted and swung listlessly at the end of the chain. The intense cold froze the injured foot, in which all circulation had ceased.

When her strength returned Matsee resumed her desperate struggle and the sharp edge of the bone cut into the frozen flesh with every twist of her body. All sense of pain had departed and the frozen member retained no more sensitiveness than the trunk of the tree against which the orange marten floundered.

One of her desperate flings served partially to dislodge the slanting runway log and it shifted over against the trap chain. Matsee secured a foothold upon it and writhed on top, resting there, motionless and spent. Matsee sprawled on the sloping runway log, her injured foot cramped across it before her. As her strength returned once more she gnawed at the frozen shreds of lacerated flesh and hide around the protruding bone of the fracture. There was no feeling there and she struck impartially at both the trap and the foot it held. When sufficiently revived to resume the struggle she flung herself once more at the trap, then leaped into the air. There was a sickening jar as she reached the end of the chain, but her body continued its flight through the air. She fell in a soft drift and floundered there.

After resting she started on, still keeping to the trail. Even this experience had not made her trap-shy, and when she reached the next set she devoured the jay that hung in the trap, then mounted the runway stick without hesitation and tore down the meat that had been fastened there for bait. Thus fortified she wandered on, chance directing her footsteps upcountry, away from the trap line and toward the mouth of a deep gorge, where she holed up for a nap.

Upon emerging from her retreat she followed on up the cañon and crossed out into the open at the head of it, dropping down into the crease of another that led away to a dense jungle of spruce. Accident had guided Matsee through the lowest pass in the main divide and she dropped down on Anderson's home side of the range and reached a country where, since his trapping campaign of three years past, killers had been few indeed, while small life had increased. So Matsee came into a land of meat in plenty. The hills swarmed with squirrels, hares and grouse, while the voices of nutcrackers and jays resounded continually through the frosty air.

And on the far slope of the divide Anderson, the trapper, carried a golden foot in his pocket, and as he visited each trap set he hoped he would find there the creature that had worn it. He reaped a harvest of fur, but failed to find the aroma, he sought fast in any trap. As the months passed he came to believe that the strange marten with the golden feet had died of its wounds and that its pelt would never be seen by man.

The stump of Matsee's amputated foot healed over and troubled her not at all, and she acquired sufficient dexterity with her one remaining forepaw to compensate for the loss of the missing member. Even with this handicap, her agility was such that the swiftest squirrel could not escape her in mad flight through the tree tops. The orange marten wandered for fifty miles along that slope of the divide. She crossed the trails of other killers that had drifted in from overtrapped regions or from localities where meat was scarce; martens, lynxes and weasels left their tracks in the drifts. Fur sign increased as the months went by, for each new arrival, instead of wandering on, lingered in the land of plenty.

During the late winter there was a marked difference in the marten trails that Matsee crossed in the snow. Instead of traveling singly or in family groups, the whole marten tribe seemed to be traveling in couplets. Always there were two tracks together or following a parallel course. Matsee was filled with a strange yearning for the companionship of her kind. She chanced across two martens, but when she approached with intent to join them the she marten of the couplet first punished her male escort, who would have welcomed Matsee, then turned her teeth upon the intruder and attacked Matsee with such venomous fury as to discourage the orange marten's advances. On another occasion she was similarly repulsed by the female marten of a couplet that Matsee would have joined.

Then there came a day when Matsee whirled at a sound behind her. Matsin, the boar marten, was following her trail. When he approached too close Matsee whirled and snarled, hopping toward him with bared teeth. The wary old boar retreated, but followed in the wake of the orange marten as Matsee resumed her way. For two days and nights Matsin clung doggedly to her trail, never far behind, always warned away when he ventured too near the golden creature whom he wooed, denning near her when Matsee napped in a windfall jam, emerging to follow whenever she elected to move on. Then a lone she marten appeared. The first Matsee knew of the intruder's presence was when she turned to find that her escort had strayed from her trail and was angling off at a tangent. The wind bore the tidings of the stranger that had lured him, and Matsee, in a fit of rage, overhauled her fickle companion and fell upon him with such fury that he fled up the trunk of a spruce to escape her punishing teeth, after which exercise of discipline she whirled down upon the temptress and put her to rout.

The two martens traveled on together, but after a space of two weeks they grew mutually indifferent and Matsin strayed off, to appear no more.

Occasional chinooks swept the hills with a warm breath that thawed and packed the loose drifts, but always the cold clamped down again. Matsee came at last to a deep rent in the hills, a gorge of goodly proportions, its upper extremity opening out above timber line. The steep slopes were clothed with dense jungles of spruce and fir, split by narrow streaks from which all trees had been swept by snowslides, its floor clogged with windfalls and littered with slide rock and debris. The drifts would linger here till late summer, for the rays of the sun could penetrate the depths of this gloomy cañon but for a few hours at midday. Here Matsee found meat in greater abundance than in any other spot where her rambles had led her, and she decreased her range, wandering through the five-mile length of the cañon, but confining her hunting to its limits.

As the spring advanced, Matsee began exploring hollow trunks and various cavities of the rocks, eventually selecting a combination of both—a rock slide whose base was buried beneath a mass of timber and other débris swept from the slope above by an avalanche. Here she denned, but presently emerged to take the meat trail with all her old-time vigor. She was constantly hungry, for now there were four tiny creatures in the den, and the drain upon Matsee's strength was in proportion.

Anderson pulled his traps during the last week in February and crossed back to the home slope of the divide. He was not surprised to find the tracks of fur bearers more numerous than for some years past. Small animal and bird life, the natural prey of furred killers, had increased enormously, and, as always, the fur folk had drifted in. The signs indicated that the fur crop of the following fall would be sufficiently large to permit of his trapping from the home cabin at the mouth of the gorge, which spot he reached within a few days after Matsee's arrival in the vicinity. In common with most trappers, Anderson was somewhat of an observer, and, in the intervals between trapping, hunting for meat and otherwise harassing the forest folk, he enjoyed their companionship.

The gorge that sheltered his home cabin also furnished cover for a profusion of wild life, this variety and abundance due in part to the natural advantages of the country, but more to the fact that Anderson procured his meat elsewhere and reserved this gorge for his laboratory of the great outdoors, suffering its residents to go unmolested.

After setting his household affairs in shape Anderson wandered up the cañon, it being his custom to while away his leisure hours there. Jays, hares and grouse were unusually plentiful, but the spring migrants had not yet returned and the hibernating animals were still sleeping the long sleep in their burrows. He sat upon a rock that rose above the snow, and soon the daring Canada jays drew near. He tossed scraps of food about him and the birds ventured so near as to secure morsels within a few inches of his boots. The mystery that shrouded the secret of the gray jay's nesting habits had ever intrigued Anderson's interest. Variously known as whisky jack, meatbird and camp robber, the Canada jay's sociability and saucy boldness were matters of everyday knowledge in the winter woods, yet no wanderer of the wilds had found the nest and eggs of this familiar bird. Neither had any man reported seeing the young of the species, half feathered and learning to fly. Anderson had long suspected that the whisky jack nested during the late winter months, which supposition, however, could not account for his failure to observe a single young bird of the species during his many winters on the trap line.

The jays gathered about him in numbers as he scattered more food. He idly observed the actions of one that sat upon a drift a dozen yards from him. A jay that had secured a scrap of food flew to a low limb to devour it, passing just above the bird on the snow, and that individual tilted up its head and opened wide its beak, retaining this gaping pose for perhaps two seconds. Another bird passed above it with a scrap of food, and again the bird on the snow repeated the performance of tilting back its head and opening wide its mouth; and the man suddenly straightened with an exclamation of surprise as the significance of the action dawned upon him. The bird was hoping to receive food from those who passed over with food in their bills. This, then, was the key to the mystery. Young whisky jacks, hatched in late winter instead of during the summer months, when other birds nested, remained in the nest until fully feathered out, and consequently differed not at all in appearance from the older birds. This jay on the snow was a young bird, one that had not been out of the nest for a space sufficient to eliminate its expectation of receiving food from other birds; hence the uplifted head and distended mouth as birds with food passed overhead. In his excitement at this discovery Anderson shifted his position and the bird flew to a low limb, then descended again to the snow, but on the far side of a windfall jam with a thicket of tag alder beyond.

The man watched as best he could while the bird hopped about among the alders. Anderson, elated over the fact that he could now testify to having seen a young Canada jay, hoped to see the bird repeat the act that had first enlightened him, a hope that was destined to remain unfulfilled.

There was sudden flurry of snow among the alders, one sharp cry from the stricken jay, then a clamorous outburst from a dozen others as they sought the safety of the trees. Some creature had struck the jay, but its leap had carried both the slayer and the victim behind the log jam and beyond Anderson's range of view, but not before he had caught one brief glimpse of a

Continued on Page 94

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This advertisement is not printed by the Rotogravure process, but the sepia tint serves to identify this modern form of journalism

The Eye Witness of World Events

EXPERT camera men cover the earth—risk life and limb—climb mountains, descend into the sea, soar miles high in aeroplanes, face storm and fire, volcano, earthquake, the rage of wild beast; that you may sit peacefully at home and *see* what is going on in the world.

The Rotogravure Section of your paper is the eye witness of all things beautiful, all things great. The Rotogravure Section brings you not opinions, not descriptions which tax imagination, but things, places and personages *as they are*. Truthful, unbiased, carefully edited and supervised, Rotogravure gives you live world news instantly.

If your paper includes a Rotogravure Section, the publisher has spared no expense to serve you all that can be asked of modern journalism, and you will find it listed in company with the finest newspapers published in America.

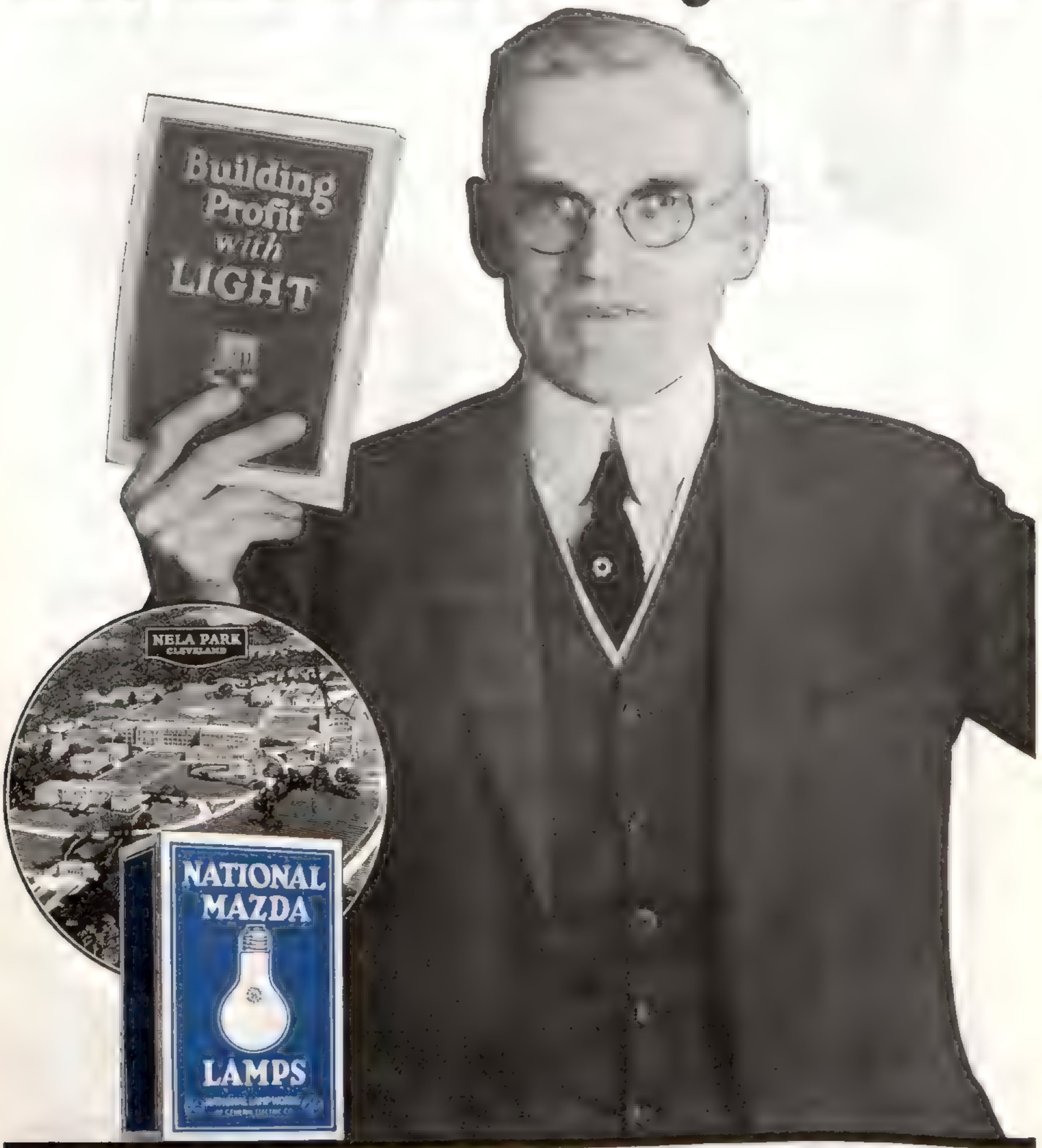
Kimberly-Clark Company

Neenah, Wis.

NEW YORK, 20 Cham[illegible] St. CHICAGO, 208 S. La Salle St. LOS ANGELES, 240 W. Fifth St.

"AS YOU WOULD SEE IT IF YOU WERE THERE"

Get the Full Story of this



NATIONAL MAZDA

Show Window Lighting Test

It Showed this Amazing Result–

Originally, the windows where the test was made, were lighted just about like the average of the neighboring stores. By making them *six times* as bright as they were, 42% more passersby were attracted and stopped to look at the merchandise displayed.

–and the Additional Cost for Lighting Was Only Ten Cents an Hour!

The test referred to, which was conducted at the Cleveland store of Oppenheim, Collins & Company, provides a definite measure of the value of *more light* for every merchant who desires to increase the drawing power of show windows.

When people stop before show windows lighted in the ordinary or average way, they can usually *see* the merchandise displayed. But to *make* them stop, and to *pull more* people to *your* windows against the competition of other store windows, you need *more brightness* than the average store windows have.

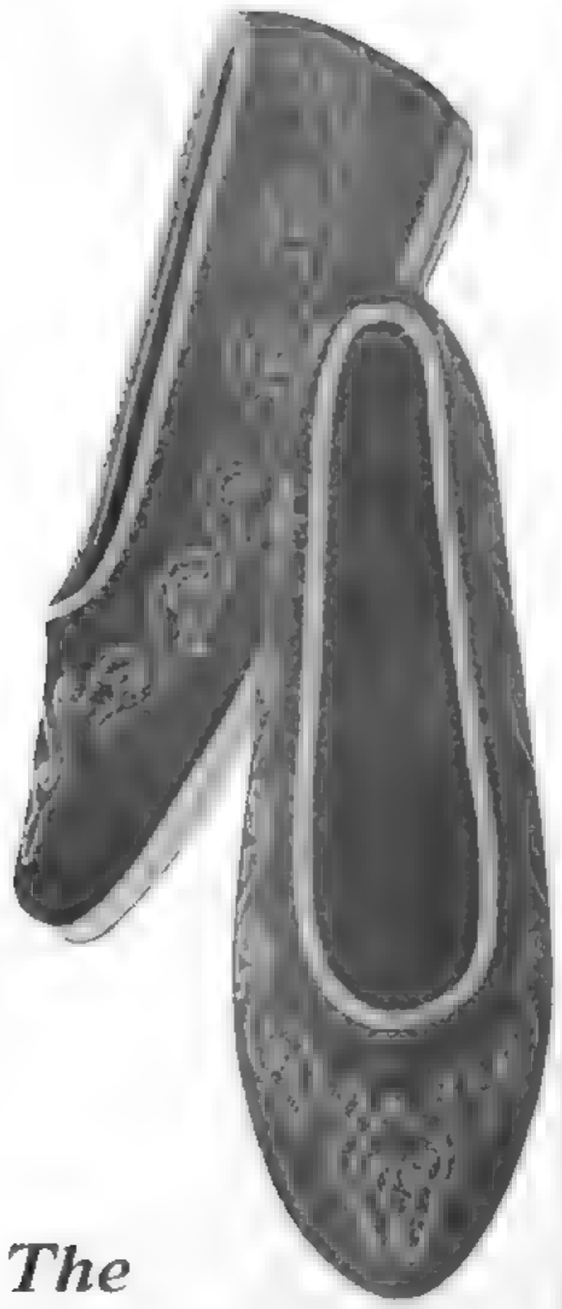
Store men in all lines are always conscious of the value of their show windows, and of the necessity of making them pay the largest possible dividends in sales. But relatively *few* merchants realize what amazing results they can obtain in their own stores by using *more* light than they have heretofore considered *enough*.

The test referred to here is described with full details in a book called—"Building Profit With Light". You ought to read the full story of this test, because you can do the same thing and get a similar result in your own store.

Send the Coupon Now!

LAMPS *For Store Lighting*

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS, of General Electric Company
Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio
Please send me a copy of your new store lighting booklet, "Building Profit with Light".
Name
Street
City
State



The
Chinese Note
in slippers

Grace, beauty and delightful color contrast please the eye. "The Mandarin" in CosyToes Slippers is distinctly "the thing" at this time. It's the Chinese motif.

Like all CosyToes styles, it has the "quality look" for it is quality made. CosyToes Slippers are tailored to fit correctly. They are made of the finest felts, satins, leathers and brocades.

They are obtainable in delicate shades and colorings which match the attractive house dress or the charming negligee.

CosyToes are carried by the better shoe merchants who price them reasonably when you consider their style, quality and satisfactory service.

CosyToes
The Restful Slipper

California's suggestions for true restfulness

Standard Felt Co.
West Alhambra, Calif.

(Continued from Page 90)

golden figure flashing through the alder thicket.

Anderson leaped to his feet, swayed by conflicting emotions: anger over this sudden interruption at the very moment when he had been upon the verge of solving the mystery of the whisky jack; elation over the swift realization that the strange creature whose foot he carried might still prove to be alive.

He had leaped to his feet to peer over the windfall, but its height was such as to obstruct his view, and by the time he had mounted the first tier of logs there was nothing to see except a few feathers that drifted over the snow. Both the stricken jay and the creature that had slain it had faded from sight in the maze of tag alders. Anderson studied the tracks in the drift, undoubtedly those of a marten, and presently he found prints sufficiently plain to indicate a missing forefoot. That, coupled with his brief glimpse of an orange-hued creature, furnished ample evidence that the creature was the same whose foot he carried in his pocket. Again he planned the trap line he would put out six months hence, and once more he was picturing the golden marten fast in the trap, netting him a pelt the like of which no man had seen. This pleasant abstraction served to dissipate his irritation over the unexpected ending of his observations. However, he was to suffer a series of such disconcerting incidents.

Warm winds fanned the drifts, and as spring advanced, the ground squirrels and chipmunks, having hibernated during the long winter, came forth from their burrows to chatter and scold and bask in the sun. The migratory birds that had winged their way southward ahead of the big snows now returned to the hills. The voices of sparrows, finches and other songsters rang through the thickets. Woodpeckers and flickers drummed strident tattoos on the trunks of dead trees. Scores of grouse, dusky, ruffed and Franklin's, nested in the gorge, and Matsee found meat in abundance.

She came from the den in midafternoon of a day when her kits were three weeks old. As she smoothed her fur before starting out on the hunt, she raised her head to listen. The shrill whistle of a ground squirrel sounded from above, but she knew that it came from afar. Then she set off down the gorge, every sense alert. The chattering shrieks of a pair of quarreling sapsuckers drifted to her ears; the voice of a white-crowned sparrow and the song of an olive-backed thrush, that shy songster of the tangled alder thickets; the plaintive note of a Townsend's solitaire from high among the spruce tips. The booming ventriloquial hoot of a dusky grouse sounded from somewhere ahead—that low-pitched c-o-o-m! c-o-o-m! c-o-o-m! seeming now near, now far; at one time apparently emanating from the thicket a few feet ahead, at the next moment seeming to come from a distance of a mile or more down the gorge. The wind was wrong and Matsee could not catch the scent; but she knew that sound and advanced warily.

A big cock grouse stepped into an open glade, the air chambers on the sides of his neck inflated to full capacity, his wings trailing and tail spread fanwise like that of a strutting turkey, a handsome figure as he paraded his charms before his less flashy mate. Matsee circled swiftly to come upon the strutting grouse from behind the tuft of a tiny young spruce. She took advantage of every available bit of cover, moving silently and drawing ever closer to her prey. When within ten feet she gathered her muscles for the final rush, then pounced with incredible speed. The grouse launched into the air, but the flashing form closed with him as he cleared the ground. His startled mate was off with a roar of wings, feathers puffed aloft, fanned by the drumming wings of the old cock as Matsee's teeth ripped open his throat.

Anderson, seated on a log fifty yards away, had been an interested spectator, watching this love-making scene in the glade, a domestic picture that presaged an increase in his colony. But the promise of a brood of dusky grouse to swell the population of the gorge was forever cut short by the rush of the lithe killer.

The four young martens were soon eating meat themselves, and Matsee's killing increased. Anderson grumbled irritably over every fresh evidence of this widespread slaughter among the small folk he had protected and which he had come to call his own, viewing them much as a farmer views the poultry that scratch round his yard, and if Matsee's pelt had been other than that golden shade he would have put an end to her depredations; but he could not quite make up his mind to kill her while the bright orange fur was unprime and so destroy his chances of taking it on the trap line during the coming fall. He resigned himself to her ravages among his colonists—and these ravages were great.

He located the nest of a ruffed grouse. An adjacent down log furnished a drumming place for the cock partridge, and Anderson frequently repaired to the spot and watched the flashy bird strutting on the log, his neck ruff distended and the tail spread fanwise. There was much argument among men as to just how the ruffed grouse drummed; some contending that the tips of the whirring wings were brought into contact with either side of the log and so produced the sound, others that the wings were fanned against the inflated chest of the bird itself and that the body, not the log, furnished the sounding board of the drum. Time and again the trapper watched the cock partridge at his drumming, the wings moving slowly at first, then fanning with such rapidity that the motion was blurred. One day Anderson sought the spot, but the grouse failed to put in an appearance. The scattered eggshells furnished evidence that some animal had made a meal of the eggs; and there were feathers to indicate that the hen bird had been killed on the nest.

A family of ground squirrels had grown fat and lazy in the little meadow before Anderson's cabin. The trapper fed them the scraps from his table and the mother squirrel took food from his hand. Two chipmunks made hourly trips to the log back of the house to search for the food he placed there. Then the ground squirrels were no longer seen in the meadow and the chipmunks came no more to the log. Deep in the thicket of tag alders Anderson located the nest and eggs of the shy olive-backed thrush, the first he had ever found. When he returned again to the spot there were feathers about, and the two eggs were gone from the nest.

A hen Franklin's grouse, the fool hen of the hills, clucked fearlessly within a few feet of the trapper whenever he neared her retreat, the tiny chicks scattering to hide, remaining motionless while the intruder lingered near, their fluffy bodies blending with the litter of the forest floor to a degree that rendered them practically indistinguishable. This family, too, disappeared. One after another his wild friends were sacrificed to keep life in the ravenous brood of young martens. Anderson cursed Matsee most cordially, and on a dozen occasions he swore to rid the gorge of her presence, but each time he held his hand. Perhaps the shades of departed Bannocks nodded approval to his forbearance, for one of their own tribesmen had lost patience and had slain a golden marten before the appointed day.

The three varieties of grouse, instead of increasing to proportions of untold profusion, as the trapper had hoped, had almost disappeared from the gorge. The bark of pine squirrels was seldom heard in the cañon and all small life diminished in proportion. Then, at last, as is the way of martens, Matsee led her brood from the cañon and started wandering over the hills.

When the big snows came again and the fur was prime, Anderson spread his traps through the hills. He reaped a goodly harvest of fur, but the months passed and his hopes of finding the orange marten fast in a trap decreased, then died. The sacrifice of his colony apparently had been in vain and he regretted that he had not exterminated the marten brood. Most of all he regretted that interruption at the moment that he had been observing the Canada jay that he believed was a young bird just from the nest. During the last week of February Anderson started out over the trap line, pulling each set as he reached it. Fur had grown scarce and for the first two days of the round he failed to find a single catch in his traps; and as he traveled he speculated as to the probable fate of the orange marten. Doubtless she had winterkilled and the shining pelt was rotting beneath the snow in some obscure pocket of the hills.

But Matsee was still alive and following the meat trail. By accident her footsteps had led through a deep cañon and she had followed through to its head and crossed out over the main divide before the big snows fell. She had faced a scarcity of meat and had often been hard pressed to survive, but had managed to winter through. At last she crossed back through a pass in the range and dropped down on Anderson's slope of the hills.

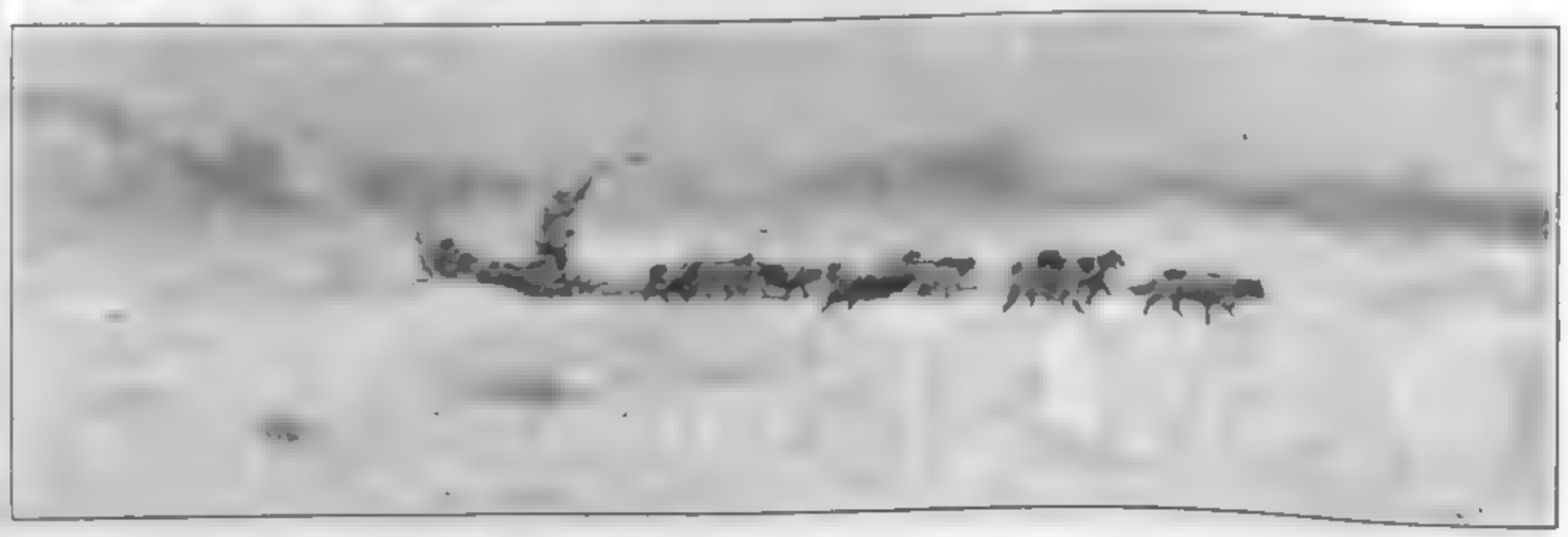
She was hungry and desperate. Then she reached a strange track in the snow—a broad packed trail that reeked of meat—and she turned to dart swiftly along its course.

The next morning Anderson broke camp at dawn and set forth to pull his last string of traps. Not one pelt graced the toboggan that he towed behind him over the trail and he had lost interest in his few remaining sets. The chance of making a catch was slight since he had trapped the most of the fur out of his district. He pulled the first two traps and neared the next set without looking up as he leaned forward under the strain of dragging the heavily loaded toboggan up the steep grade.

Suddenly he stopped and stared. There, a few feet before him, a creature of golden hue hung in a trap against the trunk of a spruce, the wind rippling through the lustrous orange fur.

The golden pelt was his, and in his elation Anderson drove his trapping ax into the tree. The impact sent a shiver up the frozen trunk and a dark form darted from the heavy tuft of limbs near the top of the spruce. The jay left without a sound and disappeared among the trees.

The trapper lifted the orange marten from the trap, then stepped back and peered up into the spruce. He peeled off his jacket and mounted the trunk, working upwards through the maze of limbs to the point from which the whisky jack had darted at the stroke of his ax. Thus it came to pass that when Anderson came out of the hills in the spring he brought with him both the pelt of a golden marten and the nest and eggs of a Canada jay.



Better Music—and More of it—with a Gulbransen

What a joy to go to your Gulbransen and play what you want, when you want to!

What a satisfaction to play so well—with such *genuine expression*—that, aside from the personal pleasure of *producing* the music, it is a real treat for anybody to hear you!

But—playing alone, or entertaining a group of friends—you'll want the particular music that fits your mood, or the occasion. You'll want *variety*.

Variety—certainly the Gulbransen gives you that. For *the Gulbransen plays all music rolls*—any kind—any make—even electric reproducing rolls. *It gives you a greater library of music than any player-piano!*

A piano you can play, in a musicianly way—because it *registers* your exact touch, your time, your expression. A piano so easy to play you scarcely know you are using the pedals. And that plays *any music roll!* Can you imagine anything that holds for you and yours such endless possibilities for downright enjoyment, entertainment and fun?

Instruction Rolls, too—showing how to play correctly—without extra charge—with every Gulbransen

GULBRANSEN-DICKINSON COMPANY, *Chicago*

Canadian Distributors:
Mutual Sales Service, Limited
79 Wellington Street West, Toronto

Every piano should be tuned at least twice a year, especially the Gulbransen, because it is used more.

Nationally Priced
Branded in the Back

Dealers!

The Gulbransen offers a remarkable opportunity in a clean-cut, Nationally-Advertised, Nationally-Priced line. Write for particulars.

Gulbransen TradeMark "Easy to Play"

Send This Baby for a Baby

CHECK COUPON

☐ Check here if you do *not* own a piano

☐ Check here if interested in having player action installed in your piano.

Write name and address in margin. Mail to GULBRANSEN-DICKINSON COMPANY, 3232 W. Chicago Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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(Pronounced Gul-BRAN-sen)

GULBRANSEN
The *Registering* Piano

Registers YOUR TOUCH • *Registers* YOUR TIME • *Registers* YOUR EXPRESSION • *Registers* YOUR INDIVIDUALITY

Fastidious people everywhere use it systematically to be on the safe and polite side

Ask your best friend—*if you dare*

FRIENDS constantly dodge this subject; even wives and husbands usually avoid it. It's a thing that people simply do not talk about.

Your friends won't tell you if you are guilty, and the insidious thing about it all is that you, yourself, are in all likelihood innocent of being an offender this way.

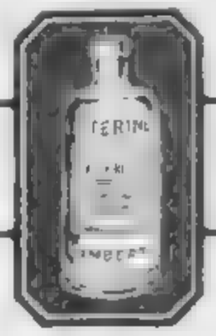
The one fortunate thing about halitosis (which is the medical term for unpleasant breath) is that there is one sure, simple way of being on the safe and polite side.

That is by the systematic use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. Fastidious people everywhere have adopted Listerine this way as a daily habit—as regular as the use of the tooth brush.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis is due to some deep-seated, organic disorder that requires professional advice; but usually—and fortunately—it is only a local condition that yields quickly to the regular use of Listerine.

It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these peculiar properties as a breath deodorant. It halts food fermentation and leaves the breath fresh, sweet and clean. At the same time Listerine is very valuable in combating sore throat.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For **HALITOSIS**  *use* **LISTERINE**

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 28

"That is indeed remarkable," said the first old naturalist. "In that relation I might recall that when I was an aviator I was much incommoded when flying south in the autumn by wild ducks and geese which tried to hop rides on my machine."

"Very annoying, I'm sure," said the third old naturalist. "But you must admit that the beasts have learned from us some traits of value to them. A very curious case came under my observation. I was making some studies of animal behavior in Australia; for a time I traveled with a small circus. A certain kangaroo in that circus was trained to do a boxing act; he became very proficient; so proficient indeed that on one occasion when the circus was performing in a frontier town he knocked out his trainer and escaped into the bush. The bushmen soon after reported that a strange kangaroo was spreading terror among the wild life. He had knocked out a large number of kangaroos, and a couple of orang-utans with black eyes had been observed. But in the end he was undone by overweening pride, the unforgivable *hybris* of the Greeks."

The two old naturalists lifted their eyebrows to indicate polite interest.

"He tried to beat up a mule."

There was a long silence. The second old naturalist spoke:

"That reminds me of an interesting observation I made on my last trip to the Arctic. That was the trip in which I discovered the North Pole. I undoubtedly saw it first, but my boatswain's mate declared he did, so we agreed among us, in true exploring spirit, never to mention the matter. Well, we were just north of Franz-Joseph-Land; latitude 84° 15', if I remember rightly. I noticed five seals playing together, yet not unmethodically, as seals usually do. They had rolled three large balls of snow and were tossing them back and forth, catching and balancing them on their snouts. They would then jump on and off blocks of ice, tossing the great snowballs to each other. I interrogated my Eskimos; they told me that there was an old legend in Franz-Joseph-Land that a famous seal trainer, feeling death approaching, brought back to the Arctic his faithful troupe of seals and set them free. Ever since, they had been awaiting his return, ever hoping, ever yearning, and pathetically practicing their tricks. How could they know that their hope was vain, that their loved master would return to them nevermore, that never again would his hands toss them a shimmering smelt for work well done?"

There was a still longer silence, broken at last by the first old naturalist:

"Speaking of fish ——"

"I think we had better all be going now," said the third old naturalist, rising

—Morris Bishop.

A Compromise

From the Chinese Classics

THE Keeper of Monkeys gave warning
To all the poor Monkeys in sight:
"I'll give you four nuts every morning,
But only three nuts every night."

And oh, how the Monkeys declaimed on their woes
And screamed, "We will starve on such rations as those!"

But while they were scoffing and scorning,
The Keeper conceded their right
To all of three nuts every morning
And also four nuts every night.

So, praising and thanking the generous man,
The gratified Monkeys accepted the plan.

—Arthur Guiterman.

"Just the Place to Put Up One of Our Billboards"

Tell your wife you'll fix it—
but first get a Walworth Stillson

IN most houses there are a lot of little jobs waiting round for somebody to get the right kind of tool and fix them. Most of them are things that stick or drip or wobble or leak—things you can fix for good and all in one short session with a Walworth Stillson wrench. Try it on a balky meat chopper or the washing machine, and on nuts, bolts and pipe connections of all kinds.

The grip of a Walworth Stillson is like a thumb and finger of steel with the power of a giant behind them. With this wrench in your fist you can do whatever you want with anything round, square or hexagonal. It won't slip even if you use a piece of cloth between the jaws in working on polished brass or nickel.

TRADE MARK STILLSON REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE

Hardware dealers sell Walworth Stillsons in all sizes from 6 to 48 inches, but the 10-inch wrench—in a handy box—is generally the best size for household use.

If this Diamond Mark isn't on your wrench, Walworth quality isn't in it

WALWORTH MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Boston, Mass.
Chicago - Cleveland - Glasgow - Kewanee, Ill. - London - New York - Philadelphia
Portland, Ore. - San Francisco - Seattle - Youngstown *Plants at Boston and Kewanee*
WALWORTH INTERNATIONAL CO., NEW YORK, Foreign Representative

WALWORTH
Stillson Wrench *"The Handy Helper in Every Home"*

A complete line of Valves, Fittings and Tools

23,000 items for Steam, Water, Gas, Oil and Air

Take Your Dentist's Advice!

Demonstrating how Dr West's Tooth Brush fits the back surfaces of the teeth

Will You have Good Teeth in 1933?

Time is too precious to lose. The sooner you adopt this tooth-saving brush—the more secure you can feel in preserving your good teeth.

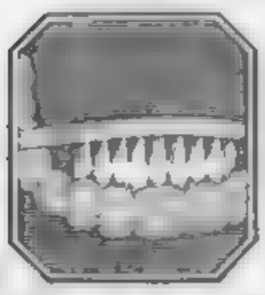
There is no other tooth brush just like Dr. West's. It is built small to fit the tooth structure. With its correctly shaped bristles it quickly rids the inter-dental spaces of acid-forming debris. And with Dr. West's Tooth Brush it is just as easy to clean the back surfaces of the teeth as the front.

To clean every part of every tooth by the approved from-the-gums method—to insure good teeth—to safeguard health—you should start this day using Dr. West's Tooth Brush. [Approved by thousands of leading dentists and health authorities.]

Leading dealers sell Dr. West's Tooth Brushes in three sizes. Because the materials and workmanship are positively the finest—because the bristles are pure Chung King "first-cut"—Dr. West's Tooth Brushes represent supreme value at the following standard prices:

ADULT'S SIZE 50c
Youth's size 35c
Child's size 25c

Cleans INSIDE



Cleans OUTSIDE

and BETWEEN

Dr. West's TOOTH BRUSH

WECO Product

Patents allowed in United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, New Zealand, Canada. Numerous other patents pending. All rights will be fully protected.

THE WESTERN COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK

SAIL HO!

(Continued from Page 21)

and swung into them with nonchalant ease, but hardly a youngster got to sleep before he had thumped the deck once or twice with a loud thud from a height of five or six feet. Some of them finally gave up and in violation of ship regulations slept on the deck, to be discovered and reported by the officer of the deck at reveille.

Few youngsters enjoy the first week of a cruise. They are subjected to a gentle hazing during their first days at sea. The second day out Marmaduke was accosted while on watch by a serious and very earnest youngster who requested of him the keys to the fresh-water swimming pool.

"Who told you to come to me?" he asked.

"Venus Kent, my squad leader, told me that you would have them," he answered.

"Well, I had to turn them over to the chief master at arms. Suppose you see him."

The youngster went his way, searching for the chief master at arms. That worthy sent him to the first lieutenant, who in turn forwarded him to the navigator, and he progressed to the gunnery officer, the chief engineer, the chief surgeon, the executive officer, and finally to the captain, who exploded so violently at the absurdity of the request that the harassed youngster almost went overboard from fright.

At five o'clock in the morning, reveille blew and the master at arms hurried through the gun-deck compartments, whacking the bottoms of the hammocks with a club and calling, "Rise and shine! Heave out, youse midshipmen! Show a leg, hit the deck, lash and carry!" Then each sleepy midshipman would tumble from his hammock, fold it into a neat roll and lash it up like some huge sausage with seven—no more, no less—marlinspike hitches around it, and stow it in the hammock locker until the time when hammocks were piped down in the evening. For those who tried to sleep in, or failed to be prompt in rising, there was much extra duty.

General Quarters

Immediately after reveille, turn-to blew and the decks were wet down. Then sand was sprinkled on the wet teakwood and the youngsters fell to holystoning the decks. This they did by vigorously pushing firebricks along the planking by means of mop handles fitted into holes in the tops of them. After the holystoning the decks were scrubbed with heavy scrubbing brushes—kiyis, in the Navy—then washed down again with the hose, and dried by squeegeeing. Thus are the decks of our battleships kept in their state of creamy-white spotlessness.

The white-painted bulkheads in the compartments had to be washed with soap and water and all brasswork had to be shined daily. This was all done before breakfast. Needless to say, the heavy breakfast of baked beans, frankfurters and fried potatoes, bread, jam and black coffee did not prove revolting to the tastes of the fastidious deckhands.

After breakfast, work continued until nine o'clock; then the daily drills began. First came Quarters, which is the general muster of the ship's company. All hands except those on duty must be present for roll call and inspection—in their freshest, cleanest clothes, shoes shined and hair cut as per regulations, one inch long in front, and no longer anywhere else.

After Quarters comes General Quarters, which is the drill for battle or emergency. Every man hurries to his special battle station and in an instant the ship is ready to encounter whatever emergency of peace or war may arise. There is a variety of other drills. Fire drill, collision drill, abandon-ship drill, and so on. Every midshipman must become so proficient in each drill that he functions automatically when the alarm sounds.

In the afternoon they had school until about four P.M., after which time they could wash their clothes if they weren't on watch or working off extra duty. There were movies on the quarter-deck every evening.

There were two youngsters in Marmaduke's squad, roommates, who as plebes had roomed across the corridor from Marmaduke and Venus. They had been personal attendants to the latter two gentlemen and by them had been nicknamed Zip and Zap. They went on watch when Marmaduke did on the bridge, Zip as lookout in the foretop, Zap as orderly on the bridge below. Part of his duty as orderly was to man the lower end of the foretop voice tube. It was their wont when things were dull to carry on a gentle raillery at each other over the tube.

The proper procedure for reporting a ship on the horizon is as follows:

LOOKOUT: Sail ho!

BRIDGE: Where away?

LOOKOUT: Three points off the starboard bow!

BRIDGE: Can you make her out?

LOOKOUT: A full-rigged ship on the port tack, close hauled.

While they were plebes Venus had made them render a burlesque on this. They often entertained themselves by giving it with variations over their voice tube.

One afternoon the captain was on the bridge in all his white starched dignity. Things were always rather tense when the old man was on the bridge. Things were especially tense this day because of the cloud on the old man's brow.

"Go down to my stateroom and bring me my binoculars, mister!" he snapped at Zap.

"I'm on voice-tube watch, sir," answered the youngster in his colossal ignorance.

Nothing but swift obedience should follow a command from the skipper. It was certainly swift obedience that he rendered after another curt word from the captain.

Zip's Bad Break

Hardly had he gone when clearly from the voice tube came the call "Sail ho!"

Now the sighting of another ship at sea is a very important thing. The captain jumped to the tube.

"Where away?" he demanded.

"Over yonder somewhere!" brightly answered Zip.

"What!" rasped the skipper in amazement.

"Way over yonder by that wave!" rattled on the unconscious lookout.

The captain could not believe his ears. "Can you make her out?" he gasped.

"Looks like the south end of your Uncle Hiram's barn to me, you simple fish!" Zip enlightened him. "Or maybe it's the gable off the canning factory!"

Then storm broke. The old man fairly danced with rage. "Mister Officer of the Deck!" he roared. "Send a relief up for that lookout and order him to report to me immediately!"

An unexpected sense of humor, usually deeply hidden beneath his crusty exterior, led the captain to dismiss the case with a gruff reprimand to the almost paralyzed youngster. But Zip would flinch visibly for days thereafter every time he heard the call "Can you make her out?"

The ocean in its many moods can thrill the heart of man as can no other element of the Creator's lavish genius. But greater than the cataclysmic spectacle of wind and waves in conflict, or the stirring picture of a sapphire sea flashing beneath a bright blue sky, is the amazing beauty of a moonlit night in the tropics. One of the most soul-stirring experiences given to followers of the sea on a man-o'-war is the midwatch on such a night.

Marmaduke stood the midwatch while the squadron was steaming through the Windward Passage, the strait between the islands of Cuba and Haiti leading from the Atlantic to the Caribbean Sea. Shortly after midnight the moon rose over the distant and low-lying bulk of Haiti. A velvety smoothness was in the atmosphere; the night was almost soundless, only the rumble of the engines far below decks, the muffled whine of a groaning pump, the soothing swish of the waves breaking around the bow and slithering down the sides of the ship broke the silence.

The bridge force seemed particularly subdued, speaking little, and then only in lowered voices. The helmsman stood at the wheel, feet wide apart, stocky torso erect, practiced hands playing the wheel to right or left while his bronzed face and powerful neck were thrown into sharp relief by the shaded lamp of the binnacle, from which he seldom took his eyes. A lookout was silhouetted on each wing of the bridge. The officer of the deck leaned with his elbows on the high railing, gazing at the sea ahead,

(Continued on Page 101)

Style's Favorite ~ the SPUR TIE BOW

50¢
TWO FOR
$1.00

"ALL TIED FOR YOU"

Spur Tie

Pat. June 13, 1922. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

POPULAR? Why man alive, the Spur Tie Bow's the style sensation of the season. Of course Dame Fashion's stamp of approval helped make it so. The Bow's *the* tie this fall and winter—and the Spur is the ace of all bows. It's chock-a-block full of jaunty style—its patterns are right up-to-the-minute—its price is astoundingly low—and it *comes all tied for you!* No wonder it is the choice of every well-dressed man.

Slips easily onto your collar. Saves your time and disposition! Keeps looking right—always. *An exclusive patented feature prevents curling, wrinkling or rolling.*

50c will get you one—at any dealer's—or a dollar will buy you two. Two sizes to choose from. You'll like the special Dress Bow for wear with full dress or dinner jacket. Always good taste.

Accept no substitute for the Spur Bow. Others imitate but do not equal. The Spur Bow has exclusive features. Be sure you get the genuine Spur Tie Bow bearing the Spur Tie trade mark.

If your dealer will not supply you send $1.00 for two; 50c for one; specifying size (large or small) color preference, whether elastic band or sliding-grip

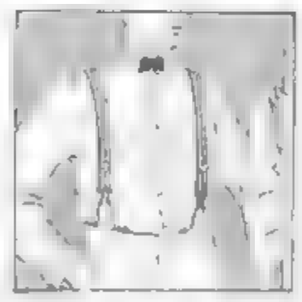
LOOK FOR THE NAME SPUR ON THE TIE

Write for Style Book A

Manufactured by

HEWES & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

On the Pacific Coast
PAUL B. HAY, 120 Battery Street, San Francisco, Calif.

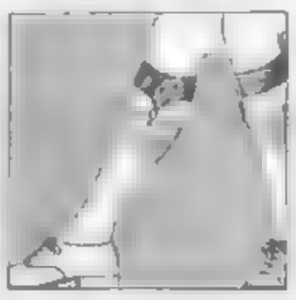


BULL-DOG SUSPENDERS

A good name on a good product. Look for the Bull-Dog trade mark on the suspenders you buy. It is your guide to quality, value and comfort. Guaranteed 365 days. The cost, 25c and higher. Don't overlook VESTOFF [illegible]—the [illegible] of-sight suspenders, [illegible] the shirt. Bull Dog quality [illegible]

BULL-DOG BELTS

Men are getting more and more particular about the belts they wear. BULL DOG BELTS are made to suit the most fastidious. Their quality is high yet the price is reasonable. Prong or fancy buckles. Real leather. Many types to select from. 50c and up

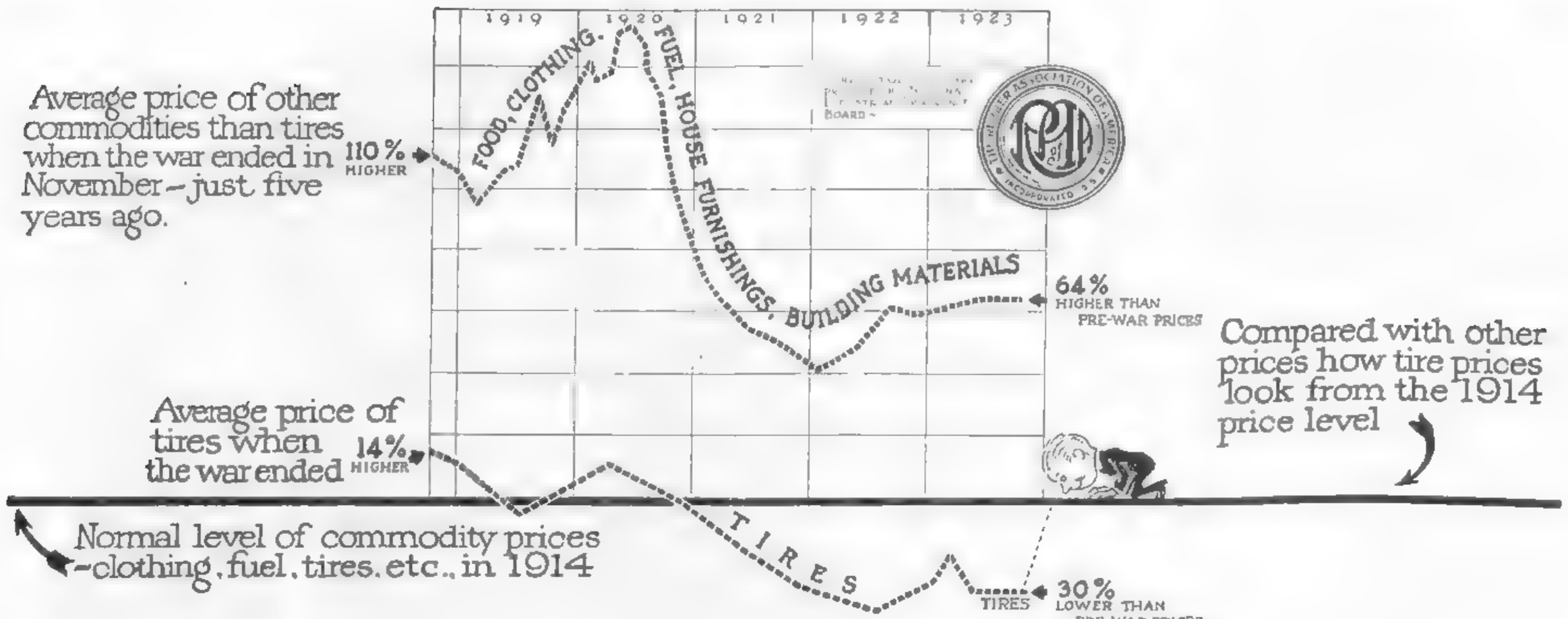


BULL-DOG GARTERS

They look good—they feel good—and they will outwear the ordinary garter by many months. Their superiority lies in the high grade webbing. Guaranteed to last you 365 days. Wide or narrow web. One price, 50c. The garter for a gentleman

SPUR TIE FOUR-IN-HAND

A custom-made four-in-hand. Comes all tied for you by hand. A handsome knot—better than you'd tie yourself. Wears longer than the self-tied four-in-hand. Many patterns in beautiful silks. Price $1.00. The tie for young men. All tied for you


1919
1920
1921
1922
1923
Average price of other commodities than tires when the war ended in November – just five years ago.
110% HIGHER
FOOD, CLOTHING, FUEL, HOUSE FURNISHINGS, BUILDING MATERIALS
64% HIGHER THAN PRE-WAR PRICES
Compared with other prices how tire prices look from the 1914 price level
Average price of tires when the war ended
14% HIGHER
TIRES
30% LOWER THAN PRE-WAR PRICES
Normal level of commodity prices – clothing, fuel, tires, etc., in 1914

Why you buy tires now as *tires* —instead of the "*mileage guarantees*" you used to buy

SUPPOSE someone today should offer you a set of tires of 1914 *quality* with a 1914 guarantee of *mileage*. No one could or would, but, suppose—

"I have a set of tires here," the dealer would say, "which are made in the old-fashioned 1914 way. And I can sell them on the old mileage basis."

YOU: "What's the big idea?"

DEALER: "Buy your tires at pre-war prices. Your favorite brand, made by the same old tools of exactly the same materials and same processes used in 1914. And, mind you, fabric tires guaranteed for 3,500 miles the same as they were then."

YOU: "Very good, but if your 1914 grade of tires have a little bad luck, if they get a stone bruise, or get strained on a chuck hole, or scraped on the side, or the tread pulls loose when I throw my brakes too hard—*and I tell you the truth about it*—the mileage guarantee is all off."

DEALER: "I don't recall your being so frank about the way you treated your tires a few years ago; why start now?"

YOU: "The old guarantee gave only a basis for a disagreeable argument. I knew; you had to guess. It made honest people dishonest. Our haggling over an adjustment sounded like a crude business deal back in the Middle Ages."

DEALER: "Come, now. I gave you a liberal allowance many times and the manufacturer swallowed it. He had it covered in his prices. I'll do the same on these and at pre-war prices."

YOU: "What is the pre-war price for 32-4's?"

DEALER: "Fabric, 3,500 miles, $33.00. Cords, 5,000 miles, $45.00."

YOU: "Great Scott! I can buy practically any make—fabric or cord—at a lot less than that—and the actual mileage I get out of a 1923 tire makes the guaranteed mileage of 1914 look like a joke."

The Golden Circle replaces the Vicious Circle

EVERYBODY knows that tires are cheaper now than they were before the war. This seems strange when nearly every other necessity of life is higher. Stranger still, since tires are so much better at these low prices; some say 50%, some say 100% better.

Briefly, this is the explanation:

The improvement made in tires benefited the tire user enormously by reducing accidents and tire trouble on the road.

These same improvements gave mileage to satisfy everybody.

Improvements freed the Nation from the crude, disgraceful Fifteenth Century haggling over the purchase of each new tire, where an adjustment of an old tire was involved.

In turn, when the "mileage guarantee" was cut out in 1922, with all the waste of unfair adjustments, the price of tires was lowered automatically.

Thus the golden circle was completed by eliminating the vicious mileage guarantee.

The following, approved by the Tire Manufacturers' Division of the Rubber Association of America, Inc., is the

Standard Tire Warranty

which went into effect January 1st, 1922.

"We do not guarantee pneumatic automobile tires for any specific mileage, but every pneumatic automobile tire bearing our name and serial number is warranted by us to be free from defects in workmanship and material."

THE RUBBER ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, Inc., *250 West 57th Street, New York*

Continued from Page 98

now and then murmuring an order to the helmsman. Responsibility for the safety of the whole ship and the thousand men aboard rested on his shoulders in the absence of the captain from the bridge. Constant vigilance was his duty. Marmaduke, as junior officer of the deck, was his aide and direct subordinate. Five hundred yards ahead was a ship in line. Five hundred yards astern was another. The maintenance of proper distance was imperative. To keep this proper position a man stood at the engine-room telegraph, signaling below "Two turns slower" or "Four turns faster" as the officer of the deck directed. For an hour or so at a time the officer of the deck would give Marmaduke full control and let him handle the ship unhindered as long as he ran into no danger. What a thrill it was to feel that this sixteen-thousand-ton monster was quivering to answer his slightest command! And how proud he felt when his superior commended him on his ability!

The lore of the sea he learned from the lips of the older officer as the hours wore on and the moon climbed higher. The loyal friendships, the mutual understanding and respect and regard founded through such communion create a splendid comradeship between the officers of our Navy, irrespective of rank or age.

Marmaduke was leaning on the wing railing, watching the ship ahead, when four bells of the midwatch came. From a reverie of home and mother and someone else he was roused by the clear sharp notes of the bos'n's pipe and the long drawn out, almost musical call of the bos'n's mate of watch: "Hea-ea-eave ou-ou-out, th' starb'd watch! Relie-ie—ieve th' whee-ee-eel and lookouts!" Then came the calls of the lookouts: "Port light and masthead lights are bright lights, sir!" "Starboard light and main-truck lights are bright lights, sir!" And the romance of the deep and the love of the sea that every true sailorman knows stirred him to depths not often plumbed in the heart of the less fortunate and less venturesome brother who strays not far from his own fireside.

A Shindig on Deck

He looked at the lights of the ships ahead and back at the lights of those astern. Six floating fortresses plowing smoothly along through a tropic sea, bent on their own business, unmindful of all else. On either hand lay the shores of foreign countries, countries that owed their stability and prosperity to the protective arm of America, the long arm of law and order that can be reached out to far places to succor the oppressed and establish justice and maintain our American integrity only through the means of our powerful and very mobile Navy. And the consciousness that he was a part of that Navy, and fast becoming an efficient, highly trained and very valuable part of it, gave to Marmaduke a far deeper thrill of pride and humble thankfulness than the first emotions that had come to him from the romantic mood induced by a tropic moon on a tropic sea.

No midshipman enjoys washing his own clothes, but this is a pleasant pastime compared with scrubbing his hammock and sea bag—a task that he must perform about once every two weeks. There is no evading it; it simply must be done, and when the word is passed, "All hands scrub bags and hammicks!" with a groan the whole ship's force not on watch turns out on the forecastle with their bags and hammocks, a bucket of fresh water and a slab of soap. Flat on the deck the canvas is spread and then carefully wet with fresh water. With a heavy scrubbing brush, or hand kiyi, the soap is worked into the cloth, and then a half hour's vigorous scrubbing usually suffices to bring it clean. Following this it is rinsed off with the remainder of the fresh water and given a final rinsing with the salt-water hose.

To the individual laboring uncomfortably at his obstinate canvas beneath a hot sun it seems that all the devils of perversity have centered their combined efforts on persecuting him. Naturally some finish earlier than others, and it is these varying stages of progress that wreak havoc on the peace and orderliness of the scene.

Marmaduke was standing watch one afternoon as J. O. D. on the bridge while the ship's company was engaged in this task. Barefooted, on their hands and knees, so thick that they were in their own and one another's way, midshipmen and seamen locked elbows, and frequently horns, over their work.

Suddenly a commotion arose among the workers. The crowd was too thick for the watchers from the bridge to determine the nature or cause of it, so the officer of the deck called, "Junior officer of the deck, go down and straighten out that scrap and bring me the details."

Marmaduke hurried below. By the time he got there a ring had formed and two half-naked figures were battling in the middle of it.

"Gangway!" roared Marmaduke as he struggled through the crowd and dragged the two apart.

"Well, what are you two fighting about?" he demanded, when, to his surprise, he discovered that the dripping, soap-smeared and furiously angry opponents were the usually very amicable couple, Zip and Zap.

The story of the fray and its causes was essentially Zip's story. He had waited in line half an hour to draw his allowance of one bucket of fresh water. Under the stern eye of the bos'n's mate stationed at the valve, he had been doled out his ration to the ounce. Then he had hurried to the forecastle and scrambled with the crowd for space on the deck in which to work.

It was Zip's first experience at hammock scrubbing and soon he found his troubles manifold. Hammocks are constructed of the heaviest obtainable duck, and when dry are not much more flexible than sheet iron. When they have been wet they take on a boardlike stiffness that defies anything except the most heroic treatment.

Zip Sees Red

In his experience the youngster labored twice as hard and twice as long as he should have, and in twice the discomfort and distress that the job required, before he had expended nearly all his fresh water and quite all his patience in bringing the canvas to the required degree of cleanliness. Slowly he straightened up and eased his aching back while he complacently surveyed his handiwork. And then the man working on his left gave a wide sweep to his kiyi and completely spattered the clean hammock with the muck of soap and dirt that he was working from his own.

The sting of the salt water on his scratched and battered knees and the burn of his sun-blistered shoulders were but sweet and soothing sensations to the blaze of outraged indignation that flamed in Zip's heart. With a desperate effort he controlled himself. It was wise to do so; the careless one was a second classman.

Doggedly he went about cleaning it again. But hardly had he begun when the worker on his right turned the full force of the salt-water hose, a heavy-pressure fire hose, on his own work and sent a tide of soapy brine across Zip's hammock.

Then the harassed youngster went berserk. And no wonder! For salt water, which will not lather soap and is useless as a cleanser, serves but to impregnate the fabric it strikes with whatever dirt there is in or on it. It requires a complete rewashing in fresh water to counteract a salt-water soaking, and Zip had used practically all his fresh water. There remained about an inch of dirty suds in his bucket. This he shot with great violence into the face of the wielder of the hose, none other than his roommate and closest friend, Zap, his partner in crime. That surprised young man retaliated with the full force of the fire hose, and the fight was on!

The punishment awarded them for fighting on the forecastle was the scrubbing of a hatch cover, five times as big as a hammock and twice as dirty.

Dawn one morning showed them the blue mountains of Panama on their port hand. As the sun rose and dispelled the low-lying mist from about the peaks, the smoky blueness of the hills changed to a rich tropical green. Palm trees fringed the shore and leaned seaward over the white sandy beach. Here and there a mountain stream cataracted into the waters of the Caribbean. It was a thrilling scene to even the oldest mariner aboard; naturally it threw the youngsters into wildest excitement.

They were escorted into Colón Harbor by a number of airplanes from the naval and army air stations. The flagship picked up a canal pilot and steamed on up towards the Gatún locks. The others came to anchor in the harbor to await their turn.

Heavy underwear is essential for the traffic cop—

but medium weight Lawrence is right for *you*.

FOUR-FIFTHS of the time in winter you are indoors.

A brisk ten-minute walk morning and evening perhaps—and the same when you go out to lunch—

—the rest of the time in a warm office or house or train or closed car.

Lawrence medium weight is especially designed for the average business or professional man.

An elastic fabric of fine *knitted* cotton. *Absorbent*, with tiny air spaces that maintain a layer of warm air next the skin, insulating against cold and sudden changes

Reaches to the ankles. To the wrists also, if you prefer. *Sizes to fit the stout or slender.* Extra strength in the seams assured by finest tailoring.

Wear Lawrence feather-weight "athletics" in the summer—and in fall and winter, wear *Lawrence medium weight—union and two-piece suits.*

Ask for Lawrence and always *look for the Lawrence label.*

Lawrence Union Suits, Vests and Bloomers for Women—perfect to fit, dainty in tailoring and finish

Union Suits—$1.75 and $2. Shirts and Drawers—$1.00 to $1.25
Two qualities—Blue Label, combed yarn, finest quality. Red Label—same durability and finish, slightly different yarn

All Lawrence garments are knitted—different from the woven or muslin type. If your dealer hasn't the particular style you wish, please send us his name.

LAWRENCE MANUFACTURING CO., Lowell, Mass.
Established 1831
E. M. Townsend & Co., *Selling Agents*, New York City

LAWRENCE
Tailored Knit
UNDERWEAR

Now—
Sundstrand
WITH ADDED FEATURE
DIRECT SUBTRACTION

Think of it!
price only
$275
regular models
$125 up

Another
can't be done, has been done—
again Sundstrand
"shows the way"

AT the recent national business shows in Chicago and New York, and in hundreds of offices, stores and display rooms where it has been shown, the New Sundstrand with DIRECT SUBTRACTION has been pronounced the outstanding adding machine achievement of the time.

Sundstrand DIRECT SUBTRACTION gives new speed and ease in many kinds of figure work. With it, for example:

BANKS—add deposits, subtract withdrawals.
RETAILERS—add items purchased, subtract goods returned.
MANUFACTURERS—check invoices, subtract discounts; add debits, subtract credits.
ACCOUNTANTS—add charges, subtract credits.
INSURANCE COMPANIES—add premiums, subtract return premiums.
WHOLESALERS—add gross prices, subtract discounts.
GRAIN ELEVATORS—add bushels of grain, subtract dockage.
SHIPPERS—add gross weight, subtract tare.
GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANIES—add present meter reading, subtract former meter reading.

And dozens of other businesses use it in countless new time- and effort-saving ways.

Sundstrand direct subtraction is many times faster and easier than old machine methods. Nothing to "think" about. No rules to follow. You just press the key. Amount "written" is subtracted and appears with printed proof like this, "427 69—". Total in machine is reduced by just that amount. Items added and listed in error are instantly corrected by direct subtraction. You multiply by direct subtraction 50% faster and easier.

The New Sundstrand, at $275, is a remarkable value—about half the price heretofore asked for machines so featured. In addition it has such well known Sundstrand features as: 10-key Simplicity, Portability, One-Hand Control, Automatic Column Selection, etc. There is a size and style for every requirement.

But get all the facts. Learn why old-time figuring machine methods are not good enough for to-day's needs. Telephone or write your nearest Sundstrand office. Or write direct to us.

SUNDSTRAND
DIRECT
SUBTRACTION

A wonderful time saver for:

—Accountants
—Manufacturers
—Wholesalers
—Retailers
—Bankers
—Insurance Companies
—Real Estate Operators
—Public Service Corporations
—Railroads
—Government Offices
—Associations
—Commission Houses
—Investment Companies
—Mail Order Concerns

* * *

Interchangeable Carriages, 7 to 18 inches wide

SUNDSTRAND ADDING MACHINE CO., ROCKFORD, ILL., U. S. A.
Sales and Service Stations throughout the United States and Canada

New Sundstrand
ADDING AND FIGURING MACHINE
with DIRECT SUBTRACTION

INFORMATION COUPON

Gentlemen: Please send full details of the New Sundstrand with *direct* subtraction feature. Also leaflet, "Testimony."

Name
Town
State Street
Business

Liberty was granted to about half of the ship's company. The liberty party, in their dress whites, swarmed through the streets of old Colon, which is Spanish for "Columbus," and was a colony that he founded on one of his later trips to the New World.

What a thrill it gave them to ramble through the narrow and often dirty streets, buying panama hats, silks, parrots, monkeys, and whatever else their fancies and the urgent shopkeepers could lead them to purchase. Venus dragged Marmaduke along until he discovered a dispensary of doubtful ice cream and there gorged himself until Marmaduke actually feared for his health.

Midshipmen upon making a shore liberty after days at sea in the tropics exhibit a remarkable capacity for iced food and drinks, fresh vegetables and milk. For a ship's ice plant is totally inadequate to supply ice for anything except the preservation of the meat and such perishable foods as must be carried. After a day or two at sea fresh fruit ceases to be. And, of course, fresh milk is unheard of. Only a few foreign navies carry their own dairies and poultry yards to sea with them. Venus became so tired of the canned milk served them, and acquired such an ingrowing craving for the fresh variety that he swore he would kiss the first cow he met ashore right square on the nose.

The money system in Panama confused them at first. If a Panaman merchant prices a thing at ten dollars silver he means five dollars gold, or American money, which means five of our silver dollars. Venus lucidly explained it: "If he says ten cents silver, pay him five cents gold, which is a nickel, or five coppers. Savvy?"

The native salesmen quoted not two prices but four to the recklessly purchasing sailors and midshipmen. Marmaduke had been warned, and so haggled with a porcine hat dealer until he reduced him from fifteen dollars to four and a quarter. It was only by leaving the shop four times that he did it.

Coaling in the Tropics

They were to coal in Gatún Lake, which is fresh, and to which they were lifted through the three stages of Gatún locks. The fresh water causes the barnacles to die and fall from a ship's bottom and also affords unlimited cleansing facilities. These are most necessary after coaling, for from truck to keelson, the ship and all aboard are begrimed beyond recognition.

Very deftly the huge ships were handled in the locks. Squat buglike electric cars, three or four to the side, worked the lines from the vessel and towed it through from stage to stage. Clearing the last lock, they anchored in the lake and the coal barges came alongside.

The breeches of all the guns were shrouded in protective coverings, as was every other piece of mechanism aboard that exposed vulnerable working parts to the penetrating coal dust. When the coal is roaring aboard, tons to the minute, the dust from it has an incredibly pernicious penetrative power, and utmost precautions must be taken to curb it.

Half in the barges and half of them on deck, garbed in every conceivable array of cast-off garments, the ship's force turned to with a will on the worst task that falls to the lot of the modern mariner, coaling ship. The ship's band occupied an elevated position and constantly played enlivening airs.

Perspiration from the heat and the clouds of coal dust that arose soon had each man coated in a thick jet-black plaster through which his eyes and the clean rim of his lips shone with a startling effect. No power of clicking typewriter or flourishing pen can convey to the landsman an adequate idea of the rigors of coaling ship. No one on the ship is exempted except the captain. The officers directing the work get just as black as the workers. The men in the barges swing heavy shovels, with which they fill five-hundred-pound bags. Several of these bags are looped together and picked up by the boat crane or one of the whips rigged over the side. Swung to the deck above, guided by guy lines, the bag is up-ended and dumped in or around a manhole from which a chute leads to the bunkers below.

Down the chutes it roars and into the bunkers far below decks, where the less fortunate members of the black gang labor under unbelievable conditions, stowing the coal in the corners of the bunkers so that not even a hand's breadth of space shall be wasted. Here the heat and noise are terrific. The Stygian darkness, feebly fought by portable lamps, is made actually tangible by the suffocating clouds of coal dust that rise from the roaring mouths of the chutes.

Blisters come in the hands of the toiling midshipmen, burst and come again to burst in unheeded pain as they grasp their grimy shovel handles and bend their strong young backs to drive their ringing shovel blades into the reluctantly yielding, shifting, shoving, dust-erupting pile of coal. It would take a most discerning mother to recognize her pride and joy at this particular stage of his naval training.

When the last lump is aboard and the exultant troop are banging their shovels against the steel bottoms of the barges the bugler sounds "secure," and the task of cleaning ship begins. This, if anything, is worse than coaling. Sand and holystone, soap and rags, brass polish and waste, the whole ship must be gone over. First the fire hose with all the pressure that it can deliver, and following it come the deckhands, cleaning the ship before they clean themselves. These grimy, weary, blear-eyed, coal-black imps of perdition, flashing white teeth in grins of cheerful disregard for hardship, swearing lustily and manfully when they stub a bare toe against a ringbolt, driving almost exhausted muscles on to further work, scraping and cleaning and polishing in filth and grime and muck; these, darling mothers, are the young hopefuls you have nurtured and sheltered and sent out to become fine officers in gilt and gold and white linen, standing in high places, wearing bright swords.

Rooting for the Bull

And, never fear, they will. But first their training will take them down to labor with their hands in stifling heat, to labor on when a protesting body cries for rest, for to be competent officers they must know and understand their men, and their work and their powers and their limitations. And so midshipmen are put through the most menial tasks aboard ship, and the most difficult, so that they ever may understand what they are demanding of their subordinates and truly can feel that they are asking nothing that they have not done themselves.

Cleanliness and tidiness finally returned to the ship and to her crew. Of course bags and hammocks had to be scrubbed again, as did all awnings and hatch covers. Then the ship had to be painted; "another hellashious job," according to Venus. But when they pulled up their anchor and proceeded on to the other end of the canal the old battle wagon made quite as brave a show as she did the day she slid from her ways.

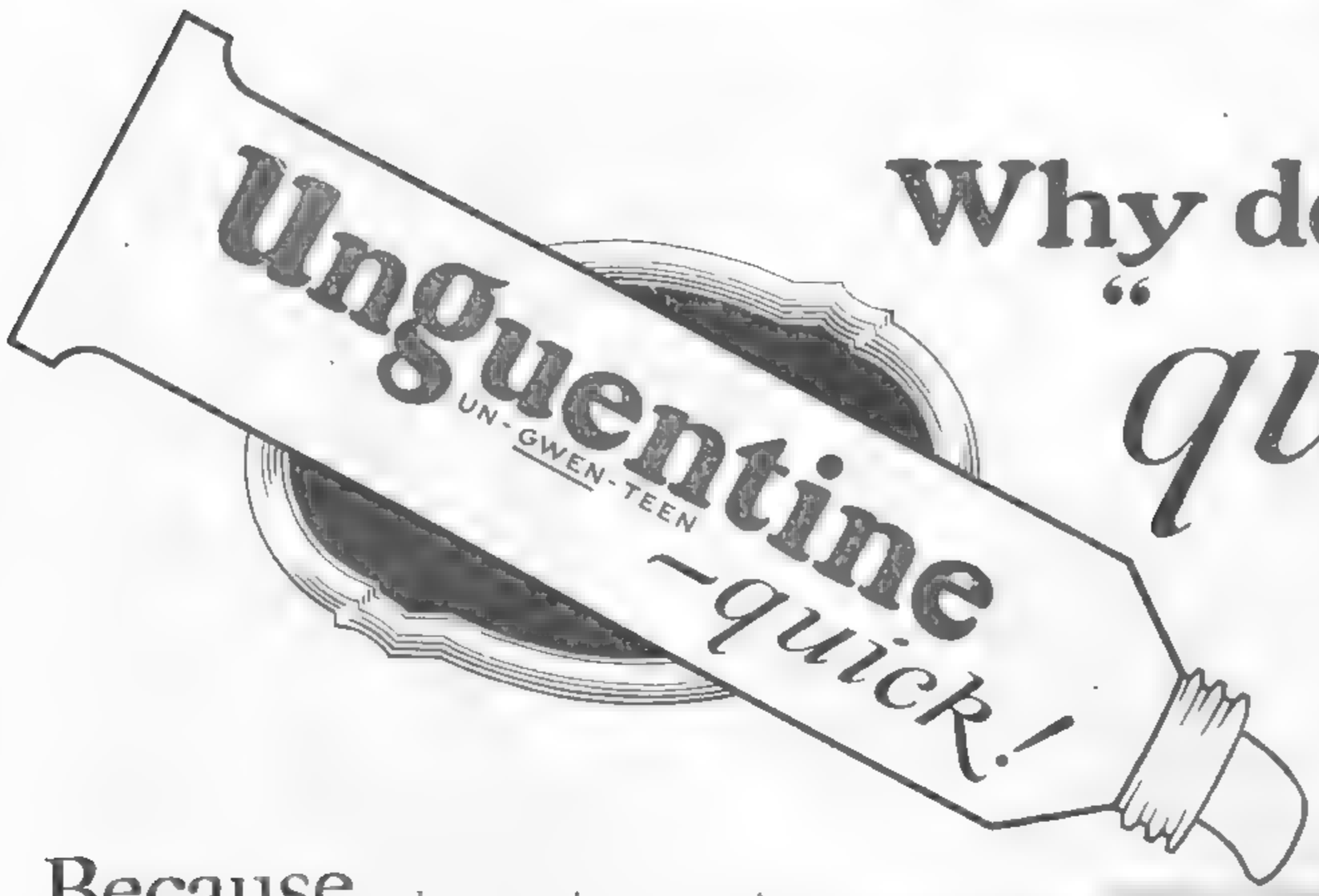
Two days they spent moored to the dock at Balboa, the American town at the Pacific end of the canal. Adjacent to Balboa is the ancient city of Panama, more picturesque and far more beautiful than Colón. The natives here staged a bullfight for the midshipmen. Several hundred attended, and to the surprise and rage of the bullfighters and their backers, they loudly and enthusiastically rooted for the bull, winding up with their famous Four-N football yell when the bull chased the toreador out of the ring. To the rhythmic contortions of their cheer leader they roared:

"Navy, Navy, Navy!
V-V-V-V
A-A-A-A
V-V-V-V
Y-Y-Y-Y
Nay-Vee!
Bull, Bull, BULL!"

From Panama to Honolulu, their next port, it was nearly five thousand miles, their longest single run. At their cruising speed it took them seventeen days to make it, and it was a very sea-weary crew that thronged the upperworks and gazed eagerly towards the rugged crest of Diamond Head, the extinct volcanic crater that guards the harbor entrance.

On the run over, Marmaduke had served details in both the broadside and the turret divisions. They had daily drill in the heavily armored turrets, loading the twelve-inch guns and simulating firing them. There is no room wasted in a battleship's gun turret and each of the seven or eight members of a gun's crew has his special niche to fill. If he steps out of place he may step off into a rather messy short cut to eternity, for with clanging and banging ammunition hoists whizzing up and down and the lightninglike thrust of the electric rammer, not to speak of the several feet of recoil of the huge gun itself, all going on while the turret is rapidly rotating on its track and the ship

(Continued on Page 105)



Why do we say "*quick!*"

Because—when cuts, burns, scratches, scalds and such injuries happen in the household, it is necessary to know what to do—at once.

Unguentine is the quick, sure answer.

Unguentine quickly soothes pain.

Unguentine quickly heals—in most cases without a scar. (This should be interesting to every woman.)

But most important, Unguentine quickly shuts the door to dangerous infection.

The photographs shown at the side were taken under a powerful microscope during the most rigid laboratory tests. They show the quick and certain action of Unguentine in destroying dangerous germs that may cause infection, even in the most trivial wounds.

* * *

The first tube of Unguentine you buy for your medicine chest or to place handy on the kitchen shelf will free you from uncertainty as to what to do when these painful and sometimes dangerous injuries happen to any member of the family. With Unguentine in the house, you will know what to do—"quick!"

To keep a tube on hand is wisdom.

The next time you go into your drug store, ask the druggist for a tube. Pronounce it "Un-gwen-teen." Ask him to explain some of its many household uses and you will walk out with a life-long friend. Unguentine has been making steadfast friends for over thirty years just because Unguentine really is effective.

Use Unguentine from the original, convenient and aseptic tube. Price 50c.

THE NORWICH PHARMACAL COMPANY
Laboratories—Norwich, New York
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Norwich

The name "Norwich" on a pharmaceutical preparation stands for purity of ingredients and extreme accuracy in control of preparation.

The most resistant form of bacteria or germ life known to science [illegible] Unmagnified photographs are shown at the right.

No. 1 shows the [illegible]

No. 2 shows the same number of bacteria with Unguentine added. After [illegible] minutes, practically [illegible] bacteria were killed

Spore-formers are very abundant in soil, air and water. While some are harmless certain others quickly produce dangerous diseases.

No. 3 shows highly magnified the germs technically known as staphylococci. These cause most boils, carbuncles and many local infections. Each group or colony shown in this photograph contains several million individual germs.

No. 4 is the same plate as No. 3 after five minutes contact with Unguentine. All the bacteria have been killed.

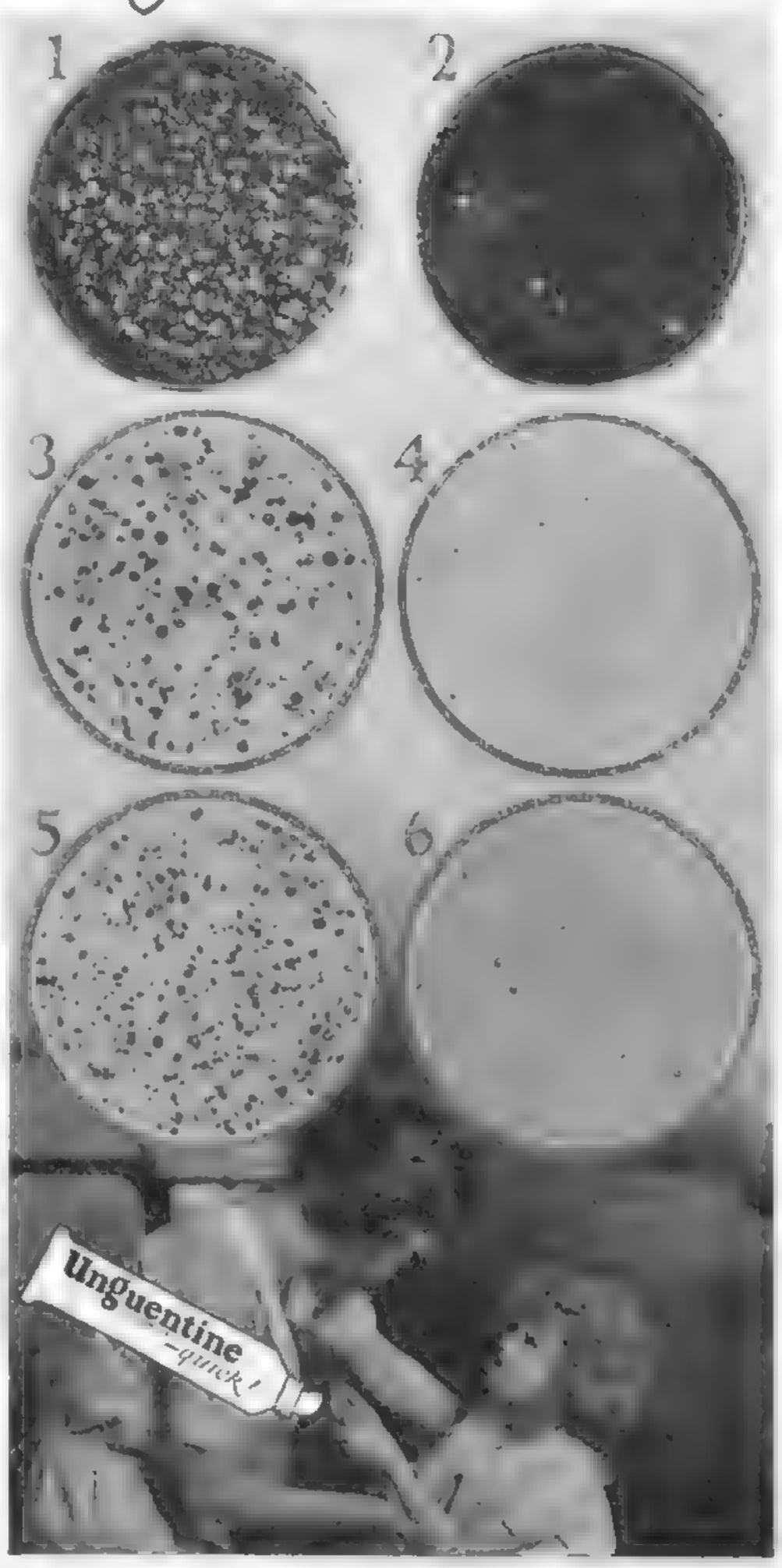
Staphylococci are numerous in the air and quite commonly found on furniture and other articles in the home.

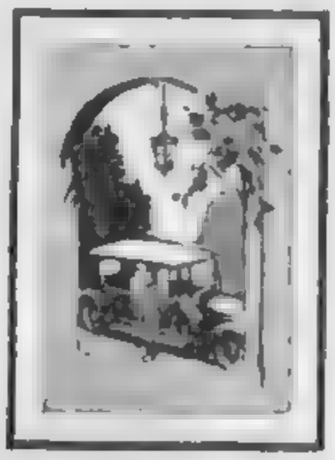
No. 5 shows highly magnified the germs technically known as [illegible] one of the most dreaded forms of bacteria. These are usually responsible for blood poisoning or septicemia.

No. 6 shows the powerful germicidal action of Unguentine against this dangerous organism. A five minutes contact with Unguentine and all the bacteria are killed.

NOTE: On Plates No. 4 and No. 6 spots are visible. These are not colonies of bacteria. They are oil globules indicating the presence of Unguentine.

When you think and use "Unguentine-*quick!*" you safeguard against dangerous infection.





Yesterday

The bluest blood of medieval France deemed it a high distinction to own a sedan chair—even as modern Americans admire and cherish fine motor cars with coachwork by Wilson. The emblem—Wilson built Body—is known far and wide as the crest of pioneer coachbuilders, whose creative skill was recognized long before motors retired the horse. The highest standards of luxurious travel are fulfilled

Today in a motor car with

Wilson built Body

Product of C. R. WILSON BODY COMPANY, Detroit and Ba[illegible], Michigan

Wilson Body

(Continued from Page 102)

rolling to the motion of the sea, no one can go to sleep on the job. One member of the gun's crew stands directly behind the breech, a cylinder of polished steel as big as a hogshead; and when the gun fires, the whole great metal tube, weighing many tons, recoils until it is less than six inches from his solar plexus. If the recoil springs should ever fail to stop it and send it sliding back in battery —— But they never have.

The action of the broadside guns has been immortalized in the heroic paintings of Mr. Reuterdahl; there is a great deal of slam, bang and dash attached to working them—and a great deal of work. The first loader has to heave a five-inch steel projectile into the breech and seat it, follow it with a bag of powder, and do it all in a split second. There is keenest competition among the gun crews on the ship as to which can complete a series of loads in the shortest time. Amazing speed is the result. On these broadside guns the ship depends for her defense against submarines and destroyers.

Such scenery, such atmosphere and such hospitality as the voyaging midshipmen encountered in Honolulu seldom greet a weary traveler in a strange port. During the eight days of their stay nothing was left undone that could contribute to their enjoyment. Decked in *leis*—the ropes of flowers their hosts had flung around their necks—they stood on the decks of their ships and regretfully waved good-by—*Aloha oe*, in Hawaiian—to the throngs of newly made friends they left behind.

That is, most of them did. Some few unfortunates were below, laboring in a superheated atmosphere, doing the things that made the great vessels rumble steadily out to sea. No flowers flung nor music played nor dainty handkerchiefs waved for these poor devils. They were

Feedin' them wheezin' engines oil
An' makin' them leaky boilers boil

in the poetic expression of the gifted Venus, who himself lost twenty pounds during his ten-day detail in the fireroom.

Marmaduke was one of these unfortunates who labored below, for his forty days of deck duty were over the day they left Honolulu. Pulling off his last fresh suit of dress whites, he slipped into a suit of dungarees, stuck his trousers inside his socks to keep out coal dust, fitted a skullcap over his hair and, casually appropriating Venus' working gloves from his locker adjoining, dropped down the hot steel ladder to the fireroom he was to have charge of.

Marmaduke's Trying Job

There are six firerooms, three port and three starboard, each containing two boilers. Under each boiler are two fireboxes with three doors each, and to each firebox is assigned a fireman. Outboard of the boilers are situated the coal bunkers, with doors leading into the firerooms. Four coal passers get the coal from within the bunkers in heavy hundred-pound steel buckets and dump it on the fireroom floor in front of the firebox doors. This work all goes on in a temperature that varies with the ventilation from a hundred to a hundred and forty degrees.

The youngsters were coal passers, the second classmen were the firemen, and Marmaduke, as the only first classman present, was the water tender in charge. His duties were to keep the steam up and his subordinates working and to regulate the flow of water into the boilers. For under the intense heat of the furnace the steam generation is very rapid and a boiler will soon become dry and crack if a steady flow of water is not maintained into it. But it is more disastrous to let too much come in, for then it goes over to the engine through the main steam line and is likely to crack a cylinder head, a most serious accident to a ship.

So Marmaduke had to watch his gauge glasses constantly, keeping his water level just right. With amazing swiftness it would drop out of sight or run to the top of the glass, and he would have to work frantically to bring it back to normal. For the safety of his fireroom force, and, to some degree, of the ship, is in the hands of a water tender.

A week's easy life of much shore liberty and little work had softened the midshipmen, and soon the grueling work and terrible heat began to tell on Marmaduke's squad. The next fireroom was manned by enlisted personnel and Marmaduke was determined to maintain as high a standard of performance as theirs.

No breeze came down the ventilators from topside. The air was perfectly dead, and so thick with coal dust that it was hardly possible to see across the fireroom His valve handles were so hot that they burned through Marmaduke's, or rather Venus', gloves.

Rasp! Rasp! Rasp! sang the shovels of the second classmen as they grated across the ribbed floor plates. With a clang a fireroom door would be kicked open, to reveal the white intensity of the flame inside. Full in its brilliant glow and withering heat these amateur firemen bravely stood and spread their coal over the grate. There is a science in keeping a fire under a battleship's boiler. The bed of coal must at all places be at least six inches thick, and not over eight. There must be no air holes, and no large clinkers. So in addition to coaling the fires, they must be worked with a heavy iron rake and much heavier slice bar, shaken up and smoothed over, cut and combed. Take a boy who has never done this before and who has just completed a week of parties and dances and late hours, and put him in front of an open firebox with a temperature of a hundred and twenty to his back and a hundred and seventy to his face, hold him there while he wrestles with a ninety-pound slice bar under a hundred-pound clinker until his eyebrows are singed off and his gloves are smoldering on his fingers, and you can soon tell whether he has in him the makings of a man.

Rigors of the Firerooms

"Coal, coal, more coal!" shouted the firemen, and the haggard youngsters flung themselves into the darkness and stifling closeness of the bunker to pass out more of the black abomination that gave quivering life to the mighty ship. It was their very first experience in a fireroom, a terrible initiation into the black gang—a most apt name for the engineering force.

Anxiously Marmaduke watched the needle in his steam-pressure gauge flicker downward. "Whoop it up, gang, we're losing it!" he rallied them on to greater efforts. The weaker of his firemen and coal passers were unsteady on their feet now. One youngster collapsed across the bucket of coal he was dragging from the bunker. Zip and Zap, who were in Marmaduke's shift, threw a bucket of water on him and carried him out into a dead fireroom, to leave him and dash back to their work. Next a second classman pitched headlong into the pile of coal he was shoveling from. He joined the youngster in the cool fireroom, and Marmaduke took over his three doors in addition to his water tending.

An hour later Zip and Zap, stripped to the waist and coal-black, were left alone as coal passers, and Marmaduke was handling one boiler alone, while his last remaining fireman, a football player, was doing two men's work on the other. Not a man had whimpered or complained or asked for relief. Each had gone down swinging his shovel, fighting the nausea and faintness that crept over him. Suddenly Zip dashed out in distress, but returned a moment later, a bit pale but still plucky.

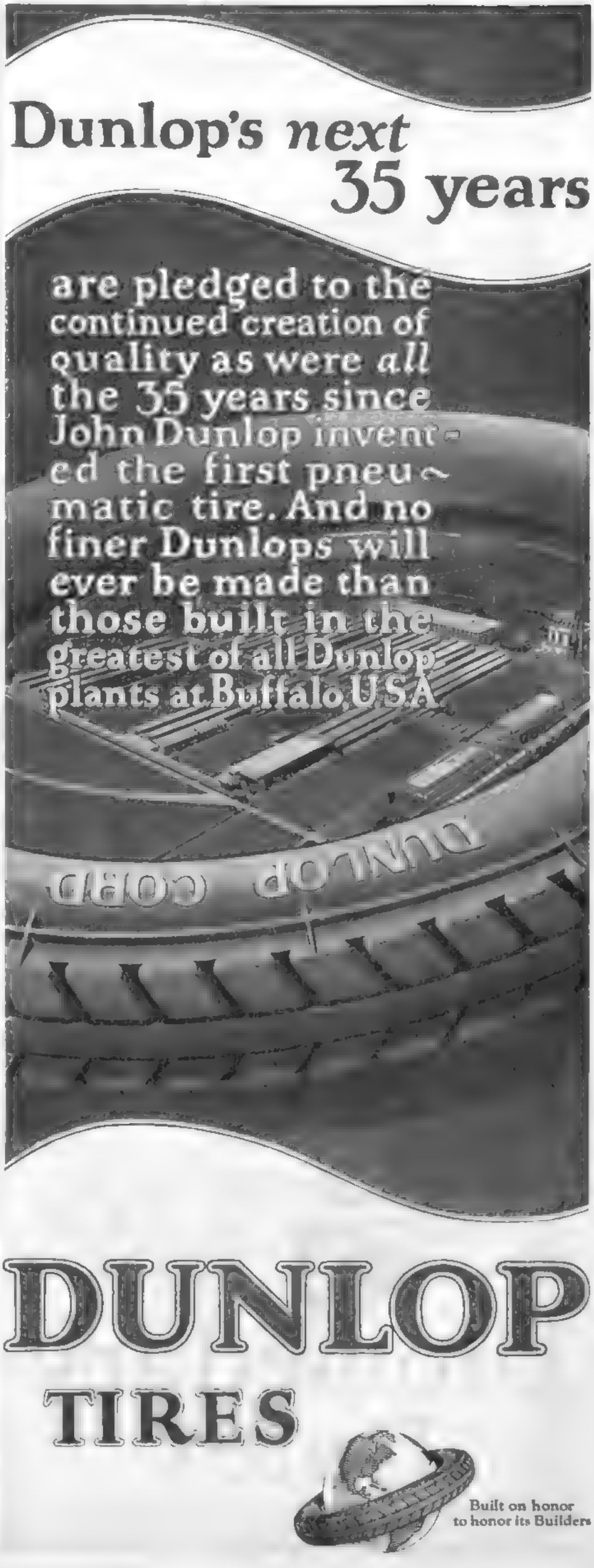
"Just got rid of the ice cream and pie I ate ashore this morning!" he explained cheerfully.

Just as Marmaduke felt his last bit of strength going and his frayed nerves snapping, two of his disabled firemen returned to their work. They could have gone on to sick bay and turned in, but chose to come back and stick out their watch. The other second classman could not come back; he had worked on nerve long after his strength was gone and had to be half carried above when the watch was over. Zip and Zap went out and revived all the coal passers before the end of the watch, so that the relief came down to find but one man disabled.

Thus is our officer material tempered and tested in the molding.

Not all the men who go down to the sea in ships as officers of our Navy are blessed with the gentleness and broadness one would hope to find in them. John Daw was one officer who frequently made life uncomfortable for the midshipmen and sailors. He was a bluff, gruff, hard-boiled but most efficient sailorman, possessed of a choleric temper, a tremendous dignity, and a big green parrot.

One day he sent for Venus and soundly reprimanded him before half the ship's company for some minor negligence in the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are pledged to the continued creation of quality as were all the 35 years since John Dunlop invented the first pneumatic tire. And no finer Dunlops will ever be made than those built in the greatest of all Dunlop plants at Buffalo, U.S.A.
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What's *your* favorite Dromedary Date?

7:30 A.M.
FATHER says breakfast isn't complete without Dromedary Dates in his cereal.

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BROTHER'S favorite sandwiches at school recess are chopped Dromedary Dates with cheese.

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12:30 P.M.
MOTHER finds Dromedary Dates and milk for lunch a nutritious meal without the fuss.

6:30 P.M.
UNCLE loves his Dromedary Date Soufflé, or often just plain dates for dinner.

11:00 P.M.
GRANDFATHER invariably takes his nightcap of Dromedary Dates and milk.

Drawn by W. E. Hill for The Hills Brothers Company, courtesy New York Tribune

AND why shouldn't the whole family love Dromedary Dates? They're sweet, meat and medicine combined. What's *your* favorite Date?

Dromedary Dates

THE HILLS BROTHERS COMPANY, Beach and Washington Streets, New York
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handling of his work. The next day he made that none too energetic young man turn out his whole squad and paint a hot smokestack during recreation hours. But the finishing blow came when he made Venus, whom he discovered sitting in the shade on a camp stool directing the work, climb up in a bos'n's chair and swing a paintbrush himself.

"I'll fix him!" Venus swore to Marmaduke that night.

The next day there was a great furor aboard the ship. Johnny Daw's big green parrot was missing. That pestiferous bird was the pride and joy of its master, and, if anything, was less liked than he.

A week's energetic search revealed no parrot. Marmaduke noticed that Venus would be missing for several hours daily. Curiosity led him to follow his perspicacious partner, but he got only as far as the door to an empty storeroom, which Venus entered and locked behind him.

One morning at quarters the whole ship's company was marched back to the quarterdeck to hear some special order read. The captain, the exec., the gunnery officer, the chief engineer, the first lieutenant, and the doctor stood in a group. After the order was read the captain made a short talk, announcing at the close that the first lieutenant had a few remarks to make concerning routine for keeping the ship clean.

With a rasp and a snort Johnny Daw cleared his throat and looked out over the sea of patently unfriendly faces.

"Men," he began, "I have a few word to say——"

"To hell with you, Johnny Daw! Pipe down!" squawked a raucous voice.

The first lieutenant's jaw dropped. Then his gaze fastened on his beloved Polly sitting on the edge of a hatch opening to the deck below.

"Polly, come here," he called over the tittering that came from the crowd.

"Go to hell, go to hell, go to hell, Johnny Daw!" croaked back Polly. And the whole ship's company roared. Even the captain and the exec. laughed.

"I told you I'd fix him," was Venus' noncommittal comment; but he further confided to Marmaduke: "I almost had to starve that bird to death before he would learn it. But it will take six months to break him of it!"

"First Class Dignity"

Seattle was their next stop, a delightful port, where they enjoyed to the fullest the open-hearted hospitality of the Northwest. Then down the coast to San Francisco for a week, and on to Los Angeles, where they were entertained by the Hollywood folk. After three days in San Diego they steamed southward.

A long hot run it was down the west coast of Mexico and Central America to Panama. The heat became so intense that the fireroom force suffered grievously. Finally word was passed that the first classmen in the black gang would have to turn to in the bunkers, striking down coal. This, if possible, is worse than either fireroom work or coaling ship. And up went a howl of protest from the first classmen. Weren't they almost officers, doing junior-officer duty, entitled to junior-officer consideration? Who were they that they should strike down coal, the most menial of jobs in the black gang?

Marmaduke and Venus were in the committee that waited on Van, the chief engineer, to protest.

"Sir," they argued, "we're first classmen; surely you don't mean for us to do that work. We did our bit on our youngster and second-class cruises, but ——"

"I'll give you ten minutes to get in those bunkers!" roared the irate chief. "First class dignity? Dignity hell! This ship's got to move, and it takes coal to move her, and it takes you to move the coal! Now get!"

They got. "Here's where I come down to a perfect thirty-six," gasped Venus as he slid through a manhole into the stifling blackness of a bunker.

Once more they steamed past Taboga Island and Fort Amador into Balboa Harbor and straight to the coal dock. They coaled all night, and had field day, which is a general cleaning of the ship, until noon the next day. Then liberty was granted, and Marmaduke and Venus hurried ashore for their last shopping tour in Panama. They returned on the stroke of midnight laden with a monkey, many yards of pongee suiting, fine linens and rare laces, an odd assortment of carved-ivory cigarette holders, several Japanese kimonos and a two-foot alligator.

And then they steamed out into the blue Caribbean and headed north. Homeward bound. There is no sweeter phrase in the seaman's vocabulary.

Marmaduke was now standing duty in the engine room watching the huge gleaming crank webs swinging over and over, up and down, driving the ship ever northward. Annapolis was but six days away; and then, home! And after a short month of leave, back to the academic grind for eight months, and again he would be out to sea. But not for a three months' cruise this time. Never again would he swing a shovel at coaling ship, or push a deck kiyi, or scrub his hammock. Nor would he stand shoulder to shoulder and do a laborer's work with a grinning seaman for a partner. Nine months of his academic course had been devoted to working with his hands, that he might know how that work was done.

High Tradition of the Navy

The honorable traditions of the Navy, to which he had remolded his ideals, and the high code and esprit of the academy and the service to which he had given himself had strengthened his moral fiber and built in him an unshakable firmness of character. And as he looked about him at the maze of moving machinery and realized that he knew what each movement meant and what caused it and why it was caused, realized further that he possessed a working knowledge of the functioning of each part of the whole great ship, and felt a bond of sympathy and understanding with each worker who toiled at his station, there began to dawn in his consciousness that confidence of command that comes only from the hard school of actual experience, a school well kept in our American Navy. He thought of the untiring care, rigid supervision backed by iron discipline, the inflexible strictness of the chief engineer, Van, the slave driver, whose bunker edict had rankled in the hearts of the outraged first classmen.

The old chief machinist's mate of the watch came up to Marmaduke, grinning. "Makin' thirteen knots on six boilers!" he proudly announced. "There ain't another supercrab in the Navy that'll do it. Commander Van Alden bet the engineer officer on the Connie fifty dollars that he could make her do it, and then put it up to the black gang. This crowd down here'd kill themselves for him. He's hard as nails and won't take any guff, but he's a square shooter along with it, and that's what counts. A taut ship is a happy ship, and a taut engineer means a safe engine room."

And so from the lips of the grizzled old chief petty officer in his faded dungarees Marmaduke learned another of the maxims of the Navy.

Five days later they steamed through the mouth of Chesapeake Bay. "Three cheeyers for the Red, White and Blue, and an ice-cream soda at Al's," chortled Venus.

When they were almost ready to anchor and the midshipmen were going into ecstasies over the long-anticipated sight of the chapel dome, Venus marched up on deck proudly carrying his cruise gear, bucket, hammock mattress and scrubbing brush. These he did into a neat bundle weighted by several holystones filched from a deck locker, and after a brief service for burial at sea, heaved them over the side with the classic quotation "Sic semper cruisegearis!"

"There are two things they can't have around the house while I'm home on leave," he remarked to Marmaduke. "One is tin buckets, and the other is beans!"

In frenzied haste the midshipmen loaded their luggage in the launches alongside and, after a muster, piled down the gangways and aboard them. As they pulled away from the side of the vessel, happily they lifted their voices in a Four-N yell for the ship.

"She wasn't such a bad old tub, in spite of Van and his bunkers," sighed Marmaduke as his eyes roved over outlines of their recent home.

"Oh, she could have been worse," agreed Venus as he yanked Jocko back from imminent destruction in the flywheel of the launch engine. "But, believe me," he continued, "my application for aviation duty goes in pronto. A battleship may be safer, but arioplanes don't burn coal!"

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THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY

Office and Works: Toledo, Ohio

THE BLACK PIGEON

(Continued from Page 19)

plunged a hand into his trousers pocket and extracted a quarter and looked at it thoughtfully. The disk of metal burned on his palm in the heat. Also it looked at once larger and smaller than a quarter normally should. But after a moment Mr. Reeny restored it and rose.

"*Dieu!*" he murmured against the temperature. "But it is of a warmth!" It was. As he left the scanty shade of the locusts a cicada overhead sprang its sharp, dry, vixenish rattle as if in warning. Immediately there came to meet him a buffeting glaze of heat, blue white, with an unsteady shimmer to his eye and a breath that distilled hot gasoline. A powdery white dust rose and clung to his legs.

It was too hot to walk to the company store where sustenance was offered very cheaply. His eye was caught by a grocery on a side street. He entered.

"I will take," he requested, "a tin of chocolate malted milk."

At least that is what he thought he said. The plump, perspiring freckled girl waiting on him snickered.

"Shock-aw-law!" she mimicked. It required three efforts to penetrate her mood. After that he bought a bag of hard rolls. But he had not walked a block in the white blaze before he remembered another shortage. And he retraced his way.

"I will take also a paper of biscuit," he remarked with his little bow and click of the heels.

"If you mean crackers, whyn't you say so?" demanded the girl wearily after a five-minute interpretation.

"After all," Mr. Reeny reflected, homeward bound with his red-blazoned carton unwrapped, "they should not suffer merely because I feel this oppressive heat. I am firmly of the conviction that high temperature is far better resisted by an organism sustained with proper feeding."

In which, you see, he did complete violence to an earlier philosophy.

But he was by now referring to certain creatures whom he held in affectionate esteem out of a seven months' lonely sojourn in Westlawn and who would quite likely be expecting him at the Vick Street fire station.

He was not wrong. A pigeon, ruby eyed and creamy winged, flew down as he turned the corner, poised on his shoulder, pecked his hat lightly, flew away to report.

It returned with a score of companions—delicate jeweled mauve-blue creatures, that fanned and fluttered in the air, hovered delicately over Mr. Reeny's head or tripped on frail pink lace webs before him. They fell with dainty greed on his largess of scattered crumbs, and when he placed a cracker between his lips took turns—some half dozen—like humming birds, in approaching on wing, for titbits.

A half dozen of the boys sat inside the fire-station doors, around their mammoth red-and-gold engine. They were in shirt sleeves, with visors pulled over their eyes, and chairs tipped against the walls. Mr. Reeny's little rumpus with the pigeons aroused them. Normally they would have fed him chaff—flung crumbs of wit, free as the stuff he offered the birds—exploiting him with noisy good-natured contempt. But this afternoon Morpheus held them, and when Skinny O'Neil, dribbling water from the big hose at the hydrant in a vain effort to moisten down the glare, called out, "Hey, Eddie Buller. Hey, you Joe Drachmann. Hey, boys—look who's here. Here's yer black pigeon. Here's ol' father pigeon playin' with all his little pigeon kids," Joe Drachmann only turned his face from one side of the wall to the other. He had mashed it, purple-flat, against a fire-insurance calendar, and called, "Aw—shut up, Skinny! 'Stoo hot!"

So Mr. Reeny fed the birds entirely in peace, and presently proceeded up Vick Street to his lodging. There were plenty of trees. It was greener if not much cooler than on the boulevard. A few dwellers, he saw, were sitting in the porches, trying to keep cool. Two he knew: two ladies—one young, one youngish—who made each her usual reaction when she saw him.

They were Blanche Bolden—his landlady's daughter, the girl he called Beauty in his mind—and Miss Arabia Webb, his next-door neighbor.

Beauty rolled over in the Cape Ann hammock on the Bolden porch with a little kick of disdain.

"Oh, for heavun's sake!" she murmured through her chewing gum; but Arabia Webb leaned forward, above the minute snowflake of tatting she was making, and called out in stiff schoolbooky French -rather high and loud, as though Mr. Reeny were deaf:

"*Bon jour, Monsieur René! Comnay vous port-ay vous?*"

Except the pigeons, Arabia was the only creature in Westlawn who had offered any friendship to Mr. Reeny.

II

ARABIA WEBB had been christened by a romantic mother in one of those pathetic efforts to compensate her offspring for denial of romantic outlet in her own life. Swinging with the span of the pendulum away from the drab color and routine of a Vick Street existence, she had handed her child in the name all that was to her suggestive of the mysterious colorful East. Nature with one of its inexorable comic twists had completely vitiated the propriety of this intention with a brand all its own.

At thirty-five Arabia Webb, tall, high shouldered, inordinately plain—except for a pair of soft spaniel eyes set in her long, colorless, prosaic face—had long since become resigned to the more vicarious forms of romance—to, in her case, the wearing, in the privacy of her room, of a brilliant jade-colored kimono spread with a pink-and-gold flamingo across the back; the induction over in the ninth-ward public school, where she taught in the fifth grade in winter and in the recreation school in summer, of scarf drills in patterns of colored cheesecloth; and the weaving, in leisure moments, of her snow crystals of delicate cobweb lace. Until Mr. Reeny came to room next door.

Now, daily, they exchanged pleasant greetings in his native tongue; with, from time to time, new phrases furbished out of Arabia's memory; and all, on her part, uttered in her stiff, carefully syllabled, too-high accent.

It gave her a little touch of distinction in Vick Street to ask—on hearing of his interest in the fire-station birds—after *les oiseaux*, or to bid him the time of day, or refer to the exquisite pleasure his practice on his piano gave her.

It would, quite possibly, have saddened her a little, though not for long, for she was both humorous and a philosopher, to have known the opinion of this little tight-waisted, black-clad Frenchman, with his inevitable Gallic perspective, on her first addressing him. He had cried—in effect—with the redoubtable Gautier:

"And I am always astonished that women who are thirty or who have had smallpox do not throw themselves down from the top of a steeple."

Arabia, startled at first, would presently have laughed until she cried. A steeple had never occurred to her. She got far too much serene happiness, far too many small pleasures out of the events in her life. It is, after all, denial that makes the artist; and there is no greater artist than he who spins gold out of straw. It was, you will remember, the perilous test demanded of the wonderful spinner in Rumpelstilzchen; and in this art, which the queenly spinner found no impossibility on making certain concessions, Arabia Webb could have played a close second.

All through the early summer she had been at it, ever since, one morning, she had awakened in the dawn and heard the magical strains of Mr. Reeny's music coming to her across the dewy clear air.

In a little she had identified these sounds with the comings and goings of the small black-clad foreign-looking person with the ridiculous coat tail and portfolio, and pale, high-bred-looking face, next door. A little, and there was a fortuitous exchange of words—and now for many weeks Arabia and her spinning wheel, alias her tatting shuttle, sat weaving away for dear life, on all occasions, in the porch of the shabby Webb house. There was nothing in all this of expectation or desire. It never occurred to her to invite Mr. Reeny up to her porch. There was even a little strain of maternal half pity for a figure clearly out of all consonance with Vick Street itself.

But in the main it was just a fanciful abstract pleasure that brought Arabia out to listen to his music; to dwell speculatively on his unguessed personality and antecedents; to flush a little—her flush was not

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Good hotels and restaurants are supplied by good dairies, and good dairies deliver milk in bottles capped with the *Standard Hood Seal*.

This seal foils tampering. Once removed, it cannot be replaced. Any tampering is instantly exposed.

Also this cap covers and seals the entire milk bottle top. No dust or soot can settle on the top or on the pouring lip of the milk bottle.

Insist on hotels and restaurants giving you this protection. Also, that your own dairyman use it on cream and the better grades of milk.

STANDARD CAP AND SEAL CORP.
Fullerton and Racine Avenues
CHICAGO • ILLINOIS

To Dairymen

To get the hotel and restaurant business supply bottled milk capped with the Standard Hood Seal. Hotels and restaurants recognize the value instantly. Use this cap also on the cream and better grades of milk for the home trade. Now used by over 500 of the leading dairies in the U. S

Borden's, Sheffield Farms, etc. We have a complete outfit for only $55, hand-capping machine and 5 000 Standard Hood Seals with your name and name of product printed on. Machine caps 1,000 bottles an hour. Anyone can operate it. Mail coupon either for this outfit or for catalog.

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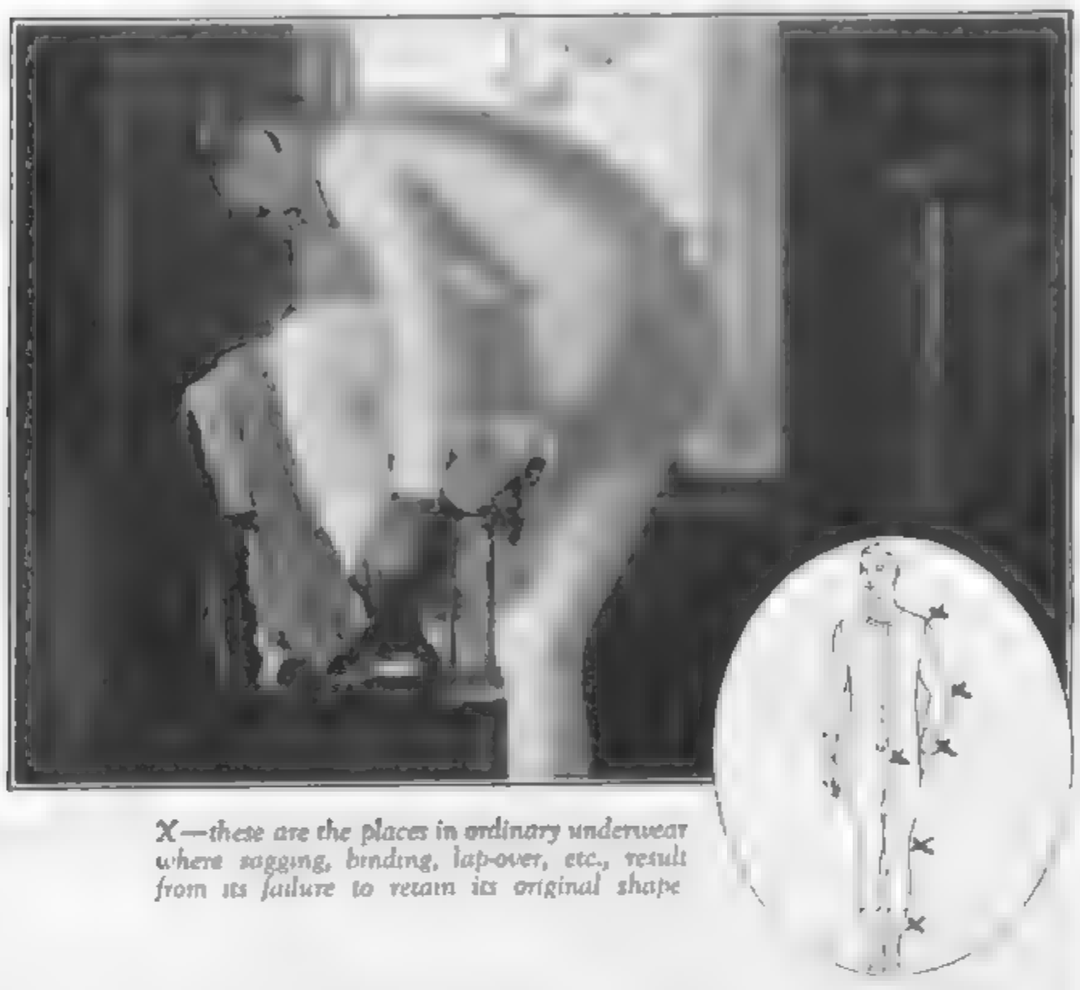
☐ Send me hand capping machine with $(illegible) Standard Hood Seals with name printed on (enclose letterhead or outline.) Print caps Cream caps "Whipping Cream" caps "Certified Milk" (Give number of each wanted.) ☐ Send me catalog (only).
Name
Address
City State

This question of underwear—

It's really a double question—and thousands of men tell us we've solved it



X—these are the places in ordinary underwear where sagging, binding, lap-over, etc., result from its failure to retain its original shape

"I'LL take three suits like *this*," says the Average Man. And when he takes them out of the box that night, they look fine. He's satisfied.

And then, along about the third laundering, he changes his mind . . .

Investigation has convinced us that—broadly speaking—most underwear is a disappointment. It's all right in the bureau drawer—but once on your back, it begins to reveal its true nature.

Why?

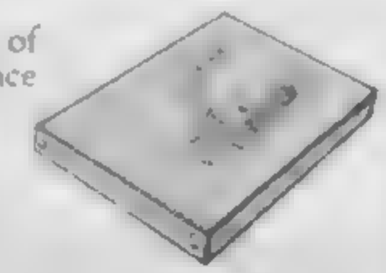
We believe it is due to two main reasons *faulty design*, and *lack of elasticity*. Those are the two things we have kept constantly in mind in designing and producing Carter's.

Tailored on living models—that's the way Carter's is designed. When you slip into a suit of it, it fits you literally as though you'd been measured for it. And the notable thing about it is that that perfect fit is built into every garment *to stay*.

The finest materials—yes. Every detail carefully planned—of course. Buttons double-sewed. Budded seams that lie flat and can't rip. But none of these things would *sell* men by the million and *keep* them sold if it weren't for the easy, springy comfort which is built into every suit of Carter's—and which stays there.

Test it yourself. Stretch a piece of the fabric way out—then let go. Notice how easily, how readily it gives—then how it springs back into shape. And it springs back just as snappily after the thirtieth washing as before the first.

If you view winter underwear as a kind of necessary evil—*try* Carter's this time. Once you've worn it, you'll never change.



THE WILLIAM CARTER COMPANY
Home Office: Needham Heights (Boston District)
Mills also at Framingham and Springfield, Mass.

Carter's KNIT Underwear
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FOR ALL THE FAMILY

becoming—as he approached, and esteem her privilege of interchange. Those queer awkward French sentences, that lifted her out of her commonplace setting, bore her away in a very special sense to the fringe of a more romantic world.

It changed the very contour and appearance of Vick Street. It threw a haze of illusive glamour over it—erasing for the nonce the more solid and accustomed shapes of old friends and neighbors—leaving only the Frenchman and herself marooned on an island of sharper outlines. It also, as Arabia realized ironically, was good for her tatting output.

Mr. Reeny having greeted her chivalrously and with some gratitude—he had long since shelved Théophile Gautier passed up to his own dwelling place.

Blanche Bolden, his landlady's daughter, gave him welcome too.

"H'llo!" she said without moving as their lodger entered the porch.

Mr. Reeny swept off his hat and bowed to her lovely back. A little gleam played in his eye. His bow was to Beauty. A sprawled and greatly displayed Beauty, in a Cleopatralike abandon of pose, now practically unclad against the afternoon heat; which meant, however, exactly nothing. If Miss Blanche Bolden need envy no woman her looks, Lucrece had not a sterner essential virtue.

And this, too, was a constant source of surprise to Mrs. Bolden's Continental lodger. To find residing in his landlady's abode a daughter so young, so beautiful, so careless, so incorruptibly virtuous, so puritanically shrewd, so sartorially demimondaine!

He tried now to copy her greeting. It was pretty poor.

"Ho-la!" he cried; then as the virgin Cleopatra made a scanty adjustment of thin fabric, in the name of modesty, Mr. Reeny's gleam grew more satirical.

"I assume," he said in his execrable English, "from the beautiful mademoiselle's posture and raiment, that a visit from the beau cavalier is not immediately impending."

By the beau cavalier he meant Mr. Archy Pelfer, who worked for the Vito Tire Company. Mr. Archy Pelfer was to be seen at practically all hours in the Bolden porch or parlor. He was a slick young man with glass hair and creased pants.

When Mr. Pelfer was expected Miss Bolden was occupied for hours in advance with elaborations of finger-nail polish, face clay and valeting the enormous sunburst of black hair that aureoled her face.

At Mr. Reeny's reference she turned around with a great, wide-open yawn, offering Mr. Reeny a view of bare knees, her chewing gum and a stretch of open œsophagus.

"Say, ain't you the sassy little pigeon!" she said. "And don't you assume nothing. It's dang'rous. I s'pose—I 'sume you are goin' upstairs an' pound that tin pan o' yours an' spoil my nap."

"It disturbs the dreams of Beauty, then?"

"It gives me a darn good headache. Whyn't you play somep'n?"

"The second time today I am accused of creating mal de tête!" cried Mr. Reeny in mock anguish.

"Well—you know what I'll just do if you try it," threatened Beauty.

Mr. Reeny winced and escaped to his room.

It was a bare, hot, cheap apartment, whose thin green window shades merely colored the pouring warmth of light. He had taken down the few pictures, arranged some simple possessions. His hired tin pan stood in a corner, a rack was piled with music, a crucifix hung on the wall and near by a sword in a scabbard.

Mr. Reeny undressed the upper part of his body and, going to a washstand, sponged it with cold water from a pitcher. There was prickly heat upon his back, which he minutely examined. There was other material for examination also, but this was too old a tale to interest him.

He sat down to his piano and struck, with a sense of relief and relaxation, the opening measures of a Beethoven sonata. Immediately there was a thump and a bump under him.

"*Mon Dieu*—she will really do it again," sighed Mr. Reeny.

Beauty meant surely to avenge her loss. An expensive mechanical piano in the parlor beneath—Bolden père was foreman in the stitching room in Z factory—broke out in a fit of rich musical whooping cough. A heavy young foot smote the floor with it, in pounding inexorable tempo; a penetrating vaudeville whine arose:

"Tu-uck me-e to su-leep in my o-old Kentuck-ee ho-ome. I'll lay there, stay there, Ne-ver no mo-ore to ro-oam ——"

"She will tire," reflected Mr. Reeny, folding his hands.

She did, but not at once. Mammy was twice repeated. It was followed by triple extract of They Wanted a Songbird in Heaven—So God Took Caruso Away.

Presently the artist ceased and dragged, limp and moist, over to Arabia Webb.

"That darn little Reeny has killed all my sleep. Honest, he makes me sick! I wish momma'd fire him—an' get somebody that is somep'n."

"Mr. René is a very well-educated, gifted young man. He has culture. You are very lucky," said Arabia coldly.

Blanche Bolden's eyes appraised Arabia's detail—the plain long face, the white lawn waist, Arabia's straight hair.

"Gee, you're a scream," said her eyes.

"Well," said her mouth, while she extended a graceful foot and admired it, "I don't see the culture. Look at that coat an' pants. His pants look like bells. I like a man with style an' a lot o' class. Did you see Archy Pelfer last night? Ain't his car swell? He's just got it painted—king blue—an' the way he looked! Gee! Just as if he could play golf. He had white linen golf pants. Lots of people wears cloth ones—but Archy picked linen. Now this bird Reeny"

"René," corrected Arabia.

"Everybody calls him Reeny. Well, if this bird had some sense he'd buy some clothes. Momma thinks anyhow he's too equinomical. She says she don't believe he eats anything. I guess he misses the French eats. You got to eat snails and frogs when you're French, and he's that thin! Not that I care how he looks. It's his darn noise! Momma is beginning to think so too. She knew he would pound a lot—he told her—and she'd rather of had him than one of the workers—they track up so—but she ain't goin' to stand for too much! Not for the nightmares anyhow."

"Nightmares!"

"Yeh—I've heard 'em. Momma too. And Archy Pelfer an' I was on the porch only a week ago when he got one. He howls a lot of queer words—French, o' course. Golly, ain't it hot?" Miss Bolden spun a fairy strand of chewing gum in Arabia's direction. "French—on'y one word in English. He yells 'blank cartridge,' 'blank cartridge' over an' over. Ain't that a scream? A grown-up man gettin' a nightmare!"

"Anybody can get a nightmare," said Arabia sternly.

"Well—he ain't gonna get too many in our house." She stretched with supple feline grace. "Gee, I wish't somep'n would happen! Nothin' ever happens! You know. It's always the same here—on this street. Anyways for me. I wish't I could go somewhere; I get tired of even Arch—or any o' these fellas. An' it's always the same kind of a place you go to. Gee, sometimes I'd like to be in pickshures. I bet I could play Jazzmania as good as Mae Murray. I bet you have a grand time, though I read in the Pickshure World where it said it was a dog's life. I'd go anyway if it wasn't momma would throw a cat fit, and then Archy expects a promotion soon. Well, I guess we'll go over to the pool an' lay in the water all evening. Whyn't you go cool off there too?"

Her beautiful cerulean eyes rested in amusement on Arabia. She could just see Arabia in the pool. She could just see yard long. A camel in baggy mohair. She herself—if she did say it—was the cat's pajamas, in short trunks of cherry wool, upheld by two narrow straps.

After a moment she dragged back to her own porch again. Arabia watched her drag. Surely Miss Bolden had been given in a generous spilling handful all a woman could ask of Fate—for the eye. Something curiously pointed and sharp stirred for a fleet second in the school-teacher's breast,

then she fell to weaving her shuttle lightning fast. There was nothing in that beautiful concrete head but air. There were always compensations. You had to see life steadily and see it whole.

After a little, the glare got too oppressive, and Arabia picked up her tatting and an expurgated copy of Molière—with High School Notes—and went into her house.

At five o'clock Miss Bolden, still peevish, awaited Archy Pelfer. She had the cherry trunks in a rubber case and her mind dwelt now entirely on amphibious forms of pleasure. When Mr. Reeny emerged she assailed him with pseudo invitation.

"Say, whyn't you go over to the pool tonight? Whyn't you go and lay in the water? I should think you'd die, buttoned up so!"

Mr. Reeny ignored invitation and implication.

"Mademoiselle Blanche will be Aphrodite rising from the cradle of the wave."

He bowed as he passed on. But when he had progressed a half dozen paces Mademoiselle Blanche recalled him.

"Oh, say, here's a letter for you. I forgot. I been sittin' here holdin' it a half an hour."

He carried it with him to the bit of boulevard park, where he sat chiefly in the evenings. It was a lavender missive in feminine hand, with a Westlawn postmark. It confirmed a prognosis made earlier.

It was from Madame Haverty on behalf of her sons, Pierre and Edouard. The weather had grown so warm, and the lads' progress so slow, that talking it over with Monsieur Haverty and her personal friend, Madame Martin, Madame Haverty had decided to terminate Mr. Reeny's instructions—in short, to make a change.

III

ARABIA WEBB sat in her open midnight window seeking relief against the heat. If I am too insistent on this matter of the hotness of the summer heat that in five and six day relays annually lays Westlawn on its back gasping, I will beg both bored and skeptic to remember man mentions weather far oftener than God, in imperfect recognition, perhaps, that it is the adversary of Holy Writ, and actually the shaper of destiny. At least it was to shape Mr. Reeny's destiny.

Arabia had seen Mr. Reeny only once in two days. She had not heard his piano at all.

Miss Bolden was now living in the public bathing pool, but, coming up for air, in the early evening she had given Arabia a bulletin.

"Mr. Reeny is going. He gave notice to momma yesterday. He's lost three pupils in this one week, an' I guess he ain't feeling so well. He looks awful white an' funny—momma thinks he has no money an' he'll have to look for some kinda other job. He's crazy! Whyn't he try to play for the movies?"

Arabia, moving a large paper fan like a gray moth's wing, reflected on the outcome of Blanche's bulletin, on the difficulty of really helping anyone you very much want to help. She had taken stock of her exchequer after Blanche's word—and had deliberately waylaid the little Frenchman with a magnificent plan.

He had seen through her of course. She had been clumsy and tactless, and much too eager.

There was, she had told him, an old square piano in her house. Some of the ivories were missing and it needed tuning. She would have a man fix it up tomorrow, because of her sudden desire to use it; because all her life she had longed to play, and now, though she had come well along into life without a single lesson, she was anxious to begin study of the piano at once. And that her arrears might be quickly caught up, did he not think she had better begin with two lessons weekly instead of one?.

Mr. Reeny's response was not surprising. He had looked at her long and closely, with his peculiar little gleam of eye, a faint flush in his pale cheeks. But it would be, he declared with his little clicking bow, an honor and a pleasure to serve mademoiselle's passion to study music. Only it should be for a little later on. He was for the time being so busy; so very excessively busy

"The little fool! The little proud damn fool!" Arabia sighed. "I want to help him. I want to help him. If I can't help him, who will?"

Who indeed? A foreigner bringing hands capable of manual tasks was caught up at once, as she knew, and assimilated in the Westlawn machine. But the foreign-born bringing a service of beauty—got nothing. And where was the justice, Arabia pondered; and where, even, the good sense?

Continentals were always quarreling with an industrial America—with its Westlawns—for their ignorance of beauty, their inattention to it. But was it not that beauty had merely changed the vessel it inhabited in this country? That it sought expression in the perfect shoe for man to walk in—the perfectly adjusted community for him to labor in? The same emotion surcharged these things, the same sense of ecstasy in the completion of an ideal, which needed only its poet, its interpreter. It voiced, in reality, the same poetry of vision, the same sense of ecstatic adventure and comprehension that spoke in the song of a Bach, a Mozart, a Liszt. Only it could not yet transmute its personal poetry of ideal into the older symbols of beauty. It was too naïve, too crude: but in time—what all of these Westlawns needed

Just what it was they needed Arabia never exactly found, for all her thoughts went scattering like the paper fan that clattered from her hand at the sudden cry that came from the house next door—a cry in a man's voice that, bridging the gray span of night between the houses, spoke imperatively, terribly, with a prolonged final hallooing note, at once despairing, yet faintly hopeful:

"Bran-cardi-er! Bran-card-i-er! Par-i-ci!"

Arabia leaped from the window sill, her breath suspended.

"Bran-cardi-er! Ho-là! A moi! Bran-cardi-er! Par-i-ci!"

The voice at once dropped, in a rapid hail of phrases, of words, names, epithets barely pronounced. Only a few were clear. *"C'est fini! C'est fini! . . . L'obus! . . . L'obus!"* Then the sharp, prolonged cry rose again, hailing, hallooing over the night: *"Bran-cardi-er! Bran-cardi-er!"*

Arabia's frozen heart relaxed suddenly. It was, of course, the nightmare of which Miss Bolden had complained, and Mr. Reeny's persistent cry of "blank cartridge." With a sense of delicacy Arabia closed the window. She had, after all, no right to listen when a man dreamed aloud. Yet her curiosity was too much. Her French was not perfectly adequate. She made a light at her desk and found her dictionary. Two words explained *brancardier* and *l'obus*. A stretcher bearer and a shell! Shrapnel!

"Stretcher bearer—this way!" Mr. Reeny was actually crying. A shell! He had been in the Great War then. And he had been struck, and had lain, calling for help. A very common thing, yet a light shiver passed over Arabia at that strange recrudescence of horror in the humdrum environment of Vick Street.

"But after all," she reflected, "he got out of it all right. It's only an old dream now. They did find him."

She said it over and over to comfort herself. And after a little, when she raised the window, even in his dream Mr. Reeny had been found. For all was very still again.

"Did you hear my little Frenchy howling last night?" Mrs. Bolden asked her in the morning. "Such a rumpus! All the windows open too! I went and knocked on his door, but he didn't seem to hear me. He yelled till he got tired. I'm glad he's goin' to get out. He tells me he's going to move over on Wendell Street—with some Italian family. Cheaper, I s'pose. My part, I'm glad. He acts funny anyhow—like this heat made him sick."

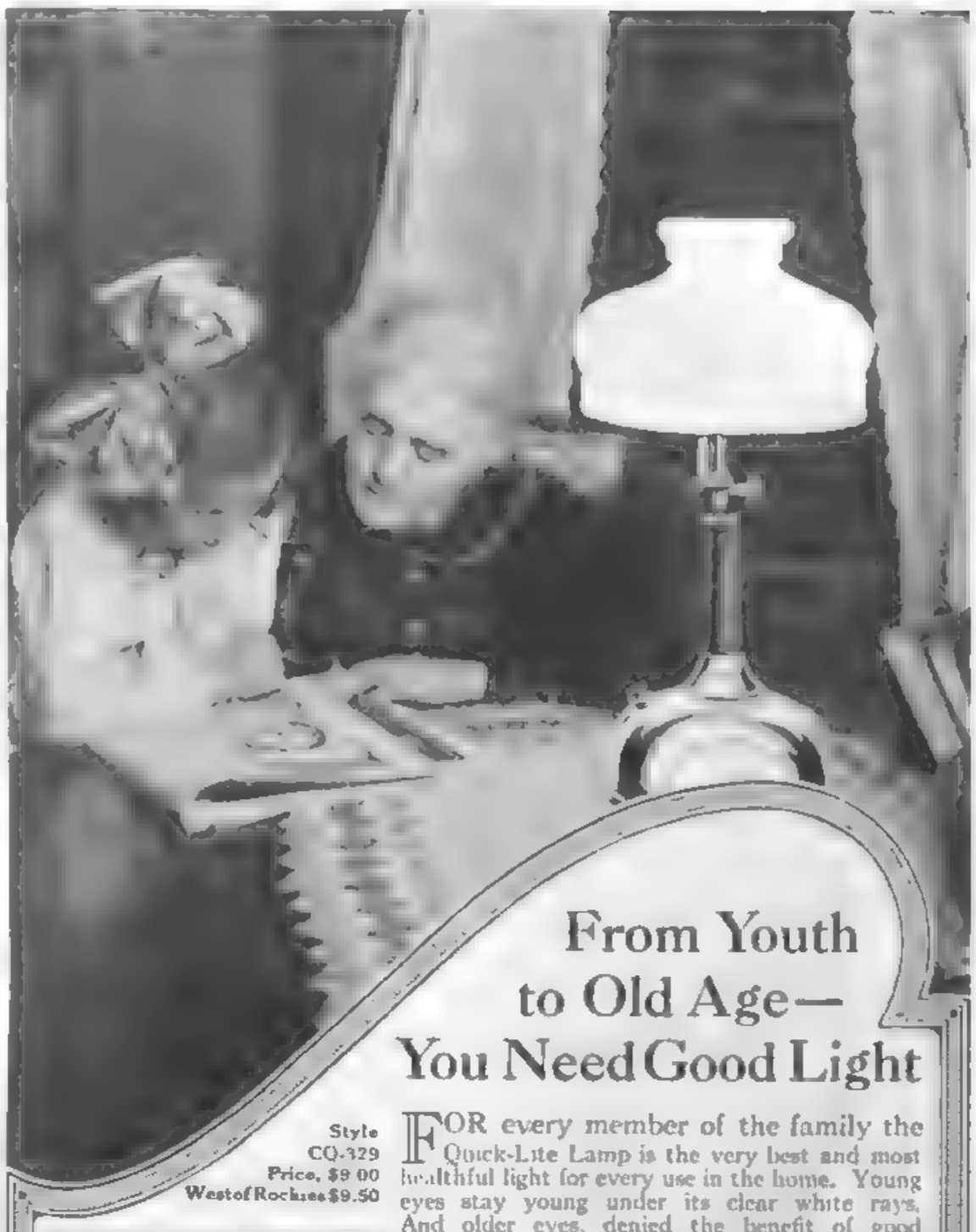
Sickness, indeed, of body and spirit had apparently settled on Mrs. Bolden's lodger—a depression that fed on the high temperature, on fast-depleting cocoa stirred up with water, for the series of Continental breakfasts—and a *malaise* of soul that no amount of Gallic irony or philosophy could allay.

At five o'clock on this hottest of all hot days, when the green light stabbed like a javelin and dizzy black motes wavered through the air, Mr. Reeny resolved to wait no longer to remove his more portable possessions to the new place on Wendell Street.

He packed his portfolio with music, letter paper, photographs, some small personal flotsam and, taking his sword from the wall, left the house. His tin pan should be called for in the morning.

It was the crowded hour. The factory whistles had lately blown, and Vick Street dwellers were turning homeward; children teemed through the street, and at the

Continued on Page 114



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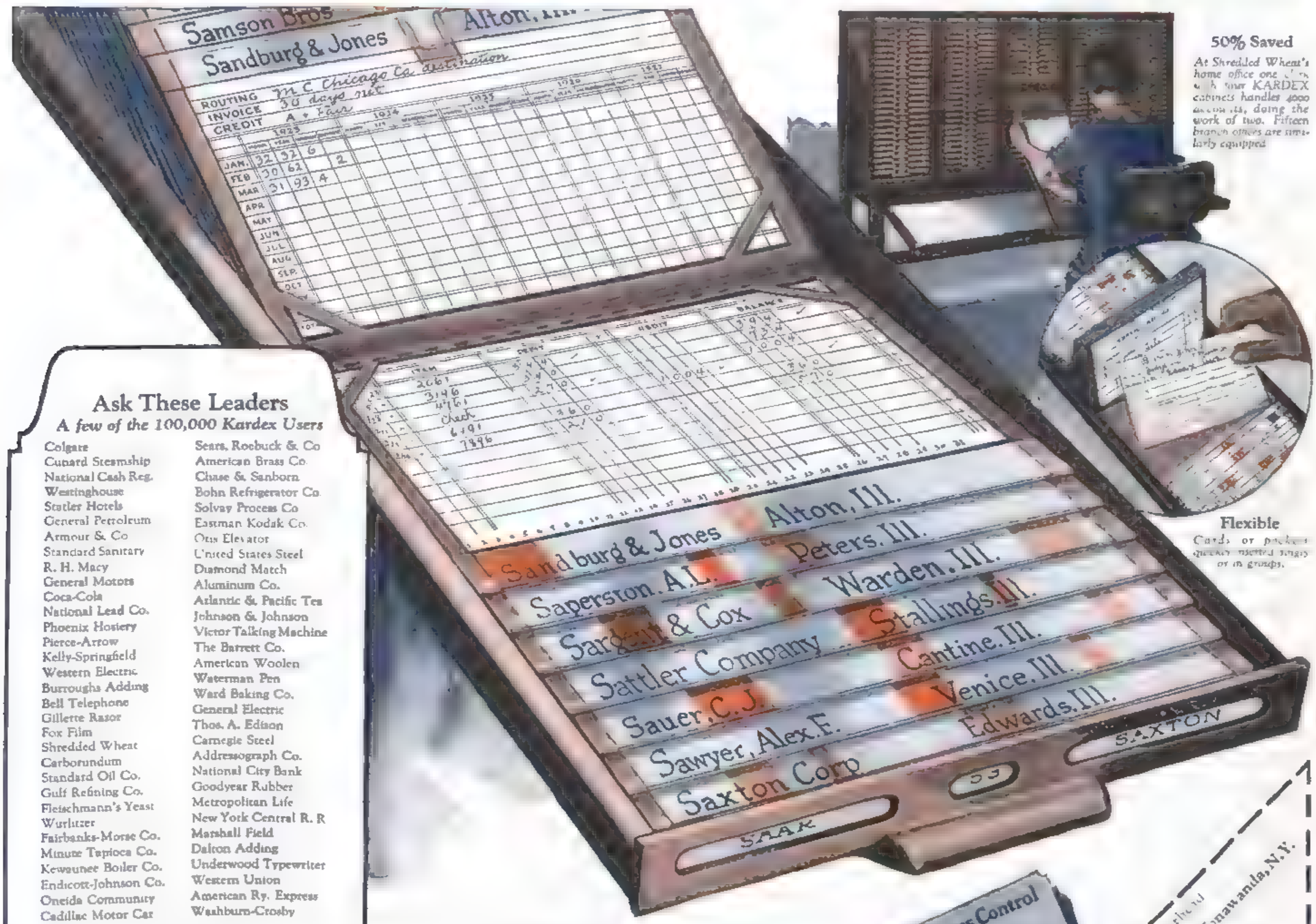
K A R

The Kardex Man



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(Continued from Page 111)

corner near the fire station, in various states of dishabille, they crawled about and chattered, and screamed near the hose that was fastened to the hydrant.

As Mr. Reeny approached, they were clearly bent on encouraging some new sport. Several men with dinner pails had stopped to laugh and look on, and a few of the boys had come out from the engine room also.

Then the mystery cleared. On the roof of the fire station the pigeons had newly fluttered and settled after some late disturbance that had left them agitated and ruffled. Now a half-grown boy handling the hose turned the nozzle straight their way and sent a thick biting stream upon them.

The birds rose in a quick flurry, with little cries and notes of fear and, whirling with draggled wing and drooping feathers, clung for a moment farther to the left. The hose pursued them—it pursued them on and on, to the cornice, where their group was completely broken.

Laughter and applause rose, but the big boy with the hose had not finished. He turned the snaky length, curving it, now here, now there, catching individual birds, as they tried to resettle, sending them swiftly to safe cover. Two, less lucky, he caught against the station wall, washed in a downward pour, to the pavement, where they lay, overcome for a moment, then hopped away on foot, like little soaked gray mice.

A wave of wrath so terrible it blinded him swept over Mr. Reeny. Still, he managed to preserve a demeanor of politeness, of composure, even elegance.

He stepped forward and said very precisely, "Will you have the great kindness to desist from tormenting the pigeons?"

There was a complete astonished silence for perhaps the fourth part of a minute, then a voice shrilling, delighted, rose.

"Here's another! Here's another!"

And big Joe Drachmann, the Austrian, slapped his leg.

"Dat's ride. Dat's ride. Here comes t' big brudder," he laughed in good-humored contempt.

Mr. Reeny trembled and looked at Drachmann haughtily.

"Species of an individual!" he said in a low voice.

His audience screamed with laughter.

"Give it to him too! Wash this one too, Mike; g'wan! Give it to the black one."

Mr. Reeny laid his portfolio carefully on the pavement, because it was evident that action was impending; because it appeared this action was impending, on his own part. Someone—something—unoffending friends of his—*les oiseaux*, the pigeons!—had been beset—and he himself ridiculed unpardonably in an effort to assist them. The heat motes that had danced before his eyes these days had welded into an obscuring black curtain before his vision; his wave of wrath burned away his last coherence of thought. As he straightened up he realized only a sound of rapid breathing in his ear—that someone near at hand was about to engage in an affair of honor—a matter of satisfaction to be gained—with happily the honorable means magically, quite inexplicably at hand.

In short Mr. Reeny had forgotten where or who he was. He knew only that he carried a sword. Automatically he freed it of its scabbard, tossed this aside, stepped back with a light, graceful, practiced gesture of defense, a fencer's alert "*En garde!*"

The shrieks of delight that arose here resounded through Vick Street. They were not, even in his troubled maze, Mr. Reeny realized, for applause of himself. They focused on the shape of a giant who stepped forward suddenly to face him; the shape of a tall, thick giant who carried a sword of a new kind.

An incredible and amazing weapon with a curving, arclike blade of silver, whose very tip stung ice-hot. Without moving at all the giant now drew his sword, curved it, reached in and grazed Mr. Reeny's chin.

"Yee! Attaboy!" rose the cheering.

Mr. Reeny saw the blade coming again. He stepped aside. His own bright weapon flashed like an arrow. He flung himself with magnificent flailing parry and riposte upon his enemy!

The duel that Mr. Reeny fought with the fire hose at the Vick Street station became tradition.

"For washin' off the birds—see! The little Frenchy went crazy. Well—we all thought we'd have a show! An' then big Joe Drachmann caught on. This Frenchy thought he was doolin'. Well, say, Drachmann kep' 'im busy all right."

Joe Drachmann had caught up the hose and, reducing the pressure to a steady, thin, powerful, sickle stream, offered it to Mr. Reeny's weapon.

The result was exquisitely intriguing.

It kept the black pigeon flying, his coat tails pointing now here, now there. His suffusion of face, his activity, his strange low cries bent his spectators double. Joe Drachmann let them have their money's worth—played him—he even humored him. Sometimes he drew the hose stream completely away—retreating like one reluctantly bested—then the Frenchman came yelling up, thrusting with his blade, only to be met straight in the face. It was a scream! It was a lulu!

The ring of watchers thickened. Some women joined them. One of these, from behind, beat her way through with clenched fists.

"Mr. René! Mr. René!" she screamed.

But the noise was too loud, and he couldn't have heard her. He was too remote.

Joe Drachmann suddenly drew off the stream—encouraging him again. But Mr. Reeny hesitated. You could see he was tired and spent—by his breathing, by the whity-purple blotches across his face, his glazing eyes! He must in some way free himself of all encumbrance, take every advantage. Joe's interval gave him time.

He reached to his throat, and with a single tearing left-handed move unbuttoned and shook off the tight black coat.

There was no shirt under it. But it was not this simple insufficiency that caused Joe Drachmann to drop the hose, nor the strange ripple of horror to sweep over the Vick Street crowd.

"Mother of God! Look at him! Oh, my Lord——"

Still there was nothing to do but go on! Mr. Reeny was not, for his part, affected. And freed now of the stiff casing he wore, he saw no reason for not continuing the battle! Besides, he was no longer dueling! A quite new mood possessed him. He lifted his sword and came, crying, forward, heedless, inexorable with death and destruction in his eye.

"*Avancez! C'est un boche là-bas! Avancez, mes amis! Avancez, mes petits vieux! Allons! Pour l'honneur de la patrie!*"

They advanced, Mr. Reeny and his cohorts, straight at big Joe Drachmann. And what could Joe do—but save himself? What could Joe do but pick up the hose—and stop Mr. Reeny?

He stopped him—this time in a complete hush—with the full stream turned on that thin white torso with its deep roweled blue scars that ran like a gutting system of trench line, deep under one arm and over one shoulder.

And when the cold water struck his marred body Mr. Reeny halted. His knees wabbled, his face grew sweetly vacant, a little drop of blood showed on his lip—then he sank slowly down.

Big Joe Drachmann reached him first.

"Gott! Have I croaked you?"

Somebody called "Ring the ambulance!" and then Arabia Webb was kneeling in the pool, with his head on her lap.

So Mr. Reeny didn't go over to Wendell Street.

He went to the beautiful Westlawn Hospital instead, and lay—without knowing anyone—in a long, cool ward, in a snow-white bed, with an electric fan playing.

They told Arabia Webb that it wasn't that last stream of water at all, but the opening of an old internal lesion, from his great frailty and the excitement in the great heat.

IV

THUS passed Mr. Reeny from Vick Street. But not without a little moment of triumph, at least, for Arabia Webb.

Vick Street really got worse and worse, she thought. Coming home every day for the next two weeks, after teaching paper mats and Heigh-Ho! My Deary, Oh, at the playground school, it seemed to Arabia that romance would never again touch it.

But she was mistaken. One afternoon, after she had called at the hospital, as she came near her door, she saw that a big dark green car had stopped. Two oldish men—one in a military cap and cape—had descended. They were speaking with Blanche Bolden, whose jaws seemed paralyzed.

Blanche hailed Arabia with relief.

"I can't make out a word these gempmen are sayin'. But I think they want Mr. Reeny, and I think they mentioned you."

It was more than likely. They were sure to have come from the French consul, and Arabia stepped forward, in almost awful dignity. The one in the cape lifted his hat at her word of greeting.

"You are Mademoiselle Webb?"

Arabia bowed. The dignity that had seized her was the dignity of great affairs. She was no longer a schoolma'am from the ninth ward.

"I am Jean Caychelles, of the French Army. This is Doctor Poideret, of New York. We are come to see Paul Guilbert René——"

For the life of her, Arabia had to conclude his sentence. She drew herself up martially—she was not sure her heels didn't click like Mr. Reeny's—and pronounced the name.

"—— Captain, the Marquis of Turquevois!" she cried. "But yes, messieurs. He is not here. You will find him at the Westlawn Hospital—convalescing."

There was nothing much to follow. A word of gratitude, a little pourparler, then the green car slid on.

It left Blanche Bolden practically dissolved.

"But lookit!" she kept crying. "But lookit, Arabia—whadja mean, whadja say Mr. Reeny is?"

"He is Captain, the Marquis of Turquevois," Arabia said patiently again.

She looked at her beautiful young friend with the concrete head in profound pity.

"A French lord, Blanche, that's what he is—a French lord, with a castle in France—that's who Mr. René is. And he lived here in the same house with you for months. With you and Archy Pelfer and his white linen golf pants! You said you wanted to meet somebody who was something. Well, you did. You met the Marquis of Turquevois, and you met more than that. You met a very brave gentleman, badly hurt at the Marne, officially gazetted for honors by his country, and known among his own people for a certain distinguished performance under fire."

"But, gee—howja know this, Arabia?"

"Most dishonorably," Arabia waved her hand. "We found some addresses on his papers that went along to the hospital, and I put two and two together. Something had to be done and I took it upon myself—— Oh, it wasn't hard to find out. He had a few cousins, who were grateful to him and got worried about him. You see, he really gave what was left of his estate, after the war, to the cousins—one of them has a husband blinded at Vimy—and turned his back on the whole past. I guess his life generally went pretty well to pieces. He lost three brothers, and his mother, who was widowed, died of the shock. And there wasn't anyone to look after the place. he himself lived in plaster at Neuilly for two years. Well, when he got out I suppose he thought he'd begin all over. And first of all by conquering America. Anyhow, he dropped his title and became Mr. Paul Guilbert René, a simple citizen. And he packed up his Croix de Guerre and that sword he fought Joe Drachmann with, and his art they were a family of musicians and he was making a name for himself in musical circles—and came to us. But he didn't bring us the right stuff. He should have brought a band with him. I," said Arabia, "have supplied the band! And he will probably hate me forever. He has a damnable pride. But tomorrow The Westlawn Star will tell us—New York papers please copy—that a marquis, young, eligible, honored, gifted, has been living quietly in our midst. It will be difficult now for Mr. Reeny to escape our favor. He may give us his music where and as he pleases."

Beauty's lower jaw, which had resembled a hanging garden of Babylon, with surprise and regret, snapped into place with plebeian horse sense.

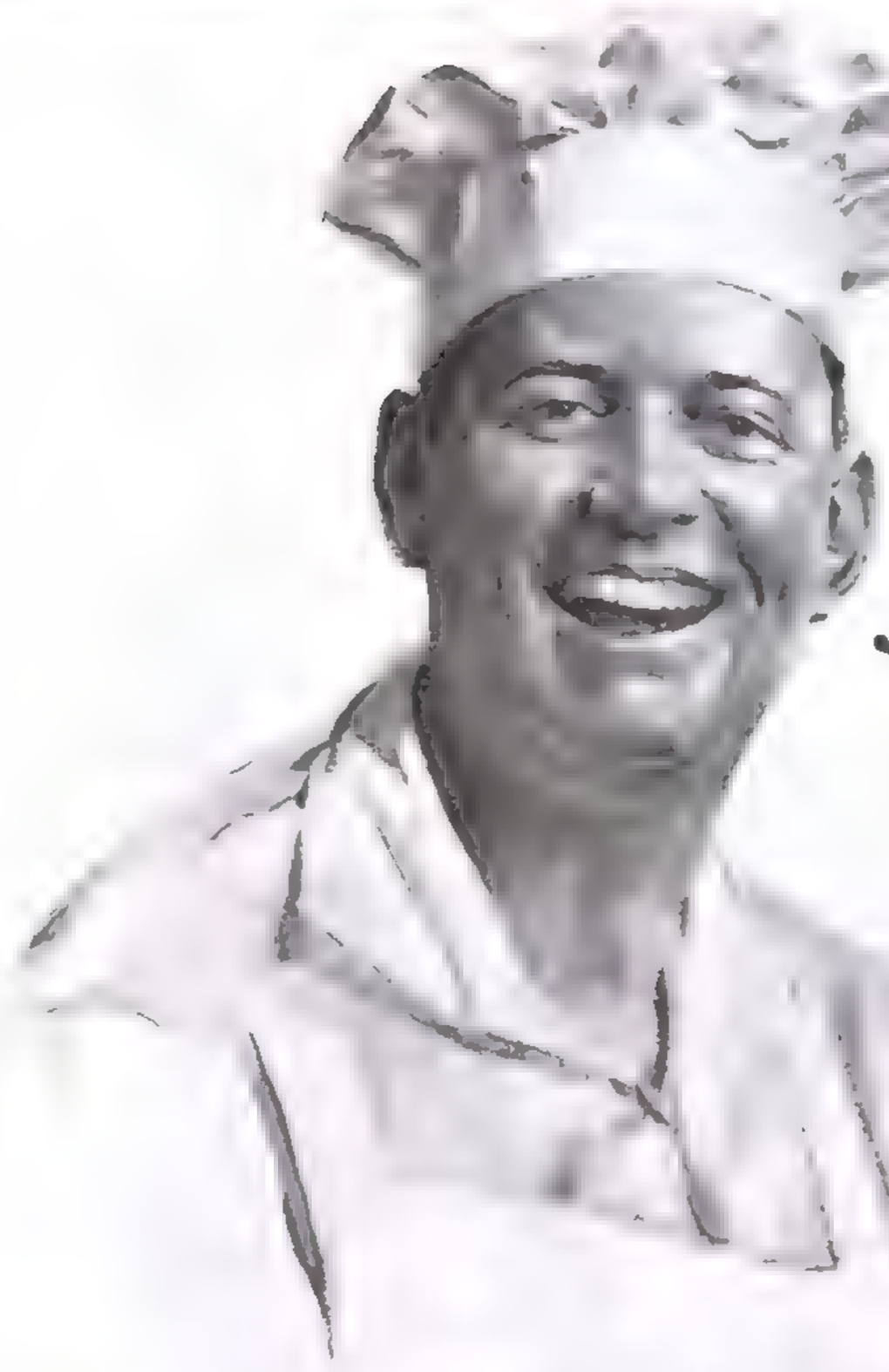
"Well! Ya! Arabia! What's it to you an' I? He'll never come to Vick Street again."

"That," said Arabia, "is very true."

She would never again call "*Com-may vous port-ay vous?*" to a haughtily graceful figure strutting with his chest out like a potter pigeon in his foxed black coat. But that was entirely appropriate. The thing is to see life steadily and see it whole.

So Arabia looked very intently at a sparrow pecking on the sidewalk. If she saw the sparrow whole, I am afraid she saw it not at all steadily for a minute. But pride in her achievement conquered.

She lifted her head and said very firmly, "That is exactly as it should be, Blanche! Exactly as it should be."



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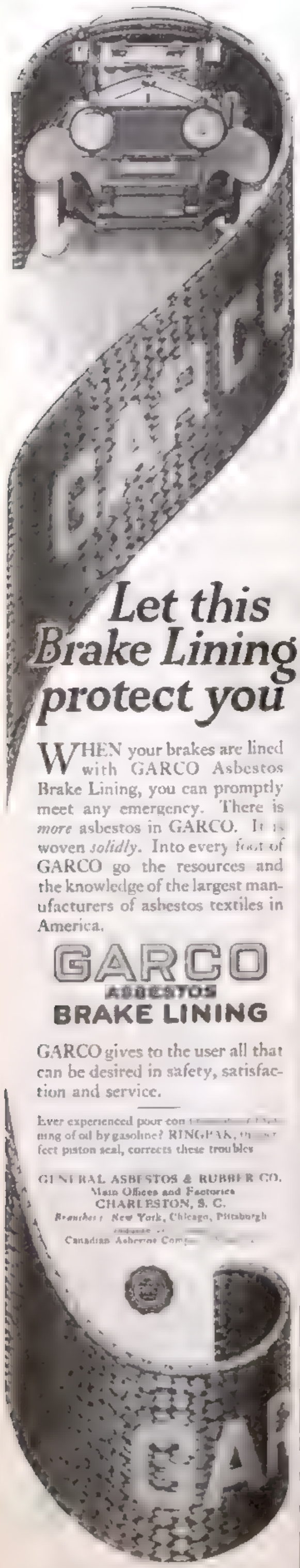

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SKIMPY

(Continued from Page 11)

expenses for living. Well, my brandy cost forty-eight. You see? Or you could have got a case of gin for even less. But no, you would not listen. Perhaps now you know what a fool you were."

"Oh, I wuz a fool, all right, a blarsted fool!" Skimpy quavered; "but ye knows 'ow it wuz, 'Obakian. I run inter me pals in Dutch Charlie's place an'—an' I jest didn't think. I—I forgot. But I won't forget again—if ye'll 'ave a little pity on a bloke an' gimme jest a small drink. I—I need it awful bad, 'Obakian."

"You will get it in Kotta Chilaka—not before. I shall let you have credit with So Chow Lip while we are there. Until then it will do you good not to have any."

"No, it won't, 'Obakian! I'm sick!"

The Armenian grunted.

"That is why I must keep what I have, so I shall not be sick too. I drink for no other reason; not to be drunk like a beast!" Here a hint of disgust crept into Hobakian's heavy voice. "I drink simply because alcohol is better than quinine as a preventive to malaria. One bottle of brandy every evening keeps me in good health for my business."

Skimpy saw the straw, and clutched at it.

"An' ye'd let me die!" in sorrowful accusation. "Me, wot's been wiv ye five 'ole years in the filthy jungle! Ye wouldn't let me die, would ye?"

"Pah! You have no fever. Your blood would poison mosquitoes."

"Not fever, 'Obakian. Cholera!" Skimpy's voice sank to an awed whisper. "Cholera, 'Obakian! I been feelin' rotten queer in me stummick—honest! Wot if I got cholera!" And the self-conceived possibility knocked the last props from under the Englishman.

Followed a shameful exhibition. Skimpy had vowed he would not beg, but in the swift twinkling of an eyelid he was begging, groveling, pleading abjectly.

"'Obakian!"—thin arms outstretched in unrestrained supplication—"fer the love o' Gawd, 'Obakian! I got it, I tell ye. I got cholera. Jest one drink! I—I feel it tearin' me inside!"

But Hobakian only leaned back against the ironwood and roared with genuine mirth.

"Oh, no, Skimpy!" he chided at last. "You do not act it correctly. Remember, I have seen cholera. If you had it you would not be begging for just one drink. You would be howling for bottles and bottles."

Begging for a drink!

Skimpy's miserable body snapped erect on the instant; far gone as he was, a red mist of anger drove in front of his eyes. The remark of Hobakian's, the unintended taunt, acted on his helper with the force of an explosive. For, without knowing it, in the intensity of his desire Skimpy had slipped from what he had meant to be man's talk into cringing importunity. He had cringed before—often—but never to an Asiatic. Swift shame lighted a frenzied fire within him.

"An' that's wot ye're wantin', eh?" he snarled. "Ye wants t' see me 'owlin'! Ye do, do ye? Well, ye won't, ye—ye ——" Skimpy groped pantingly for a word; and found none until his rage whipped him back to the forecastle. "Gawd!" he exploded; "a 'ell of a shipmate you are! A-torturin' a man like ye're torturin' me. They'd learn ye not t' torture a man on a British ship!"

Hobakian spat widely.

"Sit down, Skimpy," he ordered without heat. "I am not a sailor."

"Naw—but ye're a Britisher! I've 'eard ye boastin' o' bein' a British subjec'! You! A Britisher!" in a tone of deepest contempt as Skimpy flayed himself into almost choking rage. "W'y, ye're a lousy Turk!"

And he stood there crouching, waiting. Waiting for Hobakian to surge to his feet. There was no thought in his mind that the Armenian might shoot him dead with the automatic pistol he carried. Skimpy was past all thought. He only knew he wanted to hurl himself at the brute, and hammer and hammer and hammer until that hated face was nothing but a bleeding mass of pulp beneath his fists. It never occurred to him that he had no chance in the world of succeeding.

But Hobakian did not move.

"And you are an Englishman," he laughed easily. "Well, if I am a Turk, I have had an Englishman on his knees in front of me begging for a drink."

"But not no more!" Skimpy screamed. "Not no more! An Englishman takes wot 'e wants, an' I'll take wot I want—if I 'ave t' take it out o' yer black 'ide!"

But Now—Five Days' Hiking Removed From Dutch Charlie's Bar—There Was No Chantey on His Lips

Skimpy made one dive toward the supply box.

Then Hobakian's huge body moved leisurely into action. He caught Skimpy by one shoulder before the Englishman could come within a yard of his objective. He shifted his grip to the front of Skimpy's shirt. Without any appearance of anger, and in spite of Skimpy's tumultuous struggles, he raised the small man with one hand and held him clear of the ground against the ironwood. Not speaking, as though it were merely part of the day's work, he rocked Skimpy's head from side to side with open-handed slaps on the face. One—two—three—four. And then he dropped the wretch, snapped the lock of the supply box, and turned to spread his blankets for the night.

Four days later found Skimpy at his accustomed place at the head of the coolie train. He did not understand fully how it happened he was still alive. Perhaps, he sometimes conjectured, he really was dead, and this was to be his eternal punishment. This craving, this deadly weariness of body, this interminable trudging through dust and heat.

He was weak; and the foremost coolies often growled angrily to make him quicken his pace. They caused his mind to play with the fancy that there were inexorable demons behind him. More than once he realized he was off the trail altogether, swaying with giddiness among the trees, battling his feeble way through long grass and tangled underbrush. He staggered and groaned like a man heavily laden; yet he carried no pack. His eyes, when they were not utterly lusterless, had an almost insane glitter.

Sheer habit kept him going. Hate nourished him, too, and fear of being left alone in the jungle. Besides, twenty miles a day was not too much for one who had food and water whenever he would take them, and only himself to move along. However, there was nothing imaginary about his suffering—the suffering of one suddenly deprived of spirits, who in years before had never missed consuming a whole bottle at least in the time between supper and sleep. His agony was real; but it did not kill.

Hobakian seemed to have forgotten that any unpleasantness had taken place. He continued his silent way, his first thought always for his stock in trade. At mealtimes he even went so far as to urge Skimpy to eat more of their tinned food.

He freely offered his tobacco.

Nothing else; no brandy. Relaxed for the night, he himself would sip, sip, sip, until he had finished his daily ration; nor did the permanent entreaty of Skimpy's bearing ever touch him to the extent of sharing a drop of it. So, since for all Skimpy's recent rebellion the Armenian gave no evidence of ill will, it must have been that he had determined on this course for his helper's good, and would stick to it no matter what happened.

This being the ninth day, the supply of brandy had dwindled to four bottles.

The coolie train, like a great brown centipede, crawled along through the late afternoon. Presently Skimpy caught sight of a buff patch against the green of the valley ahead. He knew this to be the thatched bamboo shacks of Trawas, an unimportant village, usual site of the trader's ninth night's encampment on the way to Kotta Chilaka. Prospect of rest brought no buoyancy to the little Englishman's depressed spirit; and yet, unconsciously, his step quickened.

A rumbling deep note of satisfaction and relief swept back along the line of coolies. Another mile downhill for them, and a long rest after an easy day.

For a while intervening trees hid the village, until close approach revealed something out of the ordinary. It struck Skimpy gradually as a series of shortcomings. No haze of blue smoke drifting through tall coconut palms, no hollow sound of stamping at the rice blocks, no cackling of women nor shrilling of naked children. Even in the none too sensitive mind of Skimpy Odgers there arose a vague feeling of dread.

This feeling increased, seemed to take root in the coolies, whose chatter dropped to strained whispers as they swung down a narrow street into the square where stood the village's holy waringin tree. There was not a villager astir.

Hobakian came hurrying up from the rear.

"Very strange, eh? What is the matter here?" (Continued on Page 119

50c

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VAN MEAD marks the smartly dressed man's release from discomfort. Like the lower VAN JACK, its slightly narrow and somewhat high front sounds a new note of correctness for Autumn and Winter. Appropriate alike to dinner jacket and business suit.

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WALLACE Silver STERLING AND PLATE

(Continued from Page 116)

Skimpy only shook his head. The Armenian turned to the five or six coolies who stood nearest. "See if everyone is asleep!" he commanded in Malay.

The coolies left their places in line, ran quickly from door to door. After entering thirty or more shacks which fronted on the square they returned to report that the village seemed to be deserted.

Yet there were nowhere signs of dilapidation; half a dozen hens strutted in full view; the narrow streets which led back between rows of woven-bamboo houses were no dirtier than when the white men had been in Trawas before.

Hobakian rubbed the stubble on his dark cheek.

"Very strange indeed! However, I shall not lose sleep. *Ayoh, kooli; koompool barang!*"

Skimpy looked around in dazed dismay. Hobakian had just ordered that the goods be stacked as usual; already the coolies had begun to shoulder their loads toward the side of the square where they always camped. The tarpaulins were down and the first heavy boxes in place upon them before the small man's thoughts became sufficiently clear. He decided he hated the look of those silent huts, of the empty streets and the empty square. Swift fear of the unknown began to oppress him. He felt a premonition that evil would be their lot in this village so unaccountably depopulated. His doubts sent him to Hobakian's side.

"Ye—y'ain't goin' t' stay?"

"Stay? Of course. What else should I do?"

"But they's somethin' wrong 'ere, 'Obakian."

The Armenian made a gesture of deprecation, of indifference. "No, nothing wrong," he carelessly pronounced. "There must be a feast or something in Kotta Chilaka. They have all gone in to see the fun."

"They wouldn't all go," Skimpy objected.

"Well—they are not here. And they are not dead. At any rate they are not dead here in the village. So they have gone somewhere. But what difference does it make? We do not need them. We stay only for the night, and in the morning we go."

"We better go now. I don't like it 'ere."

But Skimpy's persistence only resulted in annoying the Armenian.

"Ar-r-r—do not be so foolish!"

So Skimpy restrained himself, though he kept looking furtively back over his shoulder as if expecting to see something sinister come stalking from between the houses.

The childlike Malay coolies had quickly lost their worried looks. Freed from their labors, they were giving loud vent to unthinking badinage. Hobakian was cool, normal.

All this was reassuring, of course, to Skimpy, and at the same time disturbing. He took thought of his own apprehension. He wondered whether it could be a part of his unforgettable misfortune, nervousness brought on by lack of drink.

That seemed not unlikely. That the village was deserted was a fact for all to see, but the impression this fact made on a man was the measure of his condition, his health. The others looked upon it as a matter of no consequence, while he, Skimpy, was all atremble. What was the answer?

In a flash Skimpy fell prey to the belief that he was going mad.

The conception filled him with terror. Time and again during the last four days he would have welcomed death in any form; he could not contemplate lunacy, however, with equal composure. Before he knew it his face was turned toward the corner of the square where began the broad trail to Kotta Chilaka, as though his ailment were something he could escape by running away; but a numbness gripped his legs and he could not move. He was going mad! No! No! His protests rose without sound to his dry lips.

It was five minutes—nothing happening meanwhile to prosper his fright—before he had got himself at all in hand. Then he tried to consider the situation. He was not yet mad, he reasoned; only going mad. The thing to do was ward off the event.

Only one way out of danger. Since lack of brandy was inevitably unbalancing his brain, brandy would restore it. So he must have brandy; and it occurred to him immediately that he would be acting unwisely to ask for it. Hobakian would not give it to him, he was sure; and, moreover, if the subject were not mentioned, Hobakian would not have his supply so keenly on his mind. He would sleep without fear. The fool probably figured little Skimpy was resigned to waiting until they had reached Kotta Chilaka. Skimpy laughed craftily.

First, he saw clearly, he would have to steal Hobakian's key. After five years in the Armenian's employ he knew that any attempt to force the hasp and staple of the supply box would bring the whole camp about his ears. All right, then; he would steal the key. Desperately the tormented soul formulated the plan; and desperately he set about its execution.

It was late in the night when he tried to pull Hobakian's breeches from under the sleeping man's head. Overanxious, he did not come within mentioning distance of success. Hobakian woke up, took in the situation without any difficulty, and thrust out one big paw for Skimpy's collar. He drew the Englishman to him, turned him over and spanked him until Skimpy blubbered and howled like a whipped schoolboy.

In the morning there was little about Skimpy to remind one of a man. He performed his tasks even more dazedly than ever before; sat utterly crushed at early breakfast, without spirit to raise his eyes from his trembling fingers. The pyramid of trade goods had been broken down; the coolies had eaten and were waiting beside their loads for their master to give the word to proceed. A sudden murmur ran among them. Hobakian, muttering, had jumped to his feet before Skimpy looked up. Then himself came slowly erect. A man—a white man—was crawling laboriously out of one of the side streets into the square.

The man was young, about Skimpy's age, and Skimpy had seen his kind before. English beyond a doubt, and a toff—a gentleman. His clothes were whole and fairly clean, nor was there any look of starvation about him; but he dragged his right leg uselessly behind him. For all his obvious disability, neither Hobakian nor Skimpy made any move to help him. He stopped crawling when yet some thirty paces away.

"I say, you chaps; better hop it. There's cholera in this beastly hole."

Skimpy saw Hobakian's face go sickly olive beneath his sunburn.

"Cholera!"

"Rotten with it," said the stranger cheerfully. "Just woke up to find myself with a touch of it. Better pull out. And say—just drop a couple of bottles of liquor before you go, if you've got any. Champagne's best, but brandy'll kill the bugs if I get it quick enough." Then a spasm of pain passed over the young fellow's features. He doubled up until his face—eyes, nose, even his mouth—ground into the inch-deep dust of the square.

"Damned glad—you—happened along," he gasped at last without lifting his head.

"My God!" came hoarsely from Hobakian; "we have been here all night!"

Skimpy could not move. He watched his employer run toward the supply box, fishing for his keys as he ran. He saw the Armenian bring forth the three remaining bottles of brandy; whirl bellowing to the coolies. He heard the order given to the Malays to get under way with the trade goods with all speed. Then something snapped in Skimpy's brain as Hobakian, clutching the brandy, set out along the trail to Kotta Chilaka as though all the devils in hell were hot on his heels.

But the coolies did not get under way with the trade goods. There were those among them who could surmise that "cholera" meant *penyakit kolera;* and, their master gone, they looked not to the order of their going.

Screaming their terror, they tossed down their yokes and scattered in every direction. Another five seconds and Skimpy was alone with the stranger. For an appreciable length of time, still, he was too paralyzed with a mixture of rioting emotions to move hand or foot.

A mixture of emotions; and consternation was uppermost; and yet, when at last he moved, it was toward the man who was lolling on hands and knee on the other side of the square.

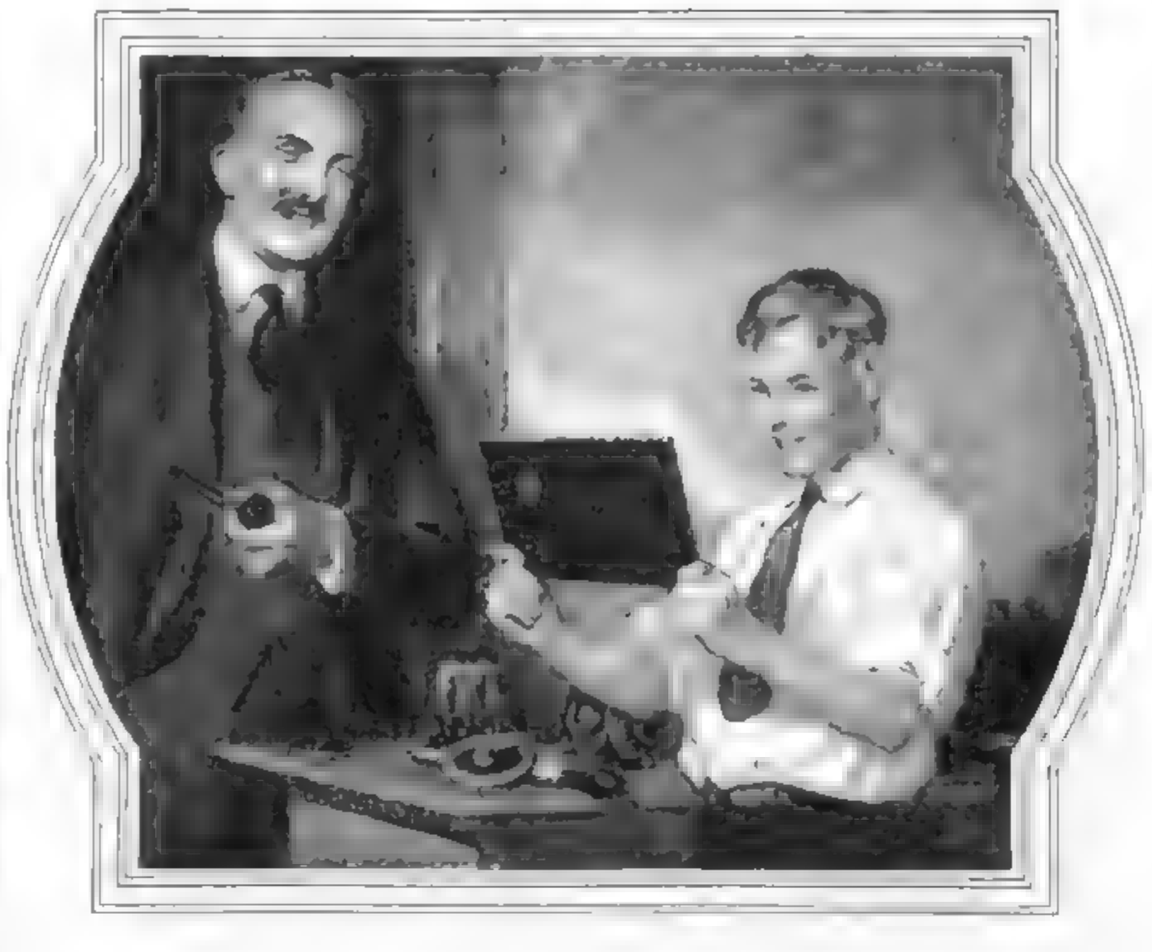
Skimpy marveled at himself.

"Er—nasty smell around here, wasn't there?" the stranger laughed; "but it's gone."

"'E's a bloody swine!" said Skimpy hotly. "'E's 'ooked it wiv all the liquor."

"Wise man! Did you hear me say I had cholera?"

(Continued on Page 121)



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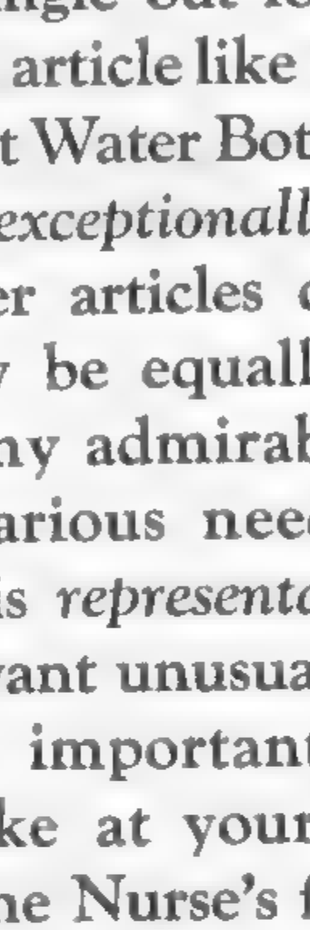

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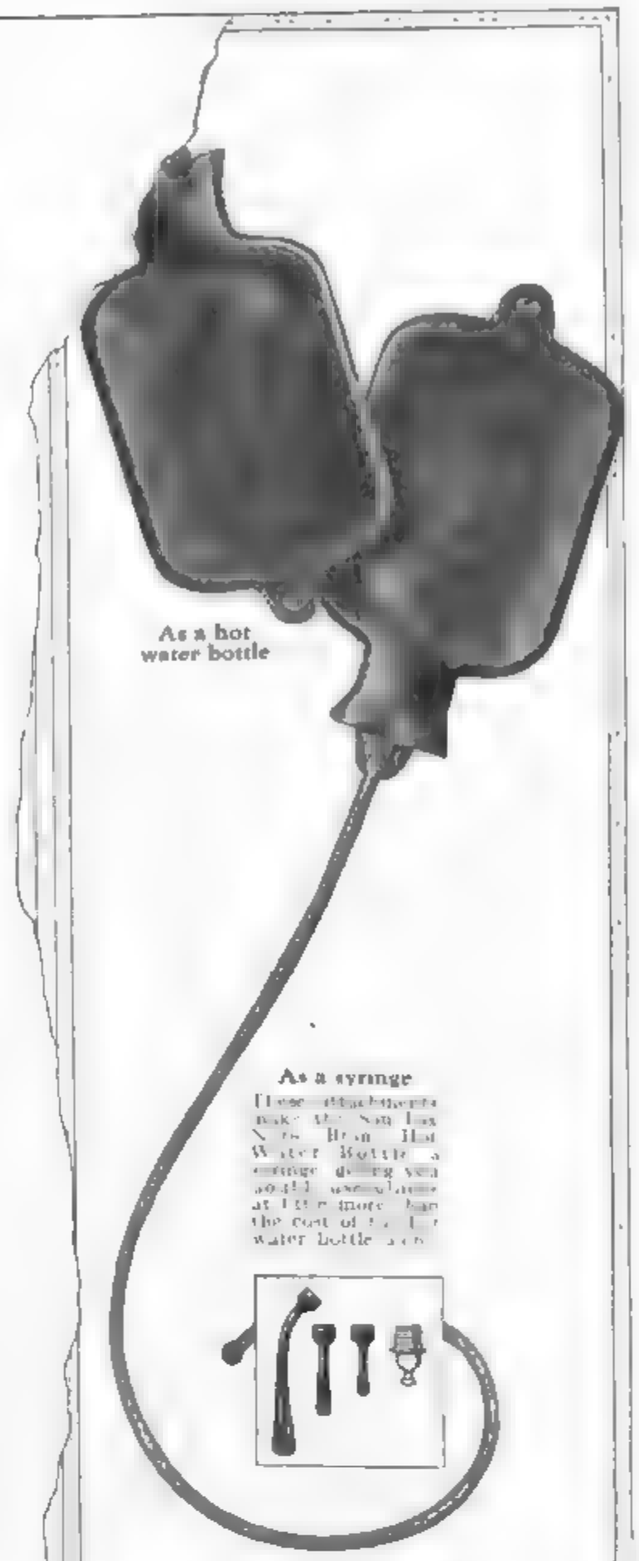

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Continued from Page 119

"I 'eard ye. 'Ell of a lot I cares wot ye got. No Englishman'd care a damn!" Skimpy was now very close. "'Ere, sir; don't be crawlin' in the filthy dust! Can ye stand, sir, if I gives ye a shoulder?"

"Don't be a fool, man!" the other rapped out. "You know—I appreciate it and all that. It's damned white of you, but—get away from me! Nothing to fool with—cholera."

"I'm goin' t' 'elp ye out o' 'ere," firmly.

"No use, man! I've got it. I'm worse than a leper. You can't saddle me on your gang—and I can't walk myself. Anyway, I'm going out—without liquor; and I've got a good couch back here to do it on."

Despite all protests, Skimpy helped the stranger to stand erect.

"W'ere ye stoppin', sir, an' I'll get ye back?"

There was a laugh. No doubt the sick man saw the humor of the suggestion that he was stopping somewhere in such a place as Trawas.

"They gave me a shack when my boys brought me in. It's been my Ritz-Carlton ever since. But the cooks, waiters and valets left in a body two days ago."

Skimpy got the man's story on the way to the shack. His name was Jenswold, and he had broken his leg while elephant hunting to the north toward Djambi. His guides had brought him into Trawas. They had given him what care they could until the time the first case of cholera struck the village. When the villagers fled, fear promptly put an end to the guides' faithfulness.

"They lit out on me—can't say that I blame 'em—and I've been lying up ever since. This morning's the first time I've moved."

"Ye come out jest t' warn us, sir?"

"Lord, no! I heard you and felt the first gripe at the same time. I came out for liquor—only cure for cholera, you know. If you get it quick."

"'E—e's gone wiv all we 'ad," Skimpy apologized; and wished he could haul Hobakian back by the neck.

"Oh, sure; only the blighter better pray he'll not need it."

Skimpy felt inclined to pray that Hobakian would need it. The Armenian's cowardice deserved punishment far worse than cholera. The thought that a single bottle of that brandy could save the life of this friendly young gentleman remained in Skimpy's mind. He was silent for a space; and fell to speculating on his chances of laying hand on the stuff. But as quickly he dropped the idea as an impossibility.

Hobakian, to be sure, had not gone far; already, probably, he had got the coolies together. Somewhere near by, Skimpy imagined, along the trail to Kotta Chilaka, he was trying to persuade them to return for their loads. He had the brandy, but—— Even were the Armenian unarmed, he would still be six feet three in his boots. Skimpy had felt the weight of his hand. It looked very much as though Jenswold would have to die.

Nor—the thought came with the dreadful weakening power of a relapse from convalescence—was his, Skimpy's, case any better. Skimpy suddenly did not want to die. A return of panic sapped the unselfishness he had drawn for a while from Hobakian's defection. He was a fool! He almost hurried Jenswold over the last few steps to the native shack the sick man indicated. His undernourished muscles strained almost to the snapping point as he eased his burden onto a bamboo couch on which lay blankets evidently belonging to the hunter. Out of the corner of his eye he noticed tins of food, a great jar of water and a spirit lamp; but his only thought was that he had done enough. Better hop it before he had bugs crawling in his own stomach!

But before he could retreat Jenswold went limp. Limp for a moment, only to stiffen again, then relax. Stiffen—relax. His face twisted with agony, his breath came in half-stifled sobs, sudden drops of sweat stood out on his brow, at times his lean body writhed all over the couch like a wounded python. And Skimpy, watching in horror, seemed to see himself as he soon would be; but just as he could make no movement forward, he could make none back.

Jenswold's spasm passed.

"That's that!" he said faintly. He sat up. "Tell you—what we do, lad. We'll—let 'em know. You write." The sick man pointed; Skimpy saw pencil and paper among the tins that littered the earth floor.

He heard: "Mrs. Hubert Jenswold—Forty—Highgate Street—Evesham—Worcester, England"; and he wrote it down.

"That's—my mother. You—might tell her—I love her, there's a lad."

Skimpy nodded. He heard further:

"Commander James Vincent-Smith, R. N."

"Address?" Skimpy asked when none was forthcoming.

"Smithy? Don't know his ship—now. Just—send him word—Admiralty Office. Great lad, Smithy—my skipper—my pal too."

"Wuz ye in it, sir?"

Jenswold looked up inquiringly.

"In the navy, sir?"

The sick man grinned as though at a happy recollection. "For a while—a year—last year of the big muss. Just a kid, you know—middy."

Skimpy said nothing; he nodded absurdly for a moment, the while his mind raced. Then he turned on his heel and left the shack. His head was up; he knew very well what he was going to do—even though he had not the foggiest idea how he was going to do it.

"'E wuz in the navy, wuz 'e?" he murmured over and over. "An' that sod'd let a British navy orfficer die!"

Not if Skimpy knew it!

Skimpy was outwardly calm. There was almost an air of detachment about him as he walked along the sun-drenched street back to the square. His blood, his whole being, however, seethed with his purpose. A British naval officer was a sacred being in Skimpy's untutored mind. Here was one who needed brandy; Skimpy would have to get it.

His first move was to arm himself. He had a clasp knife; but that, he decided, was hardly deadly enough. Having come to the square, he went at once among the abandoned piles of Hobakian's goods until he found one of the burlap sacks of hoe heads. A slash with his knife laid bare its contents. Skimpy picked up one of the heavy tools, hefted it, and grinned. But when he tried to find a firm handhold, the hoe head proved to be awkwardly balanced. He discarded it without more ado.

There was nothing else that would serve in the list of Hobakian's merchandise. Skimpy mentally rejected one of the coolies' stout bamboo yokes as too unwieldy, too heavy for quick work. And he knew he would have to be quick! Then his eye lighted on a round stone, about the size of a cricket ball. He bent his fingers around it, thrust it securely but not too far into his right hip pocket. It would do. He left the village in the direction taken by his employer.

The trail to Kotta Chilaka ran gradually uphill. Skimpy, watching ahead, saw against the blue sky the first black clouds of the west monsoon. He realized they meant rain, but gave the matter no thought; all around him was sunshine. As he mounted higher and higher, the terrain to the right dropped in one precipitous slant to a broad area of dry rice fields, parched, waiting for moisture. To the left were occasional patches of jungle, interspersed by cleared fields. These fields were given over to tapioca, planted between rows of half-grown kapok trees. Somewhere along here Skimpy expected to find Hobakian.

He came first upon the coolies. Like a lot of crows, they perched in bunches of three or four on the banking beside the trail. They had got over their fright, but their glum faces heightened the crow impression. It was evident enough that Hobakian had been, verbally at least, hard at work on them.

"*Mana tuan?*" Skimpy demanded of the nearest.

Four or five of the Malays sullenly jerked their thumbs to indicate the tapioca field behind them. Skimpy felt for his stone; scrambled past the coolies up the banking to the level of the cultivated land.

"'Obakian!" he called.

"Keep away!" boomed the Armenian's voice; and Hobakian, visible to the waist above the green foliage of the tapioca, appeared about fifty yards back from the trail. It was plain that the man was far gone in terror. "Keep away! No one may come near me for six days."

"Aw—wot's the use o' funkin' that way? We ain't got it."

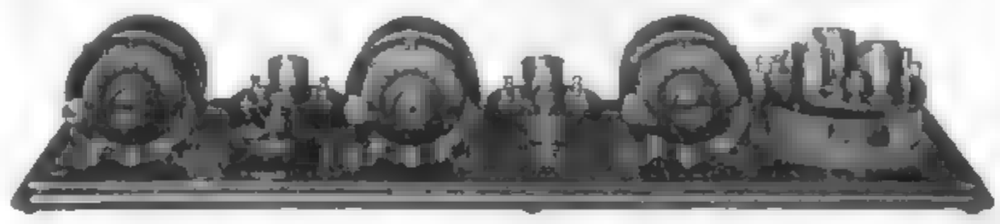
"You cannot be sure! We were in Trawas overnight. We used the water!"

"Sure. But ye ain't sick, are ye?"

"No! No!"

ATWATER KENT

RADIO EQUIPMENT



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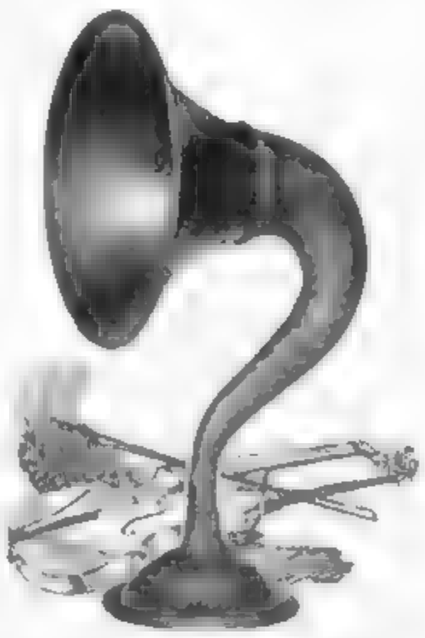

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"Well—then I want yer brandy!" was Skimpy's stern announcement. "They's a gentleman, a navy orfficer, wot's rotten sick. 'E's got t' 'ave it."

"My brandy! Are you a fool? If I become sick I shall need it."

"Stow yer lip! Chuck out a bottle or I'll come an' take it orff ye!"

"You come near me and I'll shoot you dead. No one may come near me."

Skimpy took his stone into his right hand and started forward. Instantly a shot rang out. But the little Englishman, exposed only from the breast up, offered a poor target. He knew he was not hit; at the same time he was conscious of an alarmed commotion among the coolies, whom he judged to have followed to see what would happen.

Then, suddenly, Hobakian disappeared. Where he had stood was now lost from view in the glistening expanse of green leaves. Before Skimpy's mind could figure out the motive behind this maneuver a second shot sounded. Skimpy felt a sharp stab of pain a few inches above his left knee. Then he understood; Hobakian was shooting at his legs below the level of the foliage. Skimpy did not stop to examine the wound. It must be slight. It did not bother him to walk.

Walking, however, he now decided, was dangerous. Quickening his pace, therefore, he began to circle and dodge, to the right and to the left, yet coming nearer and nearer to the place where Hobakian lay hidden.

"Keep away! Keep away!" the Armenian roared from time to time; and from time to time moaning bullets clipped tapioca stems around Skimpy's legs.

Finally, while Skimpy circled far to the right and back again, there was no more shooting. That meant to Skimpy that Hobakian's pistol was empty. He was sure the Armenian had left all extra clips behind him in his first mad flight.

So Skimpy took a fresh grip on his stone and dashed forward. Tough tapioca stems impeded his advance. He uttered snarling oaths, though it was plain to him, too, that these breast-high plants would be of incalculable aid. He would dodge and hide and dash out to attack again. He would worry the slower Hobakian until his opportunity came to lay him low with the stone. But—of a sudden, not ten feet in front of him, Hobakian reared up, aiming his pistol point-blank.

Followed the explosion of a shot. Skimpy felt as though he had been hit across the breast with a plank. He was conscious of twice spinning completely around, tripping, and falling face down on the soft earth.

Like a cat he whirled onto his back to fight as a cat fights. But there came no attack. Skimpy got up, brushing the mist of vertigo out of his eyes. Complete astonishment possessed him as he saw Hobakian running none too steadily toward the dark rim of the jungle beyond. With a maniacal shrieking on his lips, the little Englishman followed.

He ran with a speed he never knew he could summon. Somehow, to see Hobakian's broad shoulders plunging in full retreat filled him with the courage of a man *amok*. His eyes never left those shoulders. Sooner than he expected he found himself leaping and clinging to them, with his left forearm wedged under Hobakian's chin. Hobakian shook himself, and roared like a buffalo bull with a tiger on his back. But Skimpy was not to be overcome by roaring.

The Armenian fell deliberately—but not cautiously—forward. Skimpy refused to be unseated; he clung. He jammed Hobakian's sun helmet roughly aside. His right hand swung high. Once, twice, three times the round stone beat on the Armenian's close-cropped poll.

There was one groan from the man; that was all.

Without any delay Skimpy started looking for brandy. He found a full bottle in one of the fallen man's breeches pockets; a bottle half full in the other. He searched carefully farther—without finding the third bottle; followed Hobakian's ankle-deep footprints back to his first hiding place. And there he found it—empty.

Skimpy nodded. That sufficiently explained Hobakian's poor marksmanship; explained the terror that had paralyzed his powers of defense. The mere mention of cholera had turned his blood to water; had started him drinking to ward off the disease. He had gone a good bit too far. No one knew better than Skimpy that a bottle of brandy after supper was not quite the same thing as a bottle and a half in the heat of the tropical sun.

But Skimpy had no time for review.

He started back with what he had been able to get. Close to the trail again, he was aware of the coolies in a semicircle ahead of him. They opened up to let him pass, watched him curiously. Surprise and a certain awe played on their dark features. Unconsciously, as soon as he noticed their obvious respect for him, Skimpy drew himself erect.

As he did so, a stab of excruciating pain nearly felled him to his knees. He remembered his wound—two wounds in fact, though the one in his leg was undoubtedly slight. As he walked, he tried to pluck open the front of his shirt in order to see what damage his breast had sustained.

Just then, however, his feet struck the sharp descent from the field to the trail. He nearly pitched forward. The shaking he experienced hurt him so his senses reeled. His knees gave way, and he sat down.

Now he knew himself to be wounded far worse than he had thought. Blood was warming his whole left side. And when he tried again to unbutton his shirt, his arms refused to respond to his will. He could not lift them. That was bad. He must be in a very bad way. Yet he must go on. There was brandy to deliver to Jenswold.

It was possible, he discovered, to move his arms back and forth; so he reached to feel whether the bottles were safe. Not intending to, exactly, he brought one forth with his right hand; placed it between his drawn-up knees. It was the half-full bottle. Another second and his teeth were clamped on the loosened cork.

As the smell of the liquor mounted to his nostrils, Skimpy gasped.

There was no thought in his mind at first that here was a strengthening fluid that would hearten him to pursue his way. That came afterwards, insidiously, luring him to cowardice, after he had fought down sheer craving. It came afterwards; now he knew only that this was brandy, brandy, brandy! He forgot he was wounded; Jenswold was a million miles away. Here was brandy. Skimpy wanted it with every atom of his tortured body. He deliberately prepared to drink by hugging the bottle as high as he could against his breast, lowering his lips, and setting his heels firm to roll himself back.

He prepared to drink, and he would have drunk had not Jenswold returned the million miles.

There was no look of reproach in Jenswold's eyes. He grinned. But Skimpy knew the liquor belonged to him—and he was dressed in the uniform of a British midshipman. Skimpy sat still as death for a long time.

It was then he began to argue that he would have to finish the half-full bottle so that he might have power to get back to Trawas with the full one. He argued in shamefaced fashion directly with Jenswold. And Jenswold agreed with him; offered no objections whatever; indeed, it seemed to him as though the midshipman were telling him to drink the full bottle too. Something wrong there, though! Why should a man give away good liquor when he was rotten with cholera? Hobakian had refused to do so—although he was not sick. Not sick in his stomach. Perhaps his head was quite a bit mashed. Perhaps—— Then full remembrance of the recent conflict dragged Skimpy back to sanity.

He opened his eyes and saw the trail—and only a swimming heat haze beyond. Somehow he got the bottle corked and into his pocket. Somehow he got to his feet.

At the edge of the square in Trawas he fell again. This time Skimpy lay very still for ten minutes or more. Black spots—dazzling flashes of light. But at last his senses cleared to find the square in an increasing darkness. He remembered the clouds he had seen; remembered that the rains were at hand to cleanse the countryside. Surprisingly, too, he discovered a certain strength in his right arm, though his left was numb. So he used his right to hitch himself along until he could stand erect with the aid of one of the coolies' loads.

His hand came in contact with one of the yokes. He immediately began to use it as a staff as though he had intended to even before he touched it.

It proved a tremendous help. It seemed no time at all before he was at the door of Jenswold's shack. There he dropped the yoke before going inside to make one swift dash to the side of Jenswold's couch. The interior seemed darker now. Skimpy understood—for all he had not once looked up—that the small clouds had grown until now they had blotted out the sun. Jenswold's face was a white hole in the gloom. He stared at Skimpy out of haggard eyes.

"Hello; you back?"

"I've brought a bit o' brandy, sir."

"Hell you did! He came across?"

"Yes, sir. 'Ere, torss it orff, sir." Skimpy put the half-full bottle into Jenswold's hand. With a swift motion he knocked the neck off the other—and waited.

Not long. The first bottle gurgled out its contents before ever it came down from Jenswold's lips. Skimpy held out the other bottle. The half of the liquor it contained disappeared at the sick man's first draught. Jenswold had none of the earmarks of a drinker; yet such prodigious consumption surprised Skimpy not at all. It was part of his knowledge that nothing but the cholera saved from instant paralysis the one who drank any such quantities in such a short space of time.

Then Jenswold looked at Skimpy. It was dark; he could have seen nothing of oozing blood.

"Gad, I'm a beast! Drinking alone! Have a spot, old man."

Skimpy shook his head.

"Naw I ain't drinkin'. Polish it orff, sir, an' lie down fer a bit."

"Sure you're all right?" carefully.

"Sure."

Jenswold drank; and went back onto his blankets as though hit with a sledge hammer. Skimpy reeled across the shack, lowered himself feebly to the earth floor. He heard the rain come with the thunder of great drops on the thatched roof. That was good; the following day when Jenswold would awaken with a raging fever—but free from cholera—he would find a clean fresh world to get well in. That was all, then; Skimpy could rest.

He felt his strength drain wholly away. His arms and his legs became useless. No doubt he was dying; and he wondered why he felt no pain, only an irregular comfortable rise and fall of the earth floor. It reminded him of the pitching deck of a ship at sea in a gale of wind. Until, suddenly, he saw that the earth floor was a deck. The bamboo of the dark shack had given place to ribs of steel, bulkheads of steel. The musty smell of the forecastle smote his nostrils. There were men about. He knew them. They were his pals. They stamped with their heavy boots. They talked loud with their heavy voices. There was plenty of good liquor to drink. Some of the men started a song. Skimpy joined in as best he could. Conscious of many shortcomings, Skimpy approached the last stanza with a certain hesitancy. But Midshipman Jenswold—whatever he was doing in the forecastle of a tramp freighter—appeared and ordered Skimpy to go through with it:

To rancor unknown—to no passion a slave,
Nor unmanly—nor mean—nor a railer,
'E's gentle as mercy—as fortitude brave,
An' this—is—a—true—British—sailor.

Then Skimpy Odgers gave a deep sigh and dropped into his last long sleep.

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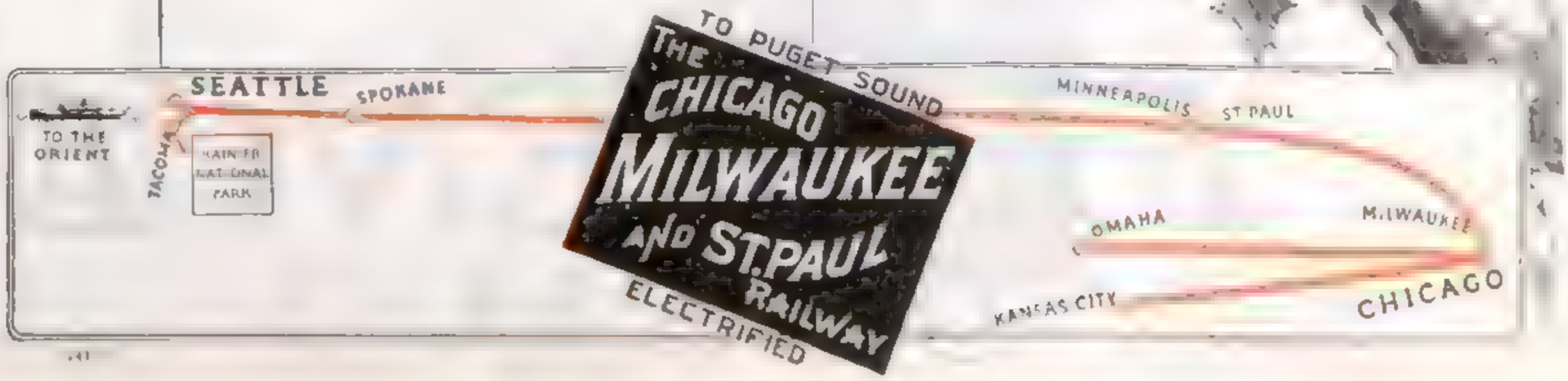

INSTRUMENTS OF DARKNESS

(Continued from Page 13)

"I'll take you to him."

"Don't trouble. Where is it?"

"It's the door at the head of the stairs."

Lila gathered that Duffield had gone up alone, for she heard her husband and the clerk talking about the storm. At the castle there had been something like a cyclone; one of the chimneys had been blown down and some people thought there had been an earthquake as well.

"Yes," Bethson answered, as if he were not very much interested, "it was a rough night."

"Worst I ever knew," the younger man insisted.

Overhead she could hear Duffield's hurried footsteps, and then a shout. She had been waiting for it, and her heart gave a sickening bound. She ran out into the hall. Duffield, his face white as a sheet, was standing at the head of the stairs, looking down into the hall. Bethson and the clerk, interrupted in their talk, were looking up at him.

He said loudly, "He's dead, Bethson!"

Her husband didn't answer, but ran up the stairs, pushed past Duffield and went into his uncle's room. She started up the stairs, too, but Duffield stopped her.

"Don't go in," he said gently; "it's a painful sight."

Banks, half dressed, came running in from the extension. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"He's dead—Mr. Duncan," Duffield repeated.

"Dead!" cried Lila. "How dreadful—in our house!"

Then her husband came out of Duncan's room. His pallor was natural enough now. He came very slowly, and meeting Duffield's eyes shook his head slowly.

"A death like that," he said, "makes life seem like a pretty cheap, trivial sort of affair, doesn't it?"

And then a new figure appeared upon the scene—Ross just waked—came tumbling out barefoot, still in his cheap pajamas, his face pale, his eyes red and blurred, and his face distorted with horror. "It's my fault," he kept repeating. "I did it. I as good as killed him."

"What do you mean, Ross?" said Bethson sternly.

"I didn't hear him call, sir," said Ross. It was terrible to see the abandonment of all self-restraint in a person usually as icily correct as Ross. He seemed to have lost control of his jaw, which kept twisting as he spoke. "I wouldn't have heard the day of judgment. That damned hooch of Emil's —— Mr. Duncan always said his life depended on my waking so easily; and last night ——"

"Last night you were drunk," said Bethson, in a terrible voice. Ross covered his mouth with his hand to keep back his sobs, but Bethson went on: "Good God, you might as well have murdered him! You ought to hang for that, Ross, and I'd like to do it with my own hands."

"Gently, gently, Bethson," said Duffield. "The poor fellow feels badly enough about it already."

"Oh," cried Bethson, "it takes a lawyer to be neutral and infuriated at the same time. Well, he wasn't your uncle—nor your guest. But when I think of it—think of him lying there alone—calling for help—dying—and this fellow sleeping like a drunken pig—in the next room—well, I must say pity for Ross is not my first thought."

It seemed to Lila as if her nerves could bear any strain, but not the relaxation of the tension. Bethson's speech was perfectly convincing—there was no danger—they were safe. Her hands and feet began to grow numb. She said quietly, "I think I'm going to faint." No one heard her. Banks and Duffield were talking of the necessity of sending for the coroner and a doctor, and above, on the landing, her husband, like an avenging angel, was standing over the weeping Ross.

Then everything grew black before her eyes. Someone called out, "Look out for Lila!" Banks picked her up and carried her into her own room.

IV

IT HAS always been said that nothing tests the character like sudden and unexpected wealth. Under this test, the Bethsons' conduct was perfect. They showed not only respect and affection for their uncle's memory but a most serious appreciation of their new responsibilities—a complete dependence on Mr. Duffield's judgment in settling the estate, a consideration for old retainers. To Banks, also, Bethson was generous; in leaving the firm he left enough capital to make Banks' life easy.

The only person to whom he showed himself utterly implacable was Ross; he could not bear Duncan's old servant in his sight. This attitude helped undoubtedly to fix in the man's mind the conviction of his own guilt; it had been growing since he was first awakened from sleep to hear of his employer's death; he was now steadily drinking. Banks pleaded for him in vain. He said that, after all, the fellow had been Duncan's confidential servant for twenty years, and should perhaps receive some pity, but Bethson wouldn't hear of it.

"I sometimes fancy," he said, "that he did hear my uncle call, and wouldn't get up and help him. I don't ever want to see him again."

Banks, who had a tender heart, answered, "Well, after all, Beth, if your uncle had not died just when he did, you wouldn't be where you are now."

Bethson nodded, frowning a little. "Perhaps that's it," he returned. "Perhaps the fact that I have profited so much by Ross' drunkenness is what makes me hate him so."

His hate was satisfied, for within six months Ross died in an attack of delirium tremens. It was generally rumored that before he died he had admitted that in a drunken confusion he had given Mr. Duncan the wrong medicine, but this was afterward contradicted.

The only people who found anything to regret and criticize in Bethson were the other members of the boards to which he was immediately elected in place of his uncle. These men had heard of him as a gentle, civil-spoken young man, of no very great force, with whom they imagined they would be able to do pretty much as they wished. They had all been a little afraid of Duncan—they never contradicted him; his wisdom and success had become a great tradition. Now, honest men who had thought the old man too conservative, and dishonest men who had thought him too honorable, began to get ready to put a new régime into effect. The Cawdor interests raised their heads again. They had old scores to settle with Bethson. Investigation had at first brought back the report that this new figure in the financial world would not be hard to manage; he was a kindly young man, not very certain of his own opinion, and not unsusceptible to flattery.

They were bitterly disappointed. The new man was infinitely harder to deal with than Duncan had been. Duncan, after all, had had his favorites through whom one could reach his ear, to whom he expressed himself. But Bethson seemed determined to play his hand absolutely alone. He seemed to assume that everyone was against him; no one, at least, was in his confidence. There was a general feeling that they had been much deceived in the sketches they had received of his character. It did not occur to them that the character itself might have changed.

There is nothing that strengthens or hardens certain types of character more than the possession of a secret.

The Bethsons had been in no hurry to leave their cottage. They stayed on there for some time, and then had gone abroad for a few months, and had spent the winter quietly enough in New York. Bethson was, of course, much occupied with the settlement of the estate and the taking up of new interests. Lila began once more to see old friends out of whose life she had dropped, and she did not spare them any of the humiliation inherent in the situation. To her, part of the pleasure of her position was not so much in seeing her old friends again as in making them suffer for past neglect. It was an art she perfectly understood. A few women quarreled with her, unable, they said, to bear Lila's insolence; but most of them bore it, some because they were fond of her, some because they lacked courage to quarrel with anyone, many because they hoped for some obscure benefit to their husbands and sons by keeping on friendly terms with all the tremendous interests which Bethson now represented.

But of course it was not to be expected that the coincidence of the moment of Duncan's death should escape comment. Downtown a certain wholesome fear of libel suits kept the suggestions to raised eyebrows and whispers, but uptown and among Long Island neighbors the talk was gayer and less responsible.

"Are you dining with the murderers tonight?" they would say to each other.

"No; when Beth and Lila are about, I like better to know the cooking is done in my own kitchen," would be the answer.

Banks, who had been deeply touched by his cousin's generosity to him, was shocked and wounded beyond measure when he found that this sort of gossip was going on—and going on among Beth's intimates. He himself had never been thrown with what he called fashionable people, and he regarded them as a race entirely apart. There was nothing of the snob about him; he did not envy them or look up to them; he did not even condemn them. He simply thought of them as people who had entirely different standards and occupations and emotions from anyone he had ever seen. He had early been left a widower with one son, Floyd, a boy of ten. He lived in one of the Oranges, and thought of little but his work, his son, and a country club of which he was president. He was a humble-minded man; it was easy for him to fall into the attitude of admiration. He had always admired a certain charm and genius in his cousin; now he admired even more the way Bethson had taken his new power. He admired Lila—not only her beauty but the way she had without complaint stepped out of all the gayety of her old life. He accepted the notion easily that people were his superior—in charm and brains and social position. When he came to stay at the castle, as he did as soon as in the spring the Bethsons moved in there themselves—he shrank from contact with those whom he described as "those fashionable friends of yours, Lila."

Lila did not let this pass. "What is it, Ben?" she said. "They bore you?"

Banks was a little shocked at the idea that he would tell his hostess that he was bored by her friends.

"Oh, no," he said. "The other way round. I feel as if they couldn't be much interested in me."

"They'll take what I give them," said Lila. "But they want you, Ben; they think you're an avenue to Beth's ear. And oh, dear me, how they all want that nowadays!"

One Sunday in June when Beth and Lila had run across the Sound in their motorboat to luncheon, Banks found himself caught upon a small luncheon at a neighboring house—the Alstons'. The Alstons were people who had nothing further to gain through Bethson or anyone else, and so Banks was not a little flattered that by a sort of friendly accident he found himself at their table. It was, as a matter of fact, anything but an accident; it had been most carefully arranged. The Alstons needed neither money nor influence nor careers, but they were extremely greedy for amusement. It occurred to them and their small house party that nothing would be more entertaining than to run off with Beth's rather simple cousin and turn his mind inside out as to what had really happened at the time of Duncan's death. Without any profound appreciation of character, they had quite enough social expertness to do this.

The Bethsons had lately sent out cards for a dinner—the first entertainment of any size that they had given—and the appearance of these invitations had been the text of a disagreeable article in a weekly paper. Mrs. Alston spoke of it with indignation. It had already published a most scandalous article about her doings in Paris.

She said, "Oh, it was within the libel law, but everyone knew they meant me—just as we all know they meant poor dear Beth by the phrase 'our new murderers.'"

Banks' ardent admiration for his cousin soon led him into a detailed defense of him, which caused him to rehearse in his own mind a connected narrative of the day of Duncan's death, from the point of view of Beth's innocence. He did not tell it all to his hosts, whose good faith he quickly began to suspect, for he was no fool; but he did begin to go over it point by point in his own mind, and though not the least suspicion of his cousin rose in his mind he

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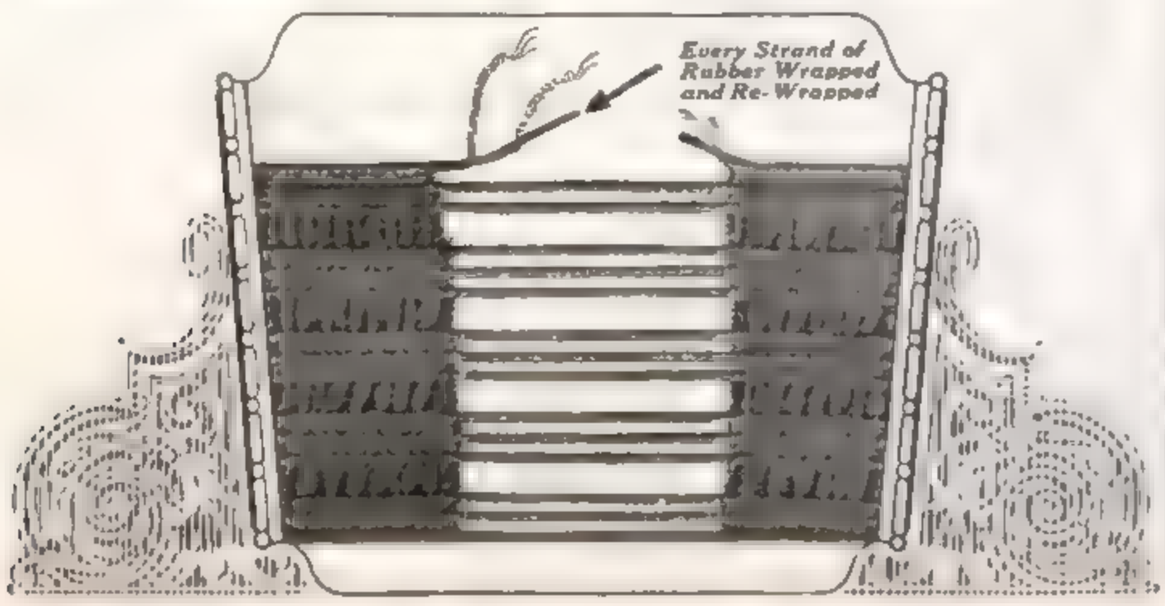

began to feel a vague distress which he could not explain.

There were several odd coincidences, he now noted, besides the great coincidence of Duncan's death occurring on the only night that could have made Bethson his heir. The coincidence of his spending that night in his nephew's house whose suggestion had it been? Duncan's own? Or had it come from Beth? He couldn't remember. The coincidence of Azra's prophecy having come that afternoon. He couldn't even remember whether or not Beth had known that Duncan's will was destroyed. He had said quite confidently to the Alstons that Beth hadn't known, and yet, afterward, it came back to him that this wasn't true. He thought he himself had told Beth about it. Well, he'd ask Beth. That was the easiest way of finding out.

He didn't ask him that evening. He had plenty of opportunities, but something within him made it difficult. The next week-end, however, when he came down again for the dinner party, bringing Duffield with him, he made up his mind he must do it

The three men were sitting together after lunch. Lila, who hadn't been sleeping well lately, had not appeared at all.

Banks spoke without any preliminary "Tell me something, Beth," he said. "Did you know your uncle had destroyed his will?"

Bethson looked up, but at Duffield, not at the speaker, and it was Duffield who answered:

"He certainly did not know it from me."

"No," said Beth, "I didn't know. I think if I had I might have hesitated to have the old man at my house that night."

Presently when he had left his two guests alone, Duffield looked with disapproval at Banks. "Why did you ask him that?" he said.

Banks did not answer; he was staring at the floor, and when he raised his eyes he said in a startled tone, "Look here, Duffield, I told him myself."

"Told him what?"

"Mr. Duncan had asked me if I would witness the will, I know, and I told Beth as he was telephoning."

Both men dropped the subject, or, rather, put it away from them. Only Banks couldn't really put it away from him. He suddenly knew positively without any doubt, without any mental process that he could trace—that his cousin had been instrumental in killing Duncan. He felt sick with horror. He remembered now also that the suggestion of Duncan's visit had come from Beth. This was what had made Beth so unaccountably different. Crime.

Banks stepped out on the terrace, seeking solitude, but it was difficult in that great building to find solitude. Lila was on the terrace, lying in a long chair, looking out over the swimming pool and the gardens to the blue glimpse of the Sound. Banks was startled to see that she was as white and almost as translucent as alabaster. Her face, which had seemed to him like a tragic mask as he first caught sight of her, broke into a smile as she saw him. She waved her hand to him.

"How are you, Lila?" he said.

He felt as if the whole book of life were open to him, and he pitied all she must be enduring day by day.

"I'm well," she answered. "I don't sleep awfully well, but otherwise I never felt better. How do you think Beth is? I'm not quite satisfied with him. I think he's lost weight, and he can't afford to do that."

She spoke lightly, but her eyes appealed to Banks for his opinion. Only Banks really could not discuss his cousin's health sympathetically at that moment.

He felt he must be alone. He was passionately fond of the water. One of the things he enjoyed most at the castle was having free run of the boats. It was five o'clock, and a stiff summer breeze was blowing. He decided to take out a small racing catboat, and not to get back till dinnertime.

The boathouse was in a deep cove with high banks, so that it was hidden from shore and water. As Banks entered it he was surprised to see that his cousin was standing on the float, scanning the opening toward the Sound.

"Hello, Ben," he said.

His voice had a curiously caressing tone that Banks had been attributing to a modest wish to remain unchanged to old friends, but in which he now saw something sinister and self-protective. As Beth laid a hand on his shoulder he moved away so decidedly that it was noticeable. Bethson noticed it. Though Banks did not look round he knew his cousin was staring at him, and guessed that the whole situation was clear. Well, all the better—they must talk it out before long. It might mean ruin to Banks, but he could not suspect a thing like that and fail to be open with his former friend. The catboat was anchored a few yards out, and Banks threw the oars into the rowboat to go out to her. As he moved about he took a side glance at his cousin's face. Yes, he thought, Beth knew what he was thinking.

But nothing in his tone betrayed it as he said, "You're going sailing?"

"Yes, if you don't want the boat. I have a notion to be alone for a few hours."

Bethson smiled—the old smile of penetrating sweetness. "I'm sorry for that," he answered. "There are some questions I'd like to talk over with you. You're a wise old thing, Ben—but tomorrow will do. How long shall you be gone?"

"I'll be back for dinner." Banks could hear the dead hostility of his own voice.

"For dinner. I should hope so. Don't forget our party; Lila would never forgive you." Banks did not answer, and Bethson insisted. "Promise me you won't fail us, Ben."

"I promise," answered Banks.

He would have said anything to end the interview. He stepped into the rowboat and shoved off. As he rowed away something meditative in the way his cousin was regarding him made him shiver. He knew Beth had read his mind like a book.

He had; he had read him because for a year he had been expecting to read him. He feared no one as he feared Banks, because he knew his cousin's simple brave nature. He respected Banks more than any man he had ever known, and loved him—had loved him, in the days when he was capable of love. He could ruin Banks; or, rather, Banks' suspicion would ruin Banks himself. A less honest man would never let himself suspect the partner on whose free capital he existed, but that would not influence Banks, or would influence him to action. Yes, Banks would act. How?

Bethson sat there a long time with his chin in his hand, gazing out toward the Sound, until, as dusk fell, a smart little black motorboat made its appearance in the cove. There were two men in it, but only one stepped out. He might have been a yachtsman, so perfect was his blue serge coat and white shoes. Everything about him was perfect, except his countenance.

"Good evening, Mr. Bethson," he said briskly. "Sorry to be a little late. Some suspicious-looking craft cruising about. Unload the stuff right here as usual, I suppose? That's it, Frankie; right on the float. Is that your boat becalmed off the point a mile or so west of here? Who's that in it? Someone you can trust?"

"Why, I'm afraid not," said Beth slowly. "I'm afraid not. I want to speak to you about him before you go."

The man's face darkened and his body grew tense, like an animal that hears an approaching danger.

"Look here," he said, "have you let us in for something?"

"Not intentionally," answered Bethson, still very quietly, though he studied the other closely. "But that fellow out there is a danger—to you—and to me too."

The man got the idea at once. "Is he alone?" he asked.

It was extraordinarily easily accomplished, Bethson thought, as not so very long afterward the black motorboat moved out into the lilac twilight settling down over the Sound. He would hardly have believed that men could be so easily brought to commit murder for a sum of money, not immense. Was it for money? Was it for the story that Banks was a danger to their tremendous business, a tale which even as he poured it into their ears sounded in his own extremely unbelievable. Yet they had seemed to believe it. Or was it on account of the strange and irresistible power over his fellow men which had come to him of late; had come, not with the possession of money but with the sense of crime. Ever since the murder of his uncle—at least since the morning after it, when it became clear that the crime could not possibly be fixed upon him—Bethson had been as one initiated, for whom the ordinary limitations of morals did not exist. He paid a high price, for he lived entirely alone, regarding everyone but Lila as his enemy.

Continued on Page 129

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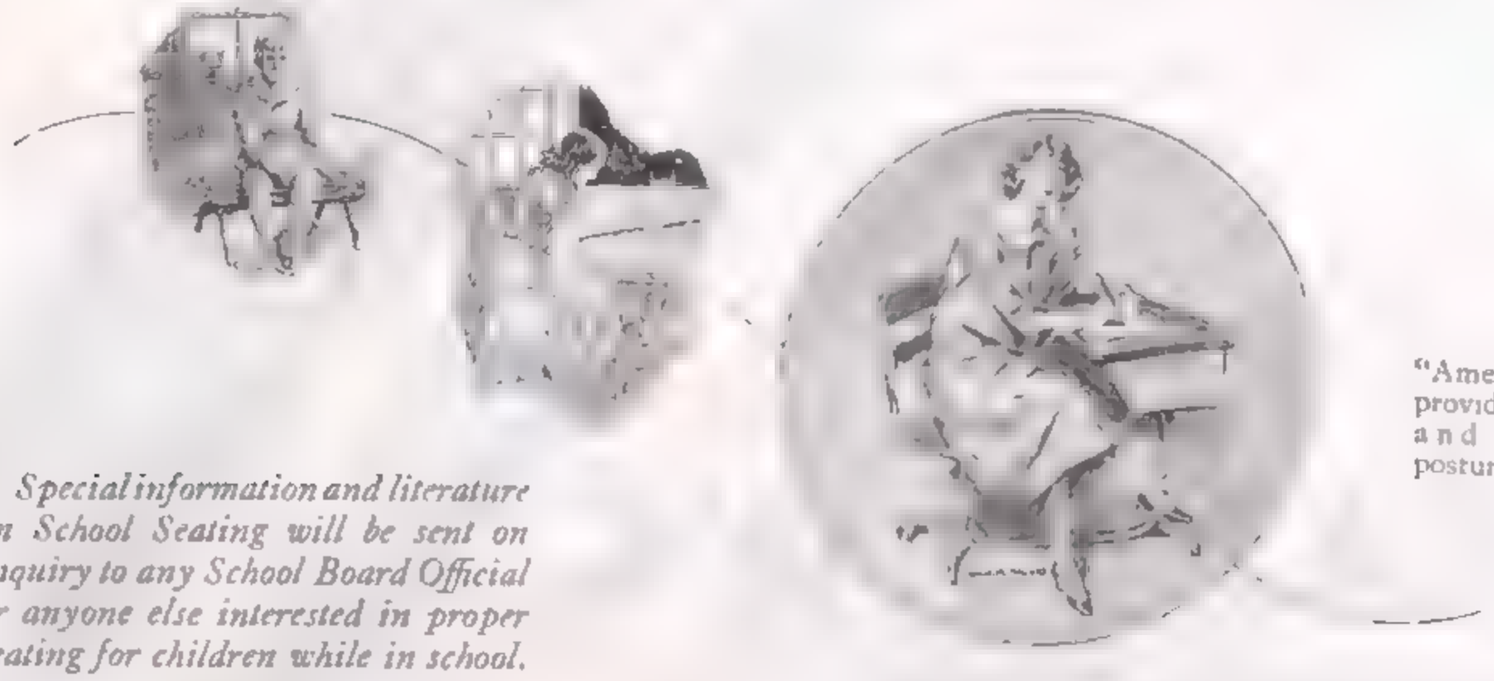

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(Continued from Page 126)

Poor Lila. There had been a time, he remembered, when he had been afraid even of her. Now their situation was reversed It was she who had opened this door to him, through which he had passed so far beyond her

He heard a footstep on the steep path that led him down to the boathouse, and saw his wife approaching. She had evidently been running, for she was breathing fast, and as she saw him she gave a little moaning cry of relief.

"Oh, my dear," she said, "there you are! I've been so worried. I could not find you anywhere"

He looked at her with surprise; she was crying

"I'm sorry you were worried," he said. "I like to be alone at times."

"It isn't good for you," she returned. "You go over it all again and again What good does it do? It's all past and finished. What's done is done."

"Half done," he returned. "I must have security, Lila. It's no good to me to possess the whole world if I can't have safety. I would rather be dead than be continually afraid—or live in terror of these terrible dreams."

"That same dream again?" she asked, hanging on his answer.

He nodded. "Well, at least," he said, "the dead don't dream. I've done that for my uncle. He sleeps—better than you and I do. His worries are all over ——"

"My dearest," she interrupted, "you simply mustn't go on like that. You break my heart. You look so desperate. You must contrive to change your expression. We're having all these people to dinner. And you know how they'll be on the lookout for anything strange—the beasts!"

His countenance cleared and he smiled at her with something of his old sweetness. "Don't worry, dear girl," he said. "They won't see anything in my manner. But one thing -be nice to Ben this evening, when he gets home. Something is working in his mind. He's changed toward me. He suspects. He'll make trouble for me some day."

Her jaw set with its old menace. "He's not immortal," she said.

He laughed oddly. "A very competent and wifely thought. Perhaps you, too, have turned prophet."

"What are you thinking of, Beth?"

He took her little chin in his hand and looked down at her. "Nothing you need know, my darling, until it is something more than a thought. Come, it's getting dark—and those infernal treetoads will begin soon. I hate their noise."

He took her hand and led her toward the house as if she were a child.

The main entrance to the castle had been shut that evening, so as to leave the great hall undisturbed for the dinner. Lila received her guests in one of the smaller drawing-rooms. She was in black, and her little dark head blazed with diamonds. Her pallor did not show under her rouge, and her large eyes gleaming with excitement made her seem extraordinarily alert and beautiful.

Beth, too, running downstairs a little late, pulling down his white waistcoat as he entered, looked as if he hadn't a care in the world. Lila cast one quick appraising look at him as he entered, and saw that everything once again was well.

The party was a notable one—an English duke, an ex-royalty from Southern Europe, a poet, an artist and several celebrated actors and actresses, but a comfortably safe majority of fashionable people to save the feast from being in any way a freak party. Lila knew her own world.

It was a large dinner—over fifty—and they were late in assembling. It was almost nine o'clock when the butler whispered to Lila that everyone was there except Mr. Banks, who was not in the castle. Lila looked across at her husband.

"Shall we wait for Ben, Beth?" she called. "He hasn't come in to dress yet. Where can he be?"

"Becalmed off the point, probably," her husband answered. "No, certainly don't wait." And presently he offered his arm to the ex-princess, and they began to go into dinner.

The great hall looked very different from what it had been when Azra set up her lonely tent there. Now sixteenth-century tapestries covered the gallery, and Spanish banners hung on the walls. The immense long table furnished, but did not fill the great floor. It was set with alternate bowls of flowers and fruit, and very tall candles in golden candlesticks. It looked, as one of the artists suggested, like a Veronese picture—except that it lacked a black page, and he was going to say, a few half-naked goddesses, but on looking about at the company he decided to leave out the latter clause.

Lila had the ex-royalty on her right, and the English duke on her left. "It isn't every hostess that can shove a duke off on her left," someone remarked.

At the other end of the table Duffield, who was sitting one away from the host, leaned toward him, and asked, "What in the world do you suppose has happened to Banks?"

Beth turned from his royal guest and answered: "I know exactly what has happened. He went mooning along, not noticing the tide, and when the wind dropped, as it usually does here at sunset, he found he couldn't make the harbor. If I had known he hadn't come in I'd have sent someone after him in a motorboat before this."

All the length of the table conversation broke out at once.

"Fancy Lila's being able to make this great dungeon habitable."

"Oh, habitable! Isn't that too strong a word?"

"No one ever denied she had executive ability; some people say too much."

"Isn't she looking lovely?"

"Yes, but I think he has more romantic charm."

"My dear, that's just your ghoulish admiration of murderers."

"Well, any prison warden will tell you that they are always delightful people."

"Do you really think he killed his uncle?"

"Certainly—only don't, please, say I said so. I'm trying to get him to give my son a job"

"Mercy, you are brave! Or don't you care for the poor lad?"

"Where's the faithful cousin—not presentable enough for great occasions?"

"No; they said he was expected, but I see there's no place left for him."

The hall was dimly lit, partly because such great spaces are not easy to light, but partly because Lila knew that nothing destroys beauty and conversation so much as a dazzling illumination. Now as she looked down the length of the table to her husband at the other end, she thought that she had gone too far; there really was hardly enough light, she could barely see his expression. Her eyes were never long away from him. She saw that he was making himself most agreeable; the princess was talking unceasingly. On his other side, the Duchess was beginning to contend for a little attention, but the princess was too pleased with him to let him go.

Dinner was nearly over when Lila, absorbed for an instant in her own companions and lulled to confidence in her success, saw that, in answer to some message brought by the butler, her husband had risen and left the table. She sent a footman to inquire; Mr. Bethson had been called to the telephone.

"Was it a message from Mr. Banks?" she asked.

No, the footman had not caught the name, but it was not Mr. Banks.

Bethson was gone only a few minutes, and when he came back Lila saw a change in his manner so slight that no one else would have noticed it, but to her it was strange and inexplicable. He seemed to step with a triumphant unnatural gait and a curious smile curved the corners of his mouth.

Duffield leaned forward. "A message from Banks?" he said.

"No—not from Ben," answered Beth "I'm afraid he's just side-stepped the party. Got himself becalmed on purpose."

The princess, who since her stay in America had developed a tremendous fancy for ice cream, said without looking up, "Do sit down and eat this delicious ice, Mr. Bethson, before it melts."

Getting no reply she looked where everyone was now looking—at her host. He was staring in rigid horror at his empty chair, which the butler had drawn back for him.

"My place is taken," he said.

"This is your place, sir," said the butler.

"Where?"

"Here, sir; here," answered the man civilly

"Who has done this?" said Bethson, steadying himself by a hand on the table.

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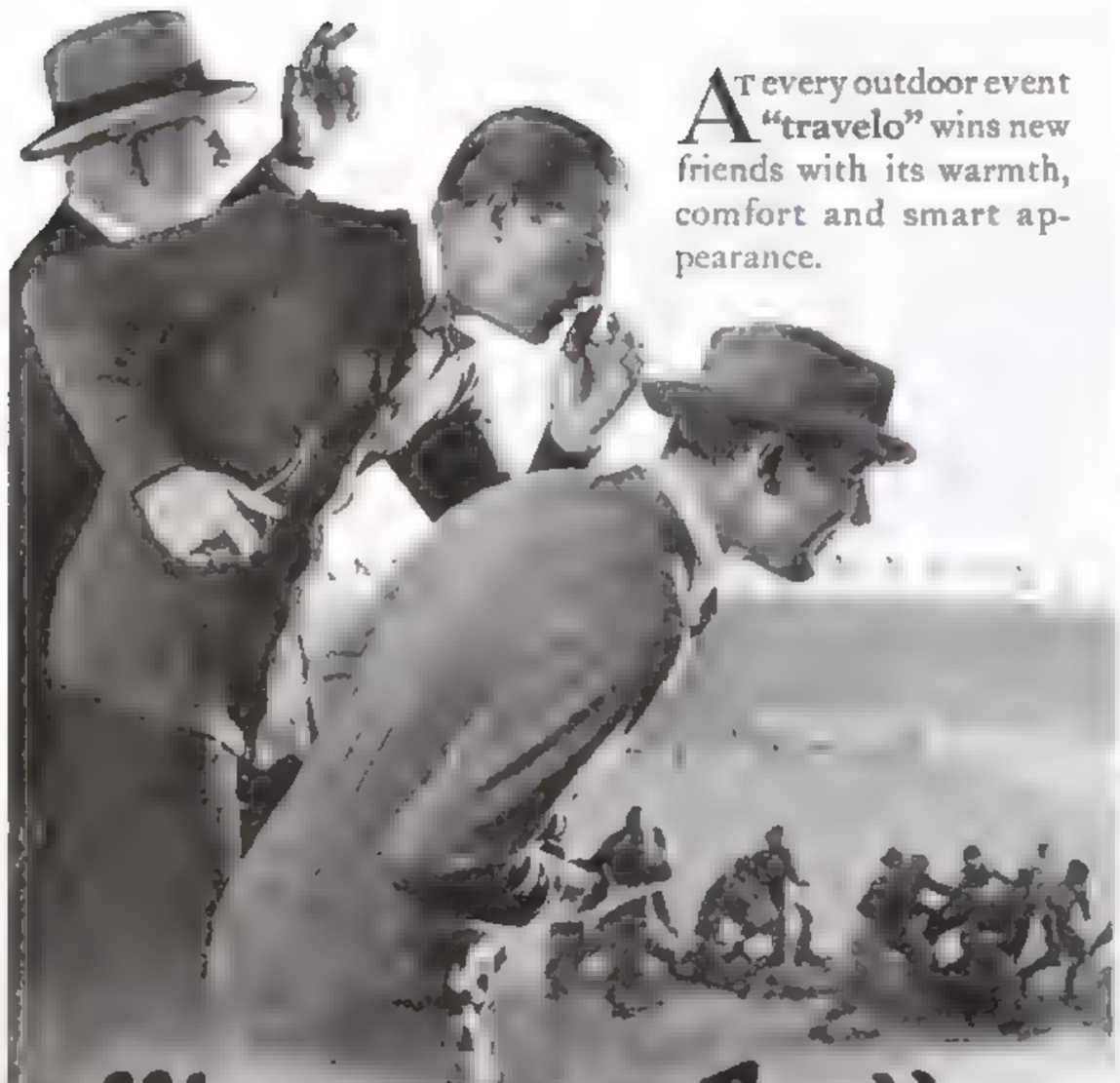

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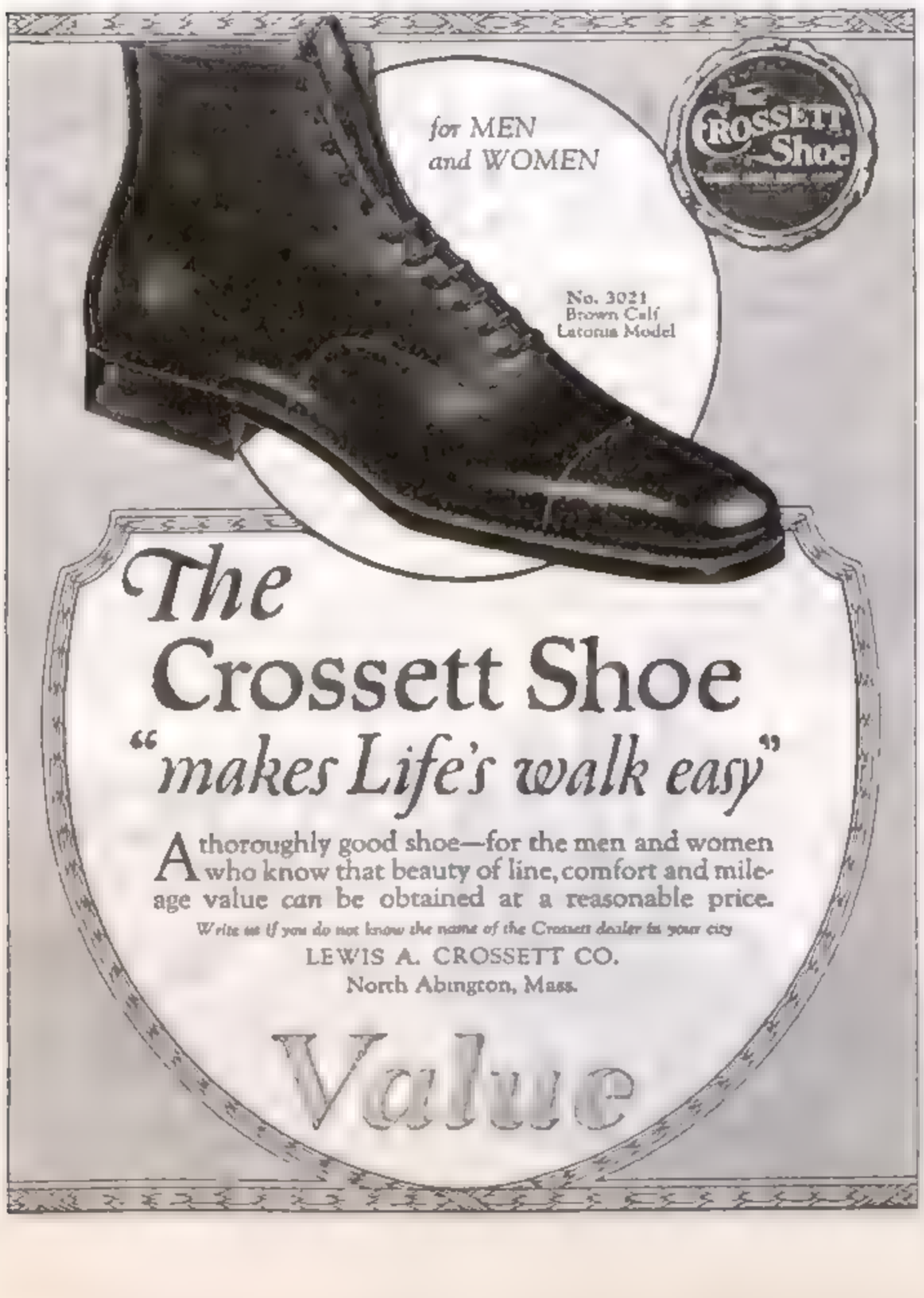

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Duffield rose and laid his hand on the younger man's shoulder.

"What are you talking about, my dear fellow? Sit down."

Bethson flung off the hand. "I see what it is—a trap!" he shouted. "But you won't catch me! You have no proof!"

Lila came running—really running from her end of the table. She put her arm about his shoulder, and murmured to the people near him: "Please don't pay any attention to him. He has these turns sometimes when he overworks He always has had them. It will pass in a second" In his ear she breathed: "For heaven's sake, pull yourself together! Be a man!"

"The thing that's sitting in my chair isn't a man."

His tone made her heart stand still. "Control yourself," she said. "You're making the most hideous faces. Everyone is watching you. There's nothing there but an empty chair."

"Empty! Look there! Do you call that empty? He's going now—he's gone!" He turned and stared at her as if he saw her for the first time. "Didn't you see him too? As I stand here I saw him—Ben"

"For shame, Beth! For shame!" she murmured.

"It's these damned mediums," he answered, as if unaware of the people standing amazed about them. "They bring people back from the dead. In old times dead men stayed dead—and murdered ones too—but nowadays we've changed all that and we let them come back and take the chairs of the living—and surely that's more unnatural than any murder could be."

"My dear," said Lila, achieving a faint smile, "you are really alarming our poor guests."

He turned and looked slowly round the circle which had formed about them, and pulled himself together.

"I'm sorry," he said. "The truth is I've been doing a lot of work with mediums lately. I'm afraid I seem merely crazy to you, but I have always had a notion I saw things hidden to most people. Forgive me if you can. I was going to suggest a toast before I sat down." He held out his glass to his butler, who had been hovering at a word from Lila to give his employer something to drink immediately. "To absent friends—especially to good old Ben Banks."

The guests, glad of an excuse to return to their places and behave as if nothing had happened, took it up eagerly, but as Bethson lifted his glass to drink he gave a wild ringing shriek, and flung the glass from him, using his hands to ward off some invisible danger.

"Get out!" he shouted. "Get away! I won't have it. I won't have you here!" He ran half across the hall, driving something ahead of him which no one but himself could see. When he returned he appeared content. "It's gone," he said, bowing to right and left. "We're quite safe now. Let us sit down and finish our dinner in peace."

Lila was at his side. "I'm afraid our guests hardly feel like sitting down again, Beth," she said bitterly.

He looked at her in surprise. "How can you take such a terrible thing so calmly, Lila?" he said.

"What thing—what did you see?" asked Duffield, thrusting himself between the couple; but Lila would not have that. She saw that her husband was about to answer.

"Don't question him, please, Mr Duffield," she said; "it makes him worse. Get rid of all these people, and I'll take him upstairs."

She succeeded in getting him into his own room, and sent for the doctor. As she sat there with him she could hear the steady throbbing of the motors taking the guests away. It was like a great retreating tide. The world, she thought, was deserting them, but she cared very little. She really believed her husband had gone mad.

When they were first alone he had said in a low confidential tone, "You know it came for me—it was after me—it's not the first time, either, in the history of the world."

But after a little time he had grown rational, and had sent for Duffield. Word came back that the lawyer had packed his bag and left the house. Everyone had gone.

"He won't come to me?"

"He's left the house, dear," Lila answered. "He suspects—he knows, Beth. We must face that. They all know."

Her husband shrugged his shoulders. "What if he does know? He has no proof. Don't be afraid, Lila. I'll tell you how to conquer fear. Strike! Whenever you have reason to fear a man strike at him!"

"Oh, Beth—no—no more of this sort of thing."

"We can't turn back, my dear. We must go on. Self-interest must come first. If Duffield is a danger, Duffield must be got rid of. No, no murder—that's too troublesome—but if it should turn out that he had been dishonest in dealing with my uncle's estate, who would pay any attention to what he said of me? I must see Azra again. I have a plan." He began to murmur to himself, nodding and waving his hand.

She put her arms about him. "Don't talk any more," she said. "You need sleep."

She herself had been taking a sleeping powder for months, and now she induced him to take one. Presently he fell asleep, with his head on her arm. She was utterly exhausted, but she did not move. She sat there, perched on the edge of his bed, looking down at him. She had not felt him as near to her, as dependent upon her for months; and under her fear and despair his nearness made her almost happy.

When at last the doctor arrived he expressed more concern for her than for his patient.

Early the next morning Banks' body was found. There was nothing to suggest murder. The catboat was drifting, the body was doubled over the side with the head in the water. There were marks of one heavy blow on the back of the head. It was supposed that the boom had hit him and knocked him unconscious, and he had drowned before recovering his senses.

The coronor's inquest pronounced it death by accident. But the verdict of the world was different. A few believers in spiritism took the incident as proving that Bethson had been instrumental in his cousin's death. The absence of any apparent motive did not silence their tongues. The castle was deserted.

Bethson himself gave not the least sign that he noticed the change. He went about his business no more silent and remote than before. Murderer or not, he still wielded tremendous financial power, and those who believed him to be a murderer had an uncomfortable secondary knowledge that a man who did not hesitate to kill would hesitate even less to ruin.

From the directorates in which he held the majority of stock, it was, of course, impossible to force him out. From several boards on which he had been put as a compliment or in hope of some equivalent favor, in the first days of his rise to power, it was tactfully suggested that he resign. He definitely refused, and if he found himself forced out he took care that his displeasure was made manifest in some act of open hostility.

There is no department of life in which people are so timid as in relation to their investments, and as soon as it was understood that anyone who dared to behave as if Bethson were a murderer had a dangerous fight on his hands, many people began to say that, after all, there was no proof—and if the man were entirely innocent it was rather hard on him to be condemned without any process of law.

But there was one man who knew that Bethson had in Banks' suspicions a motive for desiring his death, and that man was Duffield.

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IN OR OUT

(Continued from Page 4)

Other and even more conspicuous manifestations of racial group voting occurred in the same election. And the worst of it is that these racial groups honestly believe that the interests of America and the interests of the foreign country they favor are identical interests.

If this sort of thing were to become habitual, would it not make impossible or at least greatly retard—that national unity and ultimate racial oneness so indispensable to our happiness and prosperity as a people? But if we keep out of political interference abroad, our unifying forces will go on working out our racial solidarity.

The compactness of our people, when Congress declared war on Germany, illustrates the point. We were more united then than in any war we ever waged. The casualty list—the death roll—showed that our heroes were of every racial blood in America. Why? Because America had been attacked, as Congress declared—on that ground we were a unit. But, if Congress had put its declaration on other grounds, would there have been such a response? Indeed, would the Selective Draft Act have passed at all?

Even if this determinative situation—this basic fact of American life—did not exist, we could not go into foreign alliances, concerts, associations or leagues except at grave disadvantage. Our system of government, our party methods, our political practices seriously handicap us.

Our fixed and frequent elections; our custom, now developed into an institution, of electing representatives and senators only from the districts and states in which they live; and other elements peculiar to America, prevent continuous public service. In other countries statesmanship is a life career.

Moreover, our system compels our public men to think in terms of locality—they must look after the local interests of their immediate constituencies. It is not easy for them, nor have they time, to study thoroughly and give prolonged thought to foreign complications. Even if they could do so, the uncertain and at best comparatively short period of public service curtails their usefulness.

Lack of Trained Diplomatists

This brevity of official life, inexperience and lack of long-accumulated information are true to an even greater extent of our diplomatic establishment. Compare the length of service of our secretaries of state and ambassadors with that of many senators and representatives.

Therefore we have few trained diplomats to meet the finished professionals of old nations. So it has come about that, notwithstanding the great ability of our men, we have been beaten, with very few exceptions, in our more important diplomatic encounters. From this fact has come our popular saying that America never lost a war or won a conference.

Of course, we can and will cure this in time—we have made a good beginning already—but had we not better keep out of unnecessary diplomatic complications until we are equipped? To be sure, we must make treaties with individual nations from time to time; but for the most part these are commercial and not vitally important, seldom political and of grave consequence. Is not the making of such agreements quite different from and far simpler than entering into a political combination for political world management—especially when the other members of that combine are in frequent antagonism with one another over conflicting policies and interests and therefore playing for the votes and influence of other members?

We must remember, too, that we are now so strong and rich that henceforth older nations who want to use us will set to that task their very ablest, most experienced and highly trained negotiators. Is it sensible to go into a continuous and unending game with such men, represented by agents who, however talented, are, in the main, without any large experience, much training or long-accumulated knowledge?

But let us not press this point, so unwelcome to our feelings. The main question is: Ought we in any case to become a member of any foreign political contrivance? Can any device of the kind be made practical, wise or righteous?

The existing League was framed by very able men—one, Mr. Wilson, uncommonly able and thoroughly sincere. Yet what a mess they made of the covenant! And is it likely that anybody else could devise a better international machine?

To be sure, sarcastic comment is being made of late on the whole proceedings at Versailles. For instance, the most recent British author brilliantly to defend the League, Mr. Roth Williams, remarks that our "great statesmen left it to President Wilson to be good, and showed themselves infernally clever at proving that the fourteen points meant the Versailles and other peace treaties." Nevertheless, Mr. Williams thinks the League a noble institution and explains our failure to appreciate it by observing that "American society is still an essentially pioneer society."

The League was inherently unworkable, since, if it had functioned as designed, it would have created a superstate whose decrees offending nations would have had to obey or have war made on them by the other nations of the League. In his masterful and unanswered analysis of the League constitution, the late Senator Knox pointed out that the League covenant sanctions war in six cases and makes war mandatory in three other cases.

The Genesis of the Court

Worst of all, the purpose of the League is to preserve the *status quo* of the world as framed in the Treaty of Versailles.

"The League, as organized at present, is part and parcel of the settlement of East Europe," explains Roth Williams in his thorough exposition of the League.

Prof. John Dewey points out that "hardly a clause in it—the covenant—is free from the iniquities of that treaty."

"How," said Mr. Otto Kahn in a recent address, "are you going to get away from the congenital taint of the League, which consists in its being attached to and made the preserver and guardian of the war settlements," and which exists only "to perpetuate the structure of the peace treaties?"

And that, too, is the idea behind the so-called World Court, which is created by the League, elected by the League, paid by the League, advises the League, and, as Lord Robert Cecil is reported—without denial—to have admitted, is an auxiliary of the League. Mr. Williams in his plea for the League informs us that "the court, the council and the assembly are the primary organs of the League."

Here is the official record of the genesis and birth of the court: Article 14 of the League covenant requires the League council to submit to the League members plans for the court; accordingly the League council secured jurists to frame the statute creating the court; the League council approved this statute, which, after radical amendment, was approved by the League assembly and, in the form of a protocol, ratified by a majority of the League.

This statute says that the court is "established in accordance with Article 14 of the covenant of the League of Nations"; that the judges of the court shall be elected and paid by the League; that the number of judges may be increased by the League; that vacancies in the court shall be filled by the League; that "the jurisdiction of the court comprises all matters specially provided for in treaties and conventions in force"—that is, the Versailles compact and other war and postwar arrangements; "all cases which the parties refer to" the court; and, "in the event of a dispute as to whether the court has jurisdiction, the matter shall be settled by the decision of the court."

Moreover, the League covenant itself makes the court the legal adviser of the League "upon any dispute or question referred to it by the council or by the assembly." And the statute declares that the ratifying members of the League may recognize "as compulsory the jurisdiction of the court in all and any of the classes of legal disputes concerning," among other things, "any question of international law."

We see, then, that the Versailles Treaty and the League of Nations are the parents of this World Court. So would it not appear that, if we are in the court, we are in the League? It is proposed to go into the court and yet keep out of the League by

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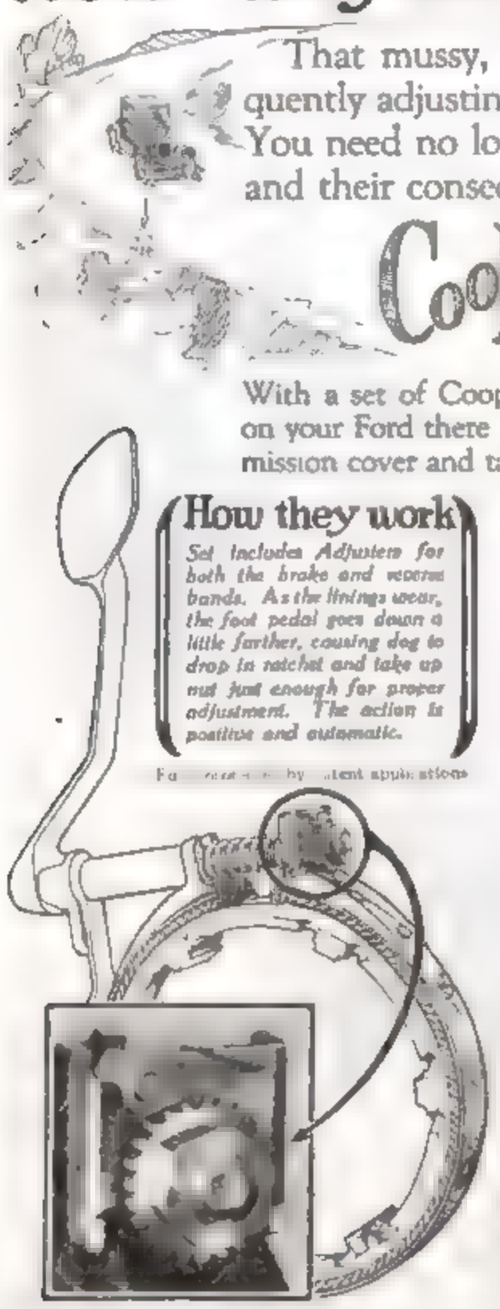

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declaring that we will be represented in the League only for the purpose of electing members of the court: but, if we sit in for one purpose, is it not human nature that we will sit in for other purposes and finally for all purposes?

Is it any wonder that the late Senator Knox exclaimed when he first saw this court statute in the newspapers—and many times afterward:

"They'll pull us into the League yet by the coat tails, through the back door, if we don't watch out!"

Even if we did not enter the League formally—except to elect the court—but did go into the court, would we not be bound—morally and legally bound—to accept and support the decisions of the court, whether or not we were a party to the cases decided? If so, one has only to survey the scope of the court's jurisdiction and duties to realize what that would involve.

And consider cases to which we might and probably would be parties: For instance, take our pending controversy with other nations about ships bringing liquor into our ports even under seal. The majority of our Supreme Court decided that they could not; while two justices in a dissenting opinion said that they could, because international custom and the comity of nations require it. This is a plain question of so-called international law, is it not?

Very well! If that question were taken before the World Court, we being a member, what would happen? If the World Court decided that foreign ships can bring in liquor under seal, would we submit? If so, the World Court would have successfully overruled the Supreme Court of the United States in the interpretation of our national Constitution. If we did not submit, would we resist? If so, how? By arms?

As to cases to which we were not a party, but the decision of which, as an adherent of the court, we would have to support—look again at the jurisdiction of this curious but cleverly contrived tribunal.

Aside from these grave and obvious perils, is it not plain that to go into a court which is a primary organ of the League is to go into the League itself?

Reservations! These cannot save us. When the first League fight was on, the leading American newspaper champion of the League said that, as a practical matter, the stringent reservations then offered amounted to nothing. The devoted champion of the League, Prof. Manley O. Hudson, wrote not long ago that "I care little about the nature of the American reservations."

Our states made reservations in the form of amendments to our Constitution. Every student knows that it would not have been ratified if at the time those reservations had been understood to mean what they were long afterward construed to mean. Dispute as to the true interpretation of one of them was a powerful cause of our Civil War. So let us dismiss reservations—they are merely a smoke screen, though, of course, not so intended.

Has the League Made Good?

To return to the League and its operations: If the League had functioned as planned, it is obvious that America did well to keep out of it; if, on the other hand, the League has not functioned as planned—if instead it has developed into either a debating society or mere tool of the major powers, to be used or ignored as their interests require—then most assuredly America should have nothing to do with it.

The League has done one or two good things, such as the settlement of the dispute between Sweden and Finland—a matter which would have yielded to ordinary diplomatic treatment, however, and at worst was not very weighty, not nearly so grave as has been represented to us.

But on the whole the League has failed to meet the very crises which we were told it would master. Look at the Ruhr! That was an ideal case for the League; yet it did nothing. It could not do anything, since its two predominant members were in violent disagreement. So the dragon's teeth have been sown more deeply and thickly than in the memory of man, precisely as the late Lord Bryce foresaw and foretold.

Lloyd George laments that "had America been in, America and Britain, acting in concert with an openly sympathetic Italy and a secretly assenting Belgium, would have brought such pressure to bear on France as to make it inevitable that the League should act" in the Ruhr. There you have it! And, of course, at some other time, America acting with France, and secretly supported by other powers, would doubtless bring pressure to bear on Great Britain. A lovely prospect, is it not? A very culture bed of intrigue.

Take the war between Greece and Turkey. The League took no steps to prevent it, did not lift a finger to stop it. Yet is not that what the League was created to do? We Americans thought so. We were told so.

And why this resurgence of Turkey? What has happened that this beaten antagonist of civilization is again on top and getting what she demands? No reparations from Turkey! No suppression of Turkey! No dismemberment of Turkey! Quite the contrary! As to Turkey, it is "By your leave" and "What can we do for you?" It is all very puzzling, is it not?

Professor Dewey was characteristically accurate when he asserted that "the war-breeding issues in Europe are obviously reparations, the Ruhr and the Near Eastern question. None of these questions has even been touched by the League."

The dispute between Greece and Italy was exactly the kind of emergency the League was created to handle. Lord Robert Cecil declared before the League council that the League was fully competent to take up and dispose of the matter, which was entirely true, of course, if the League is anything more than a puppet of the great powers.

The Case of the Saar Valley

Yet Mussolini defied the League, which, according to press reports, first thought of appealing to its World Court to tell it what its powers really are; but finally laid the matter before a committee of jurists. Amazing, is it not, that after three years even the council of the League do not themselves agree upon the meaning of the covenant that created the League?

And yet is it so astonishing after all? It took three-quarters of a century and a terrible war to settle the rights and powers of states and nation under our Constitution, and the interpretation of that instrument still goes irritatingly on. Yet the American Constitution is a plain and simple document compared with the covenant of the League of Nations. Do we want to go into an organization created and governed by such a charter, even if that organization acted faithfully under it?

For the League has not only evaded its duty in the gravest possible situations but it has done some very bad things. Take the Saar Valley, for instance. The Versailles compact provided that the inhabitants of that little region should be governed by an impartial commission appointed by the League, responsible to the League and removable by the League, with salaries fixed by the League; that "there will be no military service" in the Saar, and that there shall be "only local gendarmerie for the maintenance of order" in the Saar.

What happened? France appointed one M. Rault president of the Saar; and a French military force occupied the Saar—national troops in international territory, in which there was to be only local gendarmerie! This was long before the armed occupation of the Ruhr and had nothing whatever to do with the exactment of reparations.

Then the League council appointed its impartial commission, the majority of which is made up of one Frenchman, one Belgian and one Dane who has lived in Paris for nearly twenty years. The nations constituting the League council are mostly and usually—especially when any big matter is before the council—represented in the meetings of that body by their ambassadors to France, who, of course, officially and actually reside in Paris.

Some months ago this majority of the Saar commission, or its president, issued a decree which, among other things, directs that anybody who casts discredit on the treaty, the League or the commission shall be liable to five years' imprisonment or a heavy fine. Versailles, League and commission all made sacrosanct by a commission ukase! Still, when the League was compelled at last to take up the matter, it reluctantly whitewashed the proceeding, which led a prominent British liberal journal to declare that "the League acts like an organized hypocrisy."

Thereupon Mr. Asquith, former premier of Great Britain and still leader of the Liberal Party, rose in the House of Commons

Continued on Page 136

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES

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It is called the STA-LOKT. So named because when you snap it together it locks and stays locked. No pull or strain can open it until you lift the knob. Then it opens easily and instantly.

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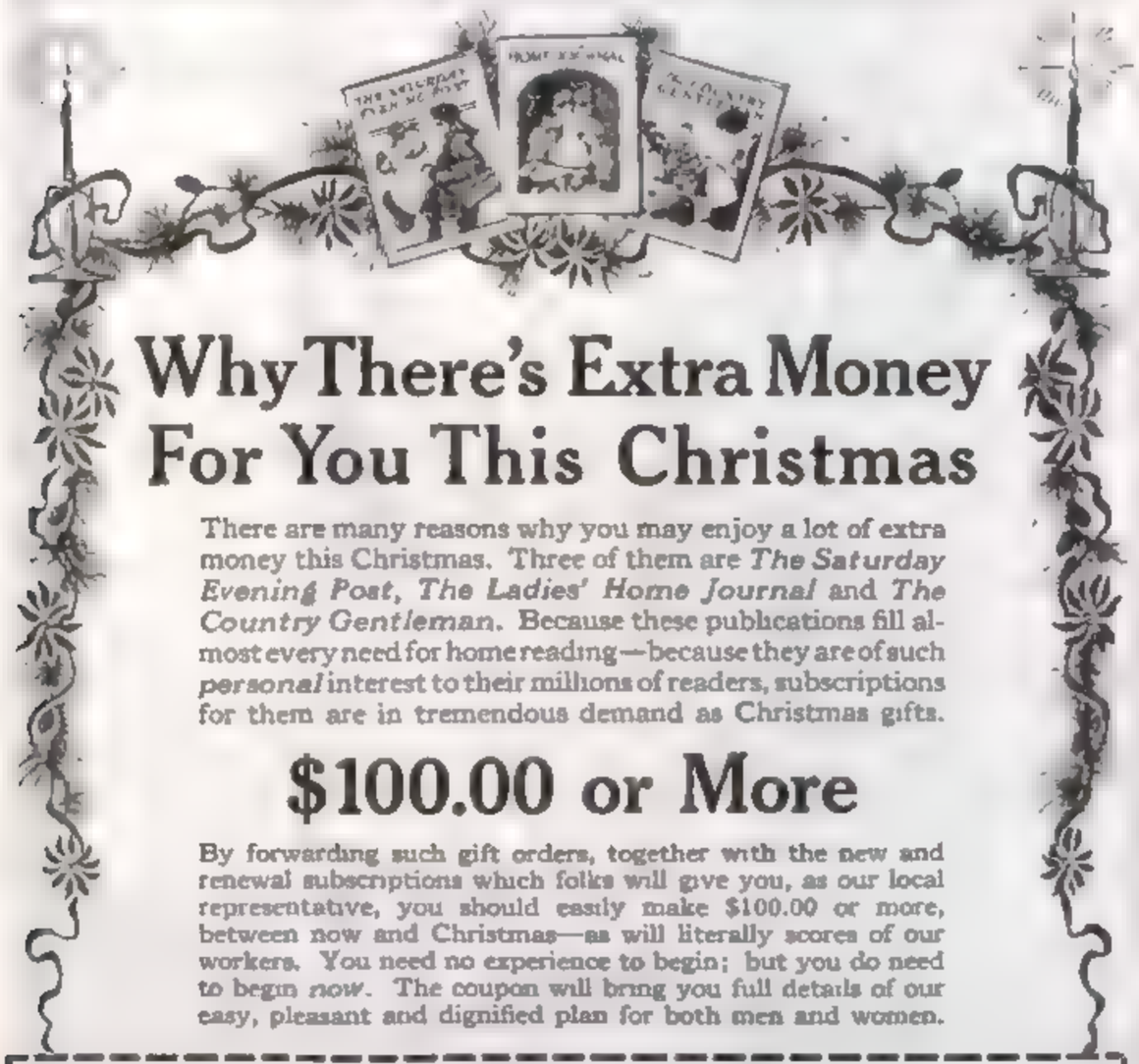

Why There's Extra Money For You This Christmas

There are many reasons why you may enjoy a lot of extra money this Christmas. Three of them are *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. Because these publications fill almost every need for home reading—because they are of such *personal* interest to their millions of readers, subscriptions for them are in tremendous demand as Christmas gifts.

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By forwarding such gift orders, together with the new and renewal subscriptions which folks will give you, as our local representative, you should easily make $100.00 or more, between now and Christmas—as will literally scores of our workers. You need no experience to begin; but you do need to begin *now*. The coupon will bring you full details of our easy, pleasant and dignified plan for both men and women.

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(Continued from Page 134)

and, "trembling with indignation," as the newspapers described him, thus passionately denounced this Saar decree: "Even in the annals of the despotism of the worst days of Russia, a more monstrous or oppressive piece of legislation could not be discovered and yet this decree goes forth to the world under the authority of the League of Nations"; and Mr. Asquith declared that Great Britain should "demand a special meeting of the League council and, backed by all the free countries in the world, insist on canceling this scandalous decree, which besmirches the authority and reputation of the League."

It would almost seem that, in practical effect, the Saar is ruled by France and not by the League—which may be all right, except that the treaty requires the Saar to be governed by the League.

The League was to have reduced armaments and, in general, soothed irritations. Yet with Germany and Austria entirely disarmed, Hungary well-nigh disarmed, and Bulgaria partially disarmed, there are over 1,000,000 more soldiers under arms in Europe today than before the war broke out in 1914; and hatred, rivalry, greed, suspicion are more virulent now than ever before in the whole history of Europe.

Let no American be deceived by rosy reports of accommodations, adjustments, consortiums and the like. The future will reveal such arrangements to be mere patchwork. Lloyd George truly says that "The inflammable spirit of hatred and revenge saturates Europe."

The devil's orchestra is again being assembled.

Disarmament! According to the figures of our War Department, France is expending this year on her army and navy 4,754,835,525 francs—a heavy increase even considering the depreciation of the franc. The French air fleet, largely built since the Armistice, is reported to number 1400 war planes; and each year hundreds of millions of francs are devoted to enlarging this mighty force.

Standing Armies Increased

Or take the nations created at Versailles. Perhaps the most careful and accurate study of European armed establishments yet made is that of Major General Sir F. Maurice, K. C. M. G., C. B. Speaking of the whole situation generally and of these newly incubated governments in particular, he says:

"The strength of the standing armies of Europe in 1913 was 3,747,179 men. In 1922 the strength was 4,354,965—an increase of 607,786—despite the compulsory reduction of 696,135 men in the standing armies of Germany, Hungary and Bulgaria. This means that in the remaining states of Europe there has been in 1922 an increase of 1,303,921 as compared with 1913.

"Today the standing armies of Poland and of Rumania are larger than the standing army of Italy, while those of Czecho-Slovakia and of Jugo-Slavia are not much inferior. The burden of military service falls upon the peoples of the new states far more heavily today, when they have obtained their freedom, than it did when they were under the rule of the Czar, the Kaiser and of the Austrian emperor.

"In the days when the territory which is now Czecho-Slovakia was governed from Vienna, it contributed to the standing army of Austria a quota of 73,000 men. Today Czecho-Slovakia maintains an army of 160,000 men. The incidence of military service upon her people is therefore more than twice as heavy.

"The territory of the new Poland was, before the war, partly under German, partly under Austrian and partly under Russian rule. It then found 190,000 men for the standing armies of those three great military powers. Today Poland has a standing army of 275,000 men. Finland before the war provided 30,000 men for the army of the Czar; she now has an army of 120,000."

The appalling military statistics prepared by our General Staff, which are up-to-date and accurate, substantially confirm the above figures as to soldiers actually on duty; and also give the number of men in the "organized reserves" of these countries which runs into millions. This compilation looks like a jungle of bayonets, machine guns and cannon enclosing mountains of shells, cartridges and other devices of death. And all this in time of peace!

Mr. Roth Williams states that "The war brought to life as sovereign states a number of small nations, some of whom had never been independent before and most of whom had been submerged for centuries." And here they are, already taxing their people more heavily for war purposes than ever those people were taxed before in all their sad history.

Militarism and Taxation

The eminent Italian publicist and statesman, former Premier Nitti, reminds us that sixteen new countries were carved out of Europe by the Versailles Treaty, and thousands of miles of new frontiers erected. This is sixteen fresh causes of wrangling, dispute and war. If not, why this incredible outlay by these very governments for their military establishments?

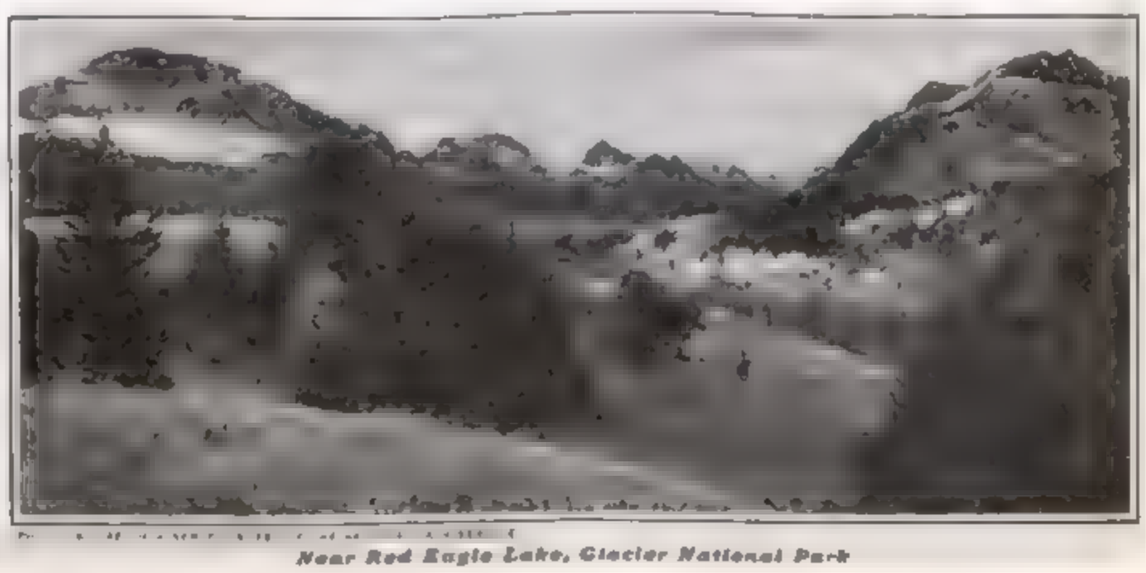
But the money wrung from these "liberated people" by taxation is not enough to keep up the prodigious armaments loaded on them by their "free governments"—sums amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars, computed in American money, have been loaned these infant nations, largely to keep up their military establishments.

The other day a great pro-League American newspaper, of immense circulation, printed a Paris dispatch that "French liberals are preparing to protest against further governmental loans to arm Central European powers as France's gendarmes. Advances of 800,000,000 francs to Poland, Rumania and Jugo-Slavia will be proposed to the Senate." But these "liberals "will protest in vain—they are weak to powerlessness and utterly without influence.

Doubtless European countries have good reason for this appalling disbursement for war purposes; it is not for us to criticize them, except that it naturally appears strange to us that such tremendous expenditures should be made in peacetimes, with Germany absolutely disarmed—as General Nollet, chief of the Disarmament Commission, has formally reported after a thorough search—while some of the very governments that are pouring out this swelling volume of wealth on armies are insisting, and making many of us believe, that they have no money to pay their debt to us or even any of the interest on it.

But the point which I am now making is that, whereas the League was to have reduced armaments, war equipment has actually been increased by members of the League itself. And let us not forget—it cannot be repeated too often—that these increased European armaments have been built up and are being maintained by our money—if the debts due us were paid, they would have no cash with which to keep up large military establishments.

Then the League was to have exterminated secret diplomacy—all treaties were



Near Red Eagle Lake, Glacier National Park

to have been registered with the League. But has that been done? It was avoided quite easily, not to say contemptuously. Take, for example, the secret arrangements between France and Poland, Jugo-Slavia, Rumania, and perhaps other countries; these agreements are called memoranda—and so they are not registered with the League. And God only knows how far that sort of thing has been carried or by what nations.

It is said that if we had gone into the League all this would not have happened. Why not? If the rivalries, jealousies and antagonistic interest of its principal members prevented the League from acting as the covenant requires, how could we have removed causes of League paralysis? By the cancellation of debts due us from leading European nations, together with the making of further mammoth loans of other billions of dollars?

Is this not the crux of the whole matter, so far as America is concerned? We constantly hear that reparations and mutual cancellation of debts—which means in the end that America does the canceling—are "inextricably intertwined." You cannot talk to any European about conditions in the Old World but that he soon comes round to the subject of our canceling the debts Europe owes us.

And we shall hear more of it—much more. Billions are involved; not only the billions morally and legally owing to the American people, but other billions of European government securities, which would be tremendously increased in market and actual value if those governments could get out of paying their debts to us.

Has anybody heard of any proposition to cancel the billions of debts which these very same governments owe to American banks, corporations, firms, individuals and other private interests?

No! The only cancellation suggested—and urged—is the billions due to the American people.

Of course, if in making war on Germany we espoused a common cause with the Allies and entered a military partnership, instead of having gone in for the reason stated by Congress, then these European nations owe us nothing, either legally or morally—indeed, we owe them for not having gone in at the beginning. But consider the outcome—they got, as the fruit of victory, the richest and most extensive territorial and other material accessions in the whole history of conquest.

Some Pointed Questions

We got nothing but a tremendous debt which will require generations to pay off. That is all right; we do not complain. Nor do we object to the material gains of the European victors. But does it all look like a brotherhood of arms in a common cause? Yet that is the ground and the only ground upon which a cancellation of the debts to us can be urged, either morally or legally.

Now, otherwise than by canceling debts due us and making further colossal loans, would our membership in the League have prevented the forbidding events which the League was to have handled, but did not?

Would Germany, merely because as a member of the League we told the League to tell Germany to do so, after paying a large sum,* with her colonies gone, her commerce impaired, her best iron and coal fields taken, have immediately produced and paid over other billions which she insists she has not got and cannot get?

Would France, merely because as a member of the League we advised the League to advise France not to invade the Ruhr, have refrained on that account from carrying out her carefully formed plans, especially if those plans have a vital political purpose?—a matter which the future will disclose one way or the other.

Would Italy have stayed her hand in the Greek matter, because we as a member of the League admonished the League to admonish Italy to let the League settle that dispute? In that affair Mussolini had and has behind him the whole Italian people. Many intricate and momentous questions were involved in the Greco-Italian muddle. Let us not go off halfcocked on this tangle or on any other European complication.

Would the Balkan nations have become peaceable just because we as a member of the League insisted that the League insist that they suppress racial hatreds that have been growing for centuries?

And if the League had acted on our judgment, but any nation or nations had ignored the League's orders, how would the League have enforced those orders? By military strength? Where would the League have got soldiers and munitions? Not from any European nation, little or big—events have proved that. Should we then have supplied those soldiers and munitions?

So there would appear to be nothing in the assertion that all would now be right in Europe if only we had entered the League. Indeed, if we had entered the League, would we not now be mixed up in all sorts of trouble?

Again to quote Professor Dewey:

"A Europe which is divided against itself on every important issue is not a Europe in which we are likely to reduce appreciably the risk of war, and it is a Europe in which we intervene at our own peril, at the peril of becoming entangled in the old problems of the balance—that is the preponderance—of power."

Foreign Propaganda

The question often is asked: If our states could give up their mutual antagonisms, compose their conflicting interests and form a peaceable Union, profitable and beneficial to all their people, why cannot European nations do the same thing with like results? This is a fair question and requires—and deserves—a frank answer.

Before our Constitution was adopted our states were, in theory, nations; but actually they were one people. They spoke the same language and had practically similar institutions. In order to combine into one great nation, our states voluntarily surrendered to a central government vital powers such as tariff, coinage and currency, immigration, treaties and the like; and they conferred on the general government other vital powers, such as internal taxation, improvement of rivers and harbors, the making of war, interstate and foreign commerce, and so on.

Would European nations surrender such powers to a central government and thus create a United States of Europe? Even if such a miracle were performed, would it endure? Would not the different languages, customs, habits of thought, basically hostile interests, racial antagonisms and jealousies—hundreds and sometimes thousands of years old—tear such a structure to pieces?

Another point more serious than any other—except the racial structure of our population and the effect upon it of our political meddling in European broils: As a member of the League or participant in any political combination abroad, foreign propaganda from which we even now suffer so severely would become much more active. In order to get on their side our representatives in the League or other international combine, interested European governments would redouble and quadruple their efforts to influence American public opinion. That is not guesswork, but merely a fact of human nature.

As it is, foreign propaganda is by far our greatest danger. Ever since our Revolution the United States has been the most propaganda-ridden country on earth. But if we were a member of an international political partnership, with a vote, how much more powerful and active would be the effort to influence that vote by influencing American public opinion!

This very evil of foreign propaganda was one of the controlling reasons for Washington's Farewell Address.

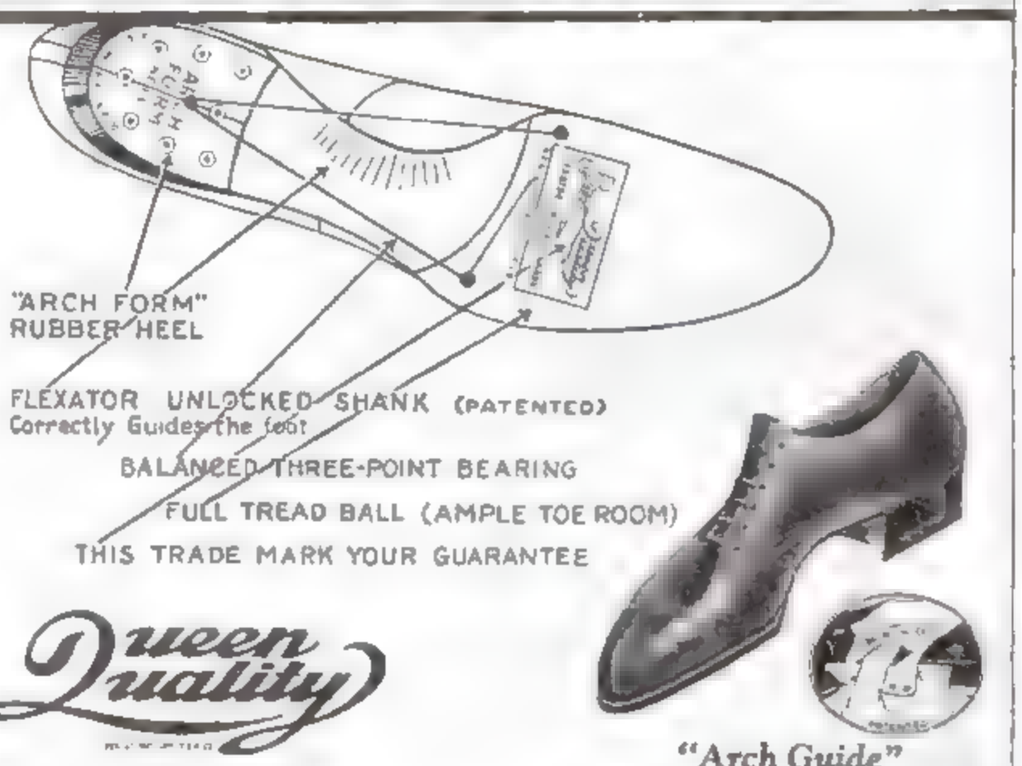
It was this very foreign propaganda that the Father of our Country was combating when he declared that passionate attachments for some nations and inveterate antipathies to others would be fatal to America.

It was to this very foreign propaganda that Washington directed his axiom "The nation which indulges toward another an habitual hatred or an habitual fondness is in some degree a slave—a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its true interests."

*As I write the newspapers carry a Paris dispatch that the Reparations Commission has issued "revised figures" showing "that Germany has paid in cash and material $1,642,-144,000."

On the other hand, the highest German estimate approximates $20,000,000,000.

The Oxford University debating team, now in the United States, publicly state in their notable debates that, up to the present time, Germany has paid on the "reparations" account $5,000,000,000 exclusive of colonies, merchant marine, iron and coal fields.



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Does that sound too good to be true? If it does, then let me tell you what J. R. Head did in a small town in Kansas. Head lives in a town of 631 people. He was sick, broke, out of a job. He accepted my offer. I gave him the same chance I am now offering you. At this new work he has made as high as $69.50 for one day's work.

You can do every bit as well as he did. If that isn't enough, then let me tell you about E. A. Sweet, of Michigan. He was an electrical engineer and didn't know anything about selling. In his first month's spare time he earned $243. Inside of six months he was making between $600 and $1,200 a month.

T. D. Wick is another man I want to tell you about. He worked in an office at $4.60 a day, but this wonderful new work has enabled him to make as much as $13.60 for only two hours' work.

T. D. WICK

Yes, and right this very minute you are being offered the same proposition that has made these men so successful. Do you want it? Do you want to earn $40 a day?

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Now about the proposition we have for you. Our [illegible] We [illegible] next few months we will [illegible] than three hundred thousand dollars for sending us orders.

And now I am offering you the chance to become our representative in your territory and get your share of that three hundred thousand dollars. All you do is to take orders. We do the rest. We deliver. We collect and you get your money the same day you take the order.

You can see how simple it is. We furnish you with a complete outfit and tell you how to get the business in your territory. We help you to get started. If you send us only six average orders a day, which you can easily get, you can make $100 a week.

Maybe You Are Worth $1,000 a Month

Well, here is your chance to find out, for this is the same proposition that enabled George Garon to make a clear profit of $40.00 in his first day's work—the same proposition that gave R. W. Krueger $ [illegible] net profit in a half hour. It is the same proposition that gave A. H. Spencer $625 cash in one month's spare time.

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Remember, it doesn't cost you a penny. You don't agree to anything and you will have a [illegible] right out and make big money. Do it. Don't wait. Get full details. Mail the coupon now.

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Please tell me how I can make $200 a week as your [illegible] Send me [illegible] of your [illegible] without any obligation on my part whatever.

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Retail price—including tax $27 50. Model 330 Stevens, latest 1923 double-barrel, hammerless shotgun, accurate and durable—with all the Stevens 59 years behind it. Stevens also makes a splendid line of single barrel guns

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Not accuracy of the moment—but accuracy that endures—lifetime accuracy.

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They *last*—these Stevens rifles and shotguns.

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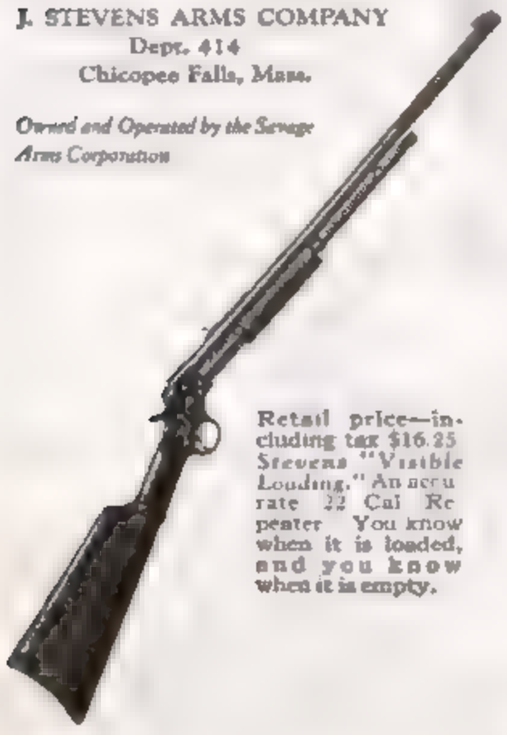

Retail price—including tax $16.35 Stevens "Visible Loading." An accurate .22 Cal. Repeater. You know when it is loaded, and you know when it is empty.

Stevens

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It was out of his own bitter personal experience that he asserted, with uncharacteristic feeling, that "real patriots, who may resist foreign intrigue, are liable to become suspected and odious, while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests."

As everybody knows, the sum of Washington's advice in his immortal address—one of the wisest and most farseeing documents ever written, if indeed it is not the ablest state paper of all time—is honorable friendship with all nations, political connection with none.

All Americans now see how sound and necessary the Farewell Address was when it appeared. Is it not infinitely more sound and necessary today?

Then our population was comparatively homogeneous—contrasted to our present situation, there were then practically no racial groups; now our population is, in comparison, heterogeneous—we are made up of racial groups.

Then foreign propaganda was by word of mouth, correspondence, a few newspapers; now foreign propaganda uses the stage, the screen, the lecture platform, and all the myriad methods of influencing public opinion; and ours is preëminently the age of publicity.

Foreign propagandists, in one guise or another, swarm over the land. Consider the eminent foreigners who have recently come to us and told us what to do—and others are coming.

That may be all right. It will prove to be innocuous, provided we recognize it for what it is, keep our Government clear and clean of all foreign political entanglements.

It is vital for us Americans to have in mind all the time, and especially when listening to foreign propagandists or reading their printed matter, these two simple but fundamental facts:

Foreign propagandists always strive to serve and advance the interests of their country, never the interests of our country; and it is a first condition of their success that they make us believe that the interests of their country and the interests of our country are identical interests.

Far worse than foreign propagandists themselves are those Americans who, for one reason or another, become attached to particular foreign countries. Whether they know it—and of course most of them are guileless—they are playing the game of their favorite and are much more effective than the agents of the foreign government engaged in propaganda work.

That is our situation now. But suppose that we were a member of the League or any other political contrivance among nations, with a vote and the attending responsibility: Cannot anyone see that, disturbing to our composure and disruptive of our national solidarity as foreign propaganda among us now is, when we are not in the League or court and have no vote, how much worse it would be if we were in any foreign political association whatever and had a vote with the commitments and responsibility that would attend the casting of that vote?

Is it not plain that, from every point of view, we Americans should maintain our traditional American policy of friendship for all nations and no political connection with any nation? And is not that tried and tested policy best, not for us only but for the world? Force applied to foreign nations to make them conform to our ideas is futile—example accomplishes much more without bloodshed or coercion. Let America be that example—an example of a happy and prosperous people made so by their self-restraint, their peaceful purposes, their institutions of orderly freedom, and above all their fortunate political detachment from ancient and alien feuds. For the good of the world, as well as for our own well-being, is it not better for us to continue to be the masters of our own destiny and an example to other nations?

NOT WANTED

(Continued from Page 7)

distinguished personage in the whole large roomful of important-looking people. Several of them gathered around to welcome Phil. Junior was presented. Their greetings to the son showed their warm affection, their high regard for the father. Junior wallowed in filial pride. If only Smithy could see him now! What a father! A citizen of the world who did big things and wore perfect-fitting clothes, cut by his Bond Street tailor in London—the finishing touch of greatness to a boy of Junior's age—and he recalled what one of the engineers had said to Aunt Mary, "Even in camp he shaves every day."

"Well, tell me how everything is going at school," said the father, who did not dream that he was being hero-worshiped.

But Junior could not be easy and natural, as with Aunt Mary. He blushed as in the presence of a stranger. He heard his own raucous voice and hated it. He took unnecessary sips of water.

He felt better and bolder after the delicious food arrived. Phil looked on with amusement, amazement at the amount the youngster consumed.

"Next year I hope you can find time to come down to see us at school," Junior ventured with his double portion of ice cream. "All the fellows want to meet you."

"I want to meet them," said his father. "This fall on the way back, maybe."

"Oh, you're going away again?"

"Next week I'm going up into the woods with Billy Norton on a long canoe trip. Some new country I want to show him. Trout streams never yet fished by a white man."

"Gosh! That'll be great," said Junior.

"Some day I'll take you up there. It's time you learned that game. Fly casting, like swinging a golf club, should begin before your muscles are set. Would you care to go on a camping trip with me?"

Care to! Of course it was the very thing he was doing all the time in his daydreams, but he could not say that to his father. He said "Yes, thanks," and paused for another sip of water. "You wouldn't—no, of course, you wouldn't want me to go along this time."

"Not this time. You see, I promised Billy. Some day though—you and I alone. Much better, don't you think?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't call me sir! Makes me feel like a master. I'm your father." They laughed at that and went back to the office. "Only take me a second to sign these letters," said Phil. Junior looked at the neat pile of them, again impressed by his father's importance.

"That's awfully nice paper," he said, coveting the engraved letterhead with his father's name on it, which was also his name.

"If you like it, take some," said Phil as he rapidly signed that name. "Help yourself, all you want. Wait, I'll get you a whole box." He touched a bell and a boy came in. "Get a box of my stationery and ship it to this address." He turned to his

(Continued on Page 141)

Hello Andy Gump!

HERE'S Andy Gump in good old 348, ready for a merry Christmas with the kids. Andy, himself, just as you see him in the papers performing his side-splitting antics. Here he is for every kid—ready to do new stunts all day long, to create more laughs and make more fun for everybody.

And while you're getting Andy, get the rest of the Arcade cast-iron toys for the youngsters. How they'll love the Yellow Cab—just like the big one it's every kid's ambition to ride in; the Ford Sedan to go to the nursery grocery store with; and the dandy Fordson Tractor to do the heavy hauling for every play-builder and play-farmer.

These toys are made of good, solid cast iron, strong and rugged. Painted in attractive colors. They're built to stand the man-handling only a kid could give them. No clockwork or springs. You know what that means—no "Daddy fix."

Andy Gump and his mates will give your kids a rollicking, jolly Christmas. They'll set them laughing and shouting and whooping. Put them down on your shopping list today, and look for them in the toy and department stores.

ARCADE
MANUFACTURING CO.
Freeport, Illinois

"Makers of cast-iron toys and hardware for 40 years."

No wonder the boy's delighted. A Keystone Standard watch is a gift that will please anyone.

It has the [illegible] Case in the combination [illegible] Gold Filled Case, in white and green [illegible]

Never before has it been possible to buy a fine Standard watch of this character at such an extremely moderate price.

The Keystone Standard is a design that will [illegible] It's a watch that men take from their pockets with pride and intense satisfaction. Isn't this just the gift for father, husband, brother or son this Christmas?

[illegible] Keystone Watch Case Company, [illegible] everywhere. If your jeweler does [illegible] at correspondingly moderate prices.

THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE CO., [illegible] New York Chicago Cincinnati San Francisco

KEYSTONE *Standard* WATCHES

WHY buy a player piano?

Because—

there is no one thing money will bring that contributes *permanent* pleasure at so low a cost as a player piano.

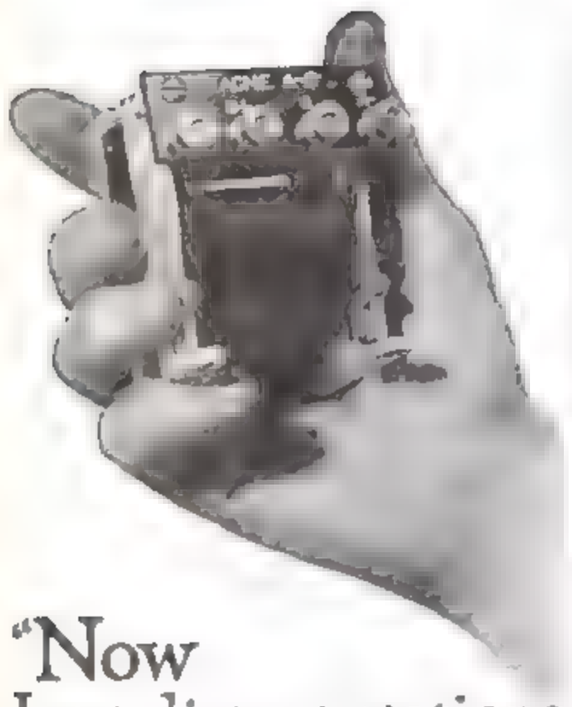
However—when you buy your player piano, don't fail to remember that there IS a difference in player rolls and that Q·R·S Player Rolls *are* better.

Ask your dealer to play over some of the late Q·R·S numbers

Q·R·S

(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)

PLAYER ROLLS *are Better*



"Now I get distant stations loud and clear!"

". . . my range at once increased so I get stations that I never got before, and I get them loud and clear, which is exactly what I wanted . . ."

RADIO energy from every broadcasting station in the country reaches your receiving set. Wonderful thought! But what does it amount to if you can only hear the nearby stations? It's when you hear *distant* stations as loud and clear as if they were in the same room with you—*that's* when you get the thrill! And that's what ACME offers you today.

The key to radio is amplification without distortion

TO INSURE maximum distance, volume and clarity for your set, two things must be done. First, the incoming radio energy must be built up in strength so that your detector will detect it. This gives distance. Second, the audio energy coming from the detector must be amplified without being distorted.

Acme radio and sound engineers, after long research, have perfected two instruments to accomplish these results. They are the Acme Radio Frequency Transformers, in three types, R-2, R-3 and R-4—for distance. And the Acme A-2 Audio Transformer for amplification without distortion. They sell for $5.00 each, and are on sale in most electrical and radio stores. Look for them in the set you buy.

The Acme A-2 Audio Transformer (see illustration above) with a ratio of 4.25 to 1 may be used with any vacuum tube now made, either dry or storage battery type. It positively eliminates resonance, the cause of distortion. When one Acme A-2 Transformer is used, it produces loud, clear sounds in any head set. When two are used, an Acme Kleerspeaker or other loud speaking device may be hooked up so that a roomful of people may listen.

Tens of thousands of experienced radio owners in the United States, Canada and Cuba use the Acme method to secure loud, clear broadcasting from stations five hundred to three thousand miles away. The results have been marvelous. Loud, clear radio concerts are now heard with sets which once seemed capable of producing only weak or distorted, almost unintelligible sounds.

Send for ACME *booklet*

"AMPLIFICATION without Distortion" an instructive and helpful book, explains how to secure best results with Acme Transformers on your own radio set (large or small); gives wiring diagrams of great help to building a set; clearly explains amplification and distortion; describes how to determine causes of poor results with amplification; how to get Audio and Radio Amplification in same vacuum tube—"REFLEX" System. Mail coupon with 10 cents (U. S. stamps or coin) to Acme Apparatus Company, Dept. 12, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.

ACME
~ for amplification

ACME APPARATUS COMPANY.
Dept. 12, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.

Gentlemen: I am enclosing 10 cents (U. S. stamps or coin) for a copy of your book, "Amplification without Distortion".

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Continued from Page 138)

letters again. "Then you won't have to pack it all the afternoon." Pack it? Oh, yes, out of doors men said "pack" instead of "carry." He would say it hereafter.

On the way from the elevator, as they passed through the arcade, Junior stopped to gaze with admiration at a camera in a shop window.

"Like one of those?" asked Phil. He led the way in. "Take your pick," he said. And then, "Ship it to this address."

It was the only way this shy father knew how to express his affection. It was not easy to say much to this boy. He seemed keen and critical under his quiet manner.

Before the baseball game was over—a dull, unimportant game—they were both talked out, each wondering what was the matter. "I suppose I bore him," said Phil to himself, and soon began thinking about his business. When their grand old time together was finished each felt a horrible sense of relief, though neither would acknowledge it to himself.

"Poor little cuss!" thought Phil. "I'd like to be a good father to him, but I don't know how."

And the boy: "I'm afraid he's disappointed in me. I'm so skinny and have pimples." If he were only a big, good-looking fellow like Smithy, who played on the football team, his father would be proud of him. Smithy's parents saw him almost every week in term time and took him abroad every summer. They were having his portrait painted.

"What kind of a time did you have with your father in town?" asked his Aunt Mary. Junior felt rather in the way at times, now that she had a husband

"Bully! Great!" and he made an attractive picture of it. "Father and I are so congenial, now that I'm old. Next summer we're going to the woods together."

"How do you talk to your kids?" Phil asked Bill Norton by the camp fire.

"I don't talk to them. They aren't interested in me except as a source of supply. New generation!"

"I'm crazy about my boy," said Phil, "but I have an idea that he considers the old man a well-meaning ass. Funny thing; that little fellow is the only person in the world I'm afraid of."

"No father really knows his own son," said Billy. "Some of them think they do, but they don't. It's a psychological impossibility."

Back at school again. A quick, scudding year. Summer vacation approaching already!

"We'd be so pleased if you would spend the month of August with us in Maine," wrote Blackie's mother. She had grown fond of the boy and was sorry for him. Motherless—fatherless, too, for practical, for parental purposes.

Junior, with his preternatural quickness, knew she was sorry for him and appreciated her kindness, but he was not to be pitied and his father was not to be criticized. "That's awfully good of you," he replied, "but father is counting upon my going up to the North Woods with him on a long canoe trip. Some new country where no other white man has ever been."

He went to the woods, but not with his father. It was the school camp—not the wild country his father penetrated; but there was trout fishing all the same, and he loved it. Like many boys who are not proficient at athletics, he took to camp life like a savage and developed more expertness at casting and cooking and canoeing than did certain stars of the football field or track. He had natural savvy. The guides said so. Besides, he had an incentive to excel. He was not going to be a nuisance to his father on the trip they would take together some day. And though he reverted to a state of savagery in the woods, he kept his tent and his outfit scrupulously neat and won first prize in this department by a vote of the counselors. For excellent reasons he did not shave every day in camp, but he would some day.

He learned a great deal about the ways of birds while he was in the woods, and back at school he persuaded Blackie to help organize The Naturalists Club, despite the jeers of the athlete idolaters. He took many bird pictures with the camera and he prepared a bird census of the township. This was published in the school magazine, and so Junior decided that when he got through college he would be a writer.

He had not seen his father for two years. South America this time—in the Andes. The canoe trip was no longer mentioned. Junior went to the school camp regularly now. He was acknowledged the best all-round camper in school. He won first prize in fly casting and the second in canoeing. He was getting big and strong, and became a good swimmer.

He spent his Christmas vacation with Aunt Mary, and while there Mrs. Fielding, the wife of the housemaster, in town for the holidays, dropped in for tea one day with Aunt Mary. They did not know that Junior was in the adjoining room, reading Stewart Edward White.

"But it's criminal the way Phil neglects that darling boy," said Aunt Mary.

"And he's developing in such a fine way too," said Mrs. Fielding. "He's one of the best liked boys in school."

"I can't understand my brother. Of course he's terribly engrossed with his career, now that he has won success, but he might at least send a picture post card occasionally."

"You mean to say he never writes to his own son!" Mrs. Fielding was shocked and indignant. And then came this tragic revelation to Junior:

"Well, you see," said Aunt Mary, "Phil never wanted children, and he's not really interested in the boy."

"You don't tell me so! Why, Aleck always speaks of your brother as if he were so generous and warm-hearted."

"Yes, that's what makes it so pathetic. He is kind and tries to make up for his lack of affection by giving Junior a larger allowance than is good for him. But he never takes the trouble to send him a Christmas present."

So that explained it all. "He's not interested in me. I wasn't wanted." And after that he had his first experience with a sleepless night.

A few days later Junior remarked, "By the way, Aunt Mary, did I show you the binoculars father sent me for Christmas?" He handed them to her for inspection. They looked secondhand. They were. He had picked them up that morning in a pawnshop. "These are the very ones that father carried all through the war. He knew I'd like them better than new ones. Just like father to think of that. You remember his showing them to us when he got back?"

Aunt Mary did not remember such things—he knew she wouldn't—but she rejoiced to hear it.

"He has sent me a typewriter too; only he ordered it shipped directly to school."

"That was nice of him, wasn't it?" said Aunt Mary.

"That's the way he does with most of the presents he sends me. You remember the camera?"

She did remember the camera.

The typewriter had been ordered on the installment plan. Junior hadn't saved enough money from his allowance to buy it outright.

"He's not going to get me a radio set until he finds out which is the best make on the market, he says."

"Oh, has he written to you?" Aunt Mary was still more surprised.

"Every week," said Junior.

"Oh, Junior! I'm so glad. But why haven't you ever told me, dear?"

Junior smiled. "I didn't want to make you jealous. He never writes to you."

"But didn't you know how I would want to hear all his news?"

"You are so terribly engrossed in Uncle Robert's career, I thought maybe you weren't interested in father."

At school the binoculars made a hit with the boys because they showed the scars of war, but no one thought much of typewriters as Christmas presents except Junior. He knew what he was doing.

A few days later, when Blackie entered the room he found his roommate engrossed in reading a letter and so said nothing until Junior emitted an absent-minded chuckle.

"What's the joke?"

"Oh, nothing; just a letter from my father."

"From your father? I thought he never wrote to you."

"What do you know about it?"

"Well, I never see any envelopes with foreign stamps."

"He always incloses mine in letters to my aunt."

"But you never mentioned them, all the same," said Blackie, "except the one about the White House."

"They are confidential, mostly." Junior returned to the absorbing letter. Presently he laughed outright.

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The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR
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is conveniently placed on the wall and forms a harmonious part of the decorative scheme. It is a beautifully designed and finished instrument—a thermostat with clock. This unit automatically maintains an even temperature; lowers temperature at night and raises it in the morning. The house is comfortably warm when you arise.

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A delightful new sanitary way of shaving without brush or lather that prevents all infection, soreness or irritation of the face.

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A whale of a tube for 50 cents

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Address

Mail to Pryde-Wynn Co., New Brighton, Pa.

"What does he say that's so funny?"

"Oh, hell! Read it yourself." Junior seemed irritated and tossed the bulky letter across to his roommate.

It had taken the boy some time to compose this letter to himself, for it required more than the possession of a typewriter and his father's engraved stationery to create a convincing illusion of a letter from a father. Junior had seen so few, except for those Blackie had allowed him to read, that he had no working model for long, interesting letters worthy of a great man like his father.

The first draft had begun "My darling boy," but he changed that—it sounded too much like Blackie's mother. He made it "My dearest son." He rather fancied that, but finally played safe and addressed himself simply as "Dear Junior."

My work here is going fine. I have three thousand natives at work under me not to speak of a hundred engineers on my staff doing the technikal work. I am terribly busy but of course won't let that interfere with my regular weekly letter to you.

Junior was watching Blackie's face.

I often think of the last canoe trip with you in Canada and can hardly wait until I take another canoe trip with you in Canada. Rember that time you hooked a four-pounder with your three ounce rod? You were a little fellow then, that was before you went away to school. Rember how you yelled to me for help to land same?

Business men always said "same," but Junior didn't like it, and besides, his father was a professional man, so he changed "same" to "him."

Of course it wasn't much of a trick for me to land that four pound trout on a three ounce rod, because I am probly the best fisherman in any of the dozen or more fishing clubs I belong to.

Junior revised that to read:

Because I happen to have quite a little experience landing trout and salmon in some of the most important streams in the world, from the high Sierras to the Ural Mountains.

It would never do to make his father guilty of blowing—the unforgivable sin.

He thought that was all right for a beginning, but did not know how to follow it up. He wanted to put in something about the Andes, with a few stories of wild adventure and hairbreadth escapes, but although he read up on the Andes in the encyclopedia, as he did on all his father's temporary habitats, he did not feel that the encyclopedia's style suited his father's vivid personality. In an old copy of the National Geographic Magazine he found a traveler's description of adventures in that part of the world, and simply copied a page or two. It had to do with an amusing though extremely dangerous adventure with a python, which had treed one of the writer's gun bearers—a narrow escape told as a joke—quite his father's sort of thing; and no one would ever accuse Junior of inventing such a well-written narrative with such circumstantial local color.

Blackie was properly impressed by the three thousand natives and one hundred experts, and he, too, laughed aloud at the antics of the gun bearer. He told the other boys about it, as Junior meant him to do, and some of them wanted to read it too. They dropped in after study hour.

Junior, it seems, required urging, like an amateur vocalist who nevertheless has brought her music.

"Oh, shoot!" he said. "It doesn't amount to anything. Just a letter from my father."

"Why don't you read it aloud?" suggested Blackie.

Junior seemed bored, but soon submitted. Like vocalists, he was afraid that they might stop urging him.

"Oh, very well," he said. He skimmed lightly over the opening personal paragraph with the parenthetical voice people use when leading up to the important part of a letter, though this was a very important part for Junior, to get it over. Then, with the manner of saying "Ah, here we are," he began reading in a louder and more deliberate tone, but not without realistic hesitation here and there, as if unfamiliar with the text. He read not only the amusing adventure with the python, but an authoritative paragraph on the mineral deposits of the mountains. So his audience never doubted that he had a real letter from a real mining expert who signed himself "Your affectionate friend and father."

Junior carelessly tossed the letter upon the table. "Some day I'll read you one of his interesting ones," he said.

"Do it now," said one of his admirers. "It's great stuff."

"No, I never keep letters," said Junior and, to prove it, tore up the carefully prepared document and tossed it in the fire.

"I'll let you know when I get a good one."

This was so successful that he did it again. There were plenty of other quotable pages in the same magazine article, and Junior had a whole box of his father's stationery. But at the beginning and end of each letter Junior always insinuated a few paternal touches, suggesting a rich past of intimacy and affection, though just to make it a little more convincing he would occasionally insert something like this, "But I must tell you frankly, as man to man, that you spent entirely too much money last term," and interrupted his reading to say, "Gee! I didn't mean to read you fellows that part." And they all laughed. A touch of parental nature that made all the boys akin.

The fame of these letters spread from the boys' end of the dinner table to the master's. Mrs. Fielding said to Junior one day, "I'm so glad your father has been writing to you lately."

"Lately? Why, he always writes to me. But don't tell my Aunt Mary. Might make her jealous."

Junior smiled as if he had a great joke on his Aunt Mary. There, he got that over too! Neither of these ladies would dare criticize his father again.

"Is your Aunt Mary so fond of him as all that?"

"Why, of course!"

"Well, I'm glad you're hearing from him, anyway. I so seldom see letters addressed to you on the hall table."

"I have a lock box at the post office."

"Oh," said Mrs. Fielding.

So that explained it all. It was true about the lock box. Junior exhibited the key while he was speaking, and he was seen at the post office frequently to make the matter more plausible. He even opened the box if anyone was around to watch him, though he never found any letters there except those he put in and pulled out again by sleight of hand, whistling carelessly as he did so.

Mr. Fielding had asked Junior to step into the office a moment. "What do you hear from your father?" he said.

"Oh, he's quite well, thank you, sir. He'll be starting for home soon. He says he's not going to let anything interfere with our canoe trip this year. It's the funniest thing how something has always happened every summer to prevent it. Father says we're going to break the hoodoo this time."

"I see," said Mr. Fielding.

Junior had heard Mr. Fielding say "I see" before, and he had been in school too long now to undervalue its significance. He would have to be on guard. He knew he had told conflicting stories.

"Do you hear from him regularly?"

"Oh, no; the mails are so irregular from that part of the world."

"How often?"

"Well," said Junior, with his engaging smile, "not so often as I'd like, of course. But then he's a very busy man."

"That story about the python—it sounded like a corker as Blackie told it secondhand. Mind letting me read that letter?"

"Sorry, sir. I destroyed it." Blackie would vouch for that, if necessary.

"I see." The head master looked at Junior in silence, then he said with a not unkind smile, "Junior, I'm very fond of your father. He's one of the finest fellows that ever lived."

"Sure," said Junior.

"I've known him longer than you have. I don't think he ever did anything dishonorable in his life."

"Of course not."

What was coming? He must keep his head now.

"You know how your father would feel if I couldn't honestly say the same thing about you?"

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Fielding?"

"Just tell me the truth, Junior, and it needn't ever go out of this room. Does your father ever write to you at all?"

"Why, sir, you don't think my father is the sort who wouldn't write to his own son, do you?" Then the boy added desperately, "I don't see why you all want to make him out a piker."

"Did your father write the letter describing the fight with the python?"

(Continued on Page 144)

Protects

LOOSE keys grind and wear and tear your hand-bag. They crawl into out-of-the-way corners and refuse to be found when you want them. Or they form tangling alliances with your kerchief and flip out and jingle across the sidewalk to disappear down a grating.

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PUBLIC RESPONSE to the new Warner pictures has been spontaneous and gratifying. North, South, East and West—theatres have been overflowing with crowds eager to see the new Warner Classics.

To create these *greater pictures*, Warner Bros. have engaged producers, directors, actors and cameramen of international reputation.

This gathering together of the foremost available artists and technicians under the Warner banner has produced a great new series of pictures which set a *new standard of screen values.*

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Directed by Sidney Franklin

Lenore Ulric, famous Belasco star and idol of the stage in her impersonation of "Tiger Rose," now registers the success of her career in Warner Bros. screen version of this great drama. Coming soon to the better theatres.

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With WESLEY BARRY

Can you imagine a senator of the U. S. A. getting peeved at his son for following *literally* the veracity of his hero, George Washington! You may find it difficult to stretch your imagination thus far—but just see Wesley Barry in Warner Bros. new screen classic "George Washington Jr." Coming soon to the better theatres.

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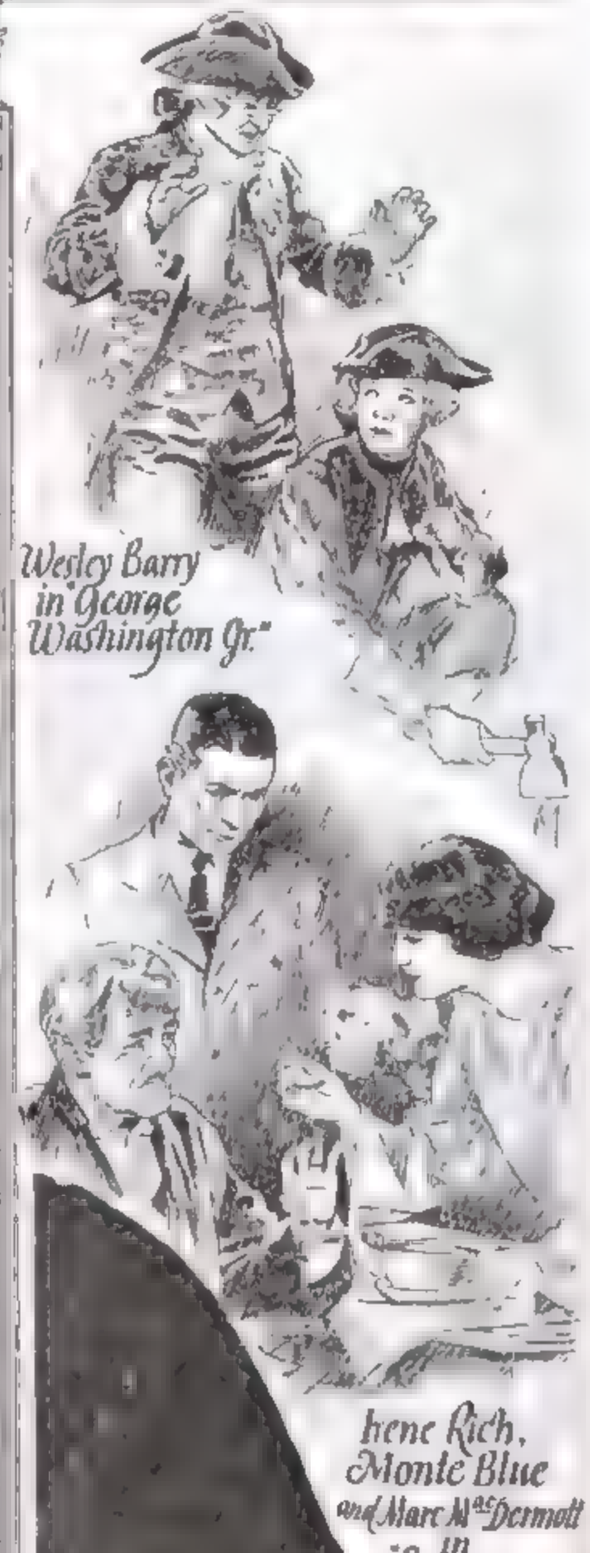
"LUCRETIA LOMBARD"
With IRENE RICH and MONTE BLUE
A Harry Rapf Production

Will True Love eventually triumph? Does Providence intervene to bring mated souls together? These mysteries of life are handled masterfully in Warner Bros. great film drama "Lucretia Lombard." A notable screen triumph. Coming soon to the better theatres.



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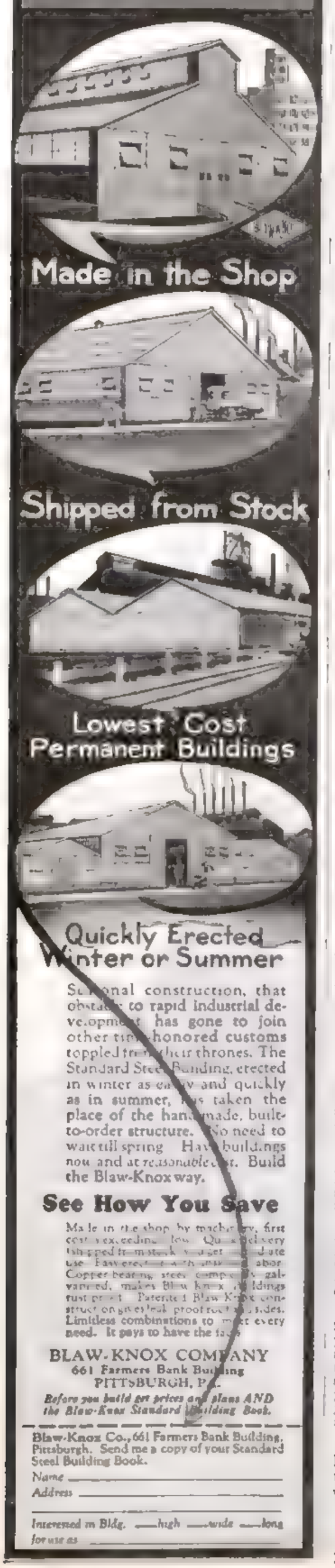

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Blaw-Knox Co., 661 Farmers Bank Building, Pittsburgh. Send me a copy of your Standard Steel Building Book.

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(Continued from Page 142)

"Look here, Mr. Fielding, you people don't understand. I'm better friends with my father than most boys. You see, my mother's dead and all that. So—well, don't you see, he sort of takes it out in writing me long letters. He thought that stuff about the python would amuse me."

He was a loyal little liar and the head master admired him for it. But it wouldn't do. Mr. Fielding opened a drawer of his desk and took out an old magazine.

"Does your father take the National Geographic?"

Junior crumpled up.

"I don't know, sir." He was in for it now—caught. Mr. Fielding opened the magazine and pointed out a marked page to Junior.

"Junior, I know you won't accuse an honorable gentleman like your father of stealing another man's writings, passing them off as his own. There's an ugly name for that. It's called plagiarism."

He had tried to defend his father, and look at the result!

"I wrote those letters, Mr. Fielding."

"I knew that," said Mr. Fielding gently. "You won't do it again, though, will you, Junior?"

"Hardly."

"That's all. You may go now."

Junior turned at the door. He knew that this was not all. He was being let down too easily.

"Mr. Fielding ——" he began, and hesitated. "It won't be necessary for you to tell my father, will it?"

"I won't tell him, but you will."

"No, sir, I could never do that."

"Well, we'll see. Good night, Junior."

So he could write no more letters to exhibit to the boys. He explained that his father had gone on a long expedition inland. No chance for mail for months. They made no comment, but the whole house knew that he had been summoned "to the office." They suspected something, but they would never discover the truth from him. He would bluff it out to the end.

But now, more than ever, he wanted letters from father, even if written by himself. He had formed the habit. They somehow did him good. They made him feel that his father was interested in him.

So, once in a while, just for his own eyes, when Blackie was not around he opened the typewriter and said all the things he wanted his father to say to him. As no one would ever see these letters, he could go as far as he liked. He went quite far. He even said things that only mothers said:

My darling son: Don't you care what he thinks about you; I understand and I forgive you. You meant it all right and I like you just the same, even if you are not an athlete and have got pimples. When I get back we'll go off to the West together and live down this disgrace. Your devoted father and friend.

Sometimes he laughed a little, or tried to, when he realized how these letters would bore his distinguished parent. But while writing them his father seemed not only fond of him but actually proud of him. A writer can invent anything:

I was so pleased to hear your poem about the meadow lark was accepted by the magazine. Your article about Birds in Our Woods was very interesting and very well written. I believe you will make a great writer some day, and think how proud I will be when you are a great writer, and people point to your picture in the newspapers! I'll say, "That's my son; I'm his father." Of course, I was disappointed that you did not become a great athlete like me, but intellectual destinction is good if you cant get athletic destinction, and it may be more useful for a career.

He got a good deal of comfort out of being a father to himself, and sometimes the letters ran into considerable length, unless Blackie butted in. His father, it seemed, even consulted him about his own affairs:

I am glad you aprove of my taking on the San Miguel project. I think a great deal of your business judgment and it is great to have a son who has good business judgment even though he cannot make the team. In that respect it is better than making the team, because you can help me in my problems away off here just as I help you with your problems up there at school.

He enjoyed writing that one, but when he became the reader of it, that last sentence made him cry. And the worst of it was, at that point Blackie came in.

"What are you writing?"

"Just some stuff for the mag."

"You're always writing for the mag. Get your racket and come on."

"Oh, get out of here and quit interrupting my literary work." Junior had not dared to turn his telltale face towards his roommate.

The school year was closing, and Junior was packing to leave the next day. The last time he had gone to town he learned at the office that his father was returning soon. They did not know which steamer. They never did. The secret letters had all been kept carefully locked in his trunk, and now Junior was taking them out to put neatly folded trousers in the bottom. Blackie was playing tennis. None of the boys had learned the truth, though in secret Blackie felt pretty sure of it now, but was so loyal that he had a fight with Smithy for daring to say in public that Junior's letters were a damn fake.

Mr. Fielding came in. He did not notice the letters lying there on the table, and he seemed very friendly. The housemaster knew how fine and sensitive this boy was and that the only way to handle him was by encouragement. "We are all much pleased with your classroom work, Junior; but as for the mag, you're a rotten speller, but a good writer, and I don't mind telling you a secret: You have been elected to be one of the editors next year."

"Oh, Mr. Fielding! Are you sure?" This had been his ambition for a year. That settled it for life. A great writer like W. H. Hudson, who loved both nature and art, but nature more.

"Of course your appointment has to be confirmed by the faculty, but there'll be no trouble with a boy of your standing. All you have to do is straighten out that little matter with your father. Naturally, an editor has got to have a clean literary record."

This was not meant entirely as punishment for Junior. The master thought it would be salutary for Phil to know. It might wake him up.

"You mean, I can't make the mag unless I tell him what I did?"

"Do you want me to tell him?"

"If you do I'll run away and I'll never come back."

"Can't you get up your courage to do it, Junior? I know you didn't mean to do wrong. Your father will, too, when he understands."

Junior was shaking his head.

"It isn't a matter of courage," he said, straightening up. "He'd think I was knocking him out for not writing to me."

"Well, if you won't talk to him about it I must. He'll be here in a few minutes."

"A few minutes! Here? Why didn't you tell me?"

"He landed yesterday. The papers ran an interview with him this morning. I telegraphed him to come at once." Mr. Fielding looked at his watch. "Why, his train must be coming in now. Excuse me. I said I'd meet him at the station."

A mental earthquake turned Junior's universe upside down. His father was coming at last! Why? His offense must have been pretty serious to bring his father. Why, of course! Mr. Fielding had sent for him. The most honorable gentleman in the world was going to find out in a few minutes that his own son and namesake was a liar, a plagiarist and a forger. Junior could not face it. He rushed from the room and out by the back stairs. His father was coming, the thing he planned and longed for ever since he had been a member of the school, and he was running away from him.

He went out into the woods by the river, where he had spent so many happy hours with Blackie and the birds. He could never face Blackie again, nor the school, no, nor his father. Life was empty and horrible. "Why not end it all in the river?" He had read that phrase, but the impulse was genuine.

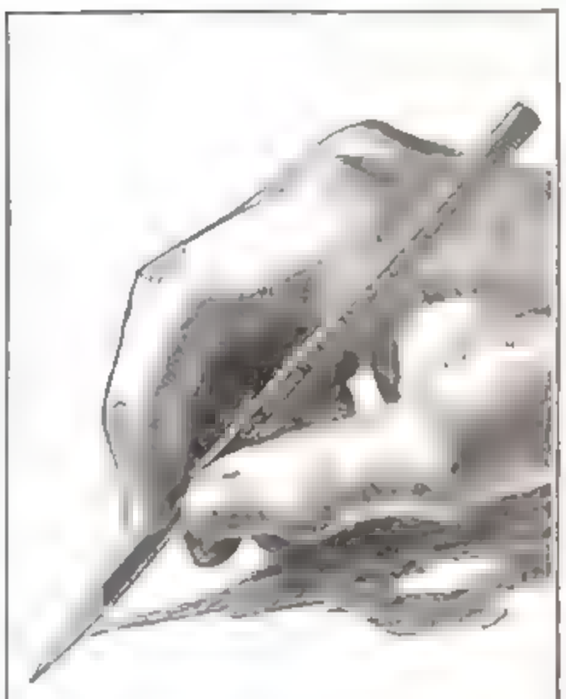
"The hell of it is," he heard himself saying, "I'm such a good swimmer."

But he could load his coat with stones and bind his feet with his trousers. He began picking out the stones.

"Well, what is it?" said Phil to the housemaster, trying to hide his paternal eagerness. The boy was in trouble, the old man would get him out. Good! Needed at last. "Has my young hopeful been getting tight?"

"Oh, nothing as serious as that. He's a finely organized, highly evolved youngster, and so he has a rather vivid imagination."

"Speak up, Aleck! You haven't caught him in a lie? That's a good deal more serious than getting tight."



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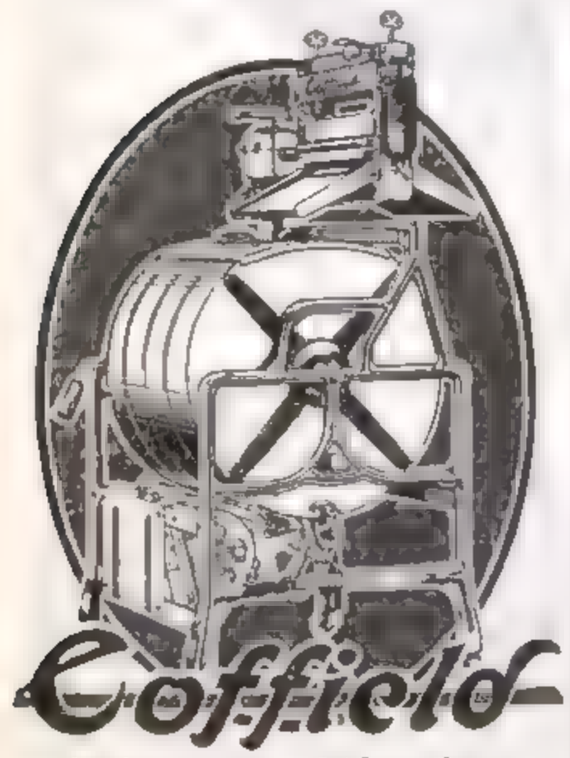

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"Well, it's a likable lie."

"It's a lie all the same, and I'll give him the devil."

"Oh no, you won't. The kid lied for you, old man; perjured himself like a gentleman. Now you go and get it out of him. It'll do you both good." They had arrived at the house.

"Where is the little cuss?" Phil was trying without success to seem calm and casual.

"He's no longer little. You won't know him. He's come into his heritage of good looks at last."

"For God's sake, shut up and tell me where to find him."

Fielding laughed. "Upstairs, second door on the left. I won't butt in on this business. It's up to you now." But Phil did not wait to hear all that.

Not finding his namesake and glancing about at the intimate possessions of his little-known son, Phil was surprised to see a sheath of letters on the table, bearing his own engraved stamp at the top.

"That's odd," he thought. "Who's been writing to him on my paper?" He had forgotten the presentation box of stationery. His eye was caught by these words neatly typed, "My beloved son." At the bottom of the page he saw, "Your faithful friend and father." He picked the letter up and read it.

As I told you in my last, I am counting the days until we get together again and go up to Canada on another canoe trip, just you and I alone this time without any guide. You have become such a good camper now that we don't want any greasy Indian guides around. I am glad that you are a good camper. I don't care what you say, I'd rather go to the woods with you than Baly Norton or anybody because you and I are not like ordinary father and sons; we are congenial friends. Of course you are pretty young to be a friend of mine and you may be an ugly and unattractive kid, but you are mine all the same, and I'm just crazy about you. They say I neglect you, but you know better. All these letters prove it. Your faithful friend and father.

Junior's father picked up the rest of the letters and, with the strangest sensations a father ever had, read them all.

Perhaps it was telepathy. Junior suddenly remembered that he had left the letters exposed upon the table. His father would go upstairs after the talk with Mr. Fielding, to disown him. He would find those incriminating letters. Then when they found his body his father would know that his son was not only a liar and a forger but a coward and a quitter. In all his life his father had never been afraid of anything. If his father were in his place what would he do?

That saved him. He dumped out the stones and ran back to the room. He would face it.

Phil was aware that a tall slender youth with a quick elastic stride had entered the room and had stopped abruptly by the door, staring at him. There were reasons why he preferred not to raise his face at present, but this boy's figure was unrecognizably tall and strong, and Phil was in no mood to let a young stranger come in upon him now.

"What do you want?" he asked gruffly, still seated, still holding the letters.

There was no answer. Junior had never seen a father disown a son, but he guessed that was the way it was done. He saw the letters in his father's hands. Certainly, this was being disowned.

The boy took a step forward. "Well, anyway," he said, maintaining a defiant dignity in his disgrace, "no one else has seen those letters, so you won't be compromised, father." The boy was a great reader, and had often heard of compromising letters.

Phil sprang up from his chair, dropped the letters and gazed into the fine sensitive face, a beautiful face, it seemed to him now, quivering, but held bravely up to meet his sentence like a soldier.

Junior could now see that his father's strong face was also quivering, but misunderstood the reason for his emotion. There was a silence while Phil gained control of his voice. Then he said, still gazing at the boy, "But how did you know I felt that way about you?"

"What way?"

"Those letters. I've read them. I wish to God I'd written them."

Junior, usually so quick, still could not get it right. "You mean, you're going to forgive me for lying about you?"

"Lying about me! Why, boy, you've told the truth about me. I didn't know how. Can you forgive me for that?"

Now Junior was getting it. His face was lighting up. "Why, father," he began, and faltered. "Why, father—why, father—you really like me!"

Junior felt strong hands gripping his shoulders and once more the vivid recollection of the street boys and the big man who comforted him. "You know what one of those letters says, Junior—I'm just crazy about you."

"Oh, father, why didn't you ever tell me?"

"Well, what's the use of having a great writer in the family anyway!"

They laughed and looked at each other and found that the strange thing that kept them apart was gone forever. In the future they might differ, quarrel even, but the veil between them was torn asunder at last.

The rest of the boys had finished dinner when Junior came down, leading in his tall bronzed father with the perfectly fitting clothes and the romantic scar on his handsome face.

"Say, fellows, wait a minute. I want you to know my father." He did it quite as if accustomed to it, but Mrs. Fielding down at the end of the table could see that father and son both were reeking with pride. "He's my son; I'm his father."

"So this is Blackie?" said Phil. "Did you give him that message in my last letter?" Even his father could lie when he wanted to.

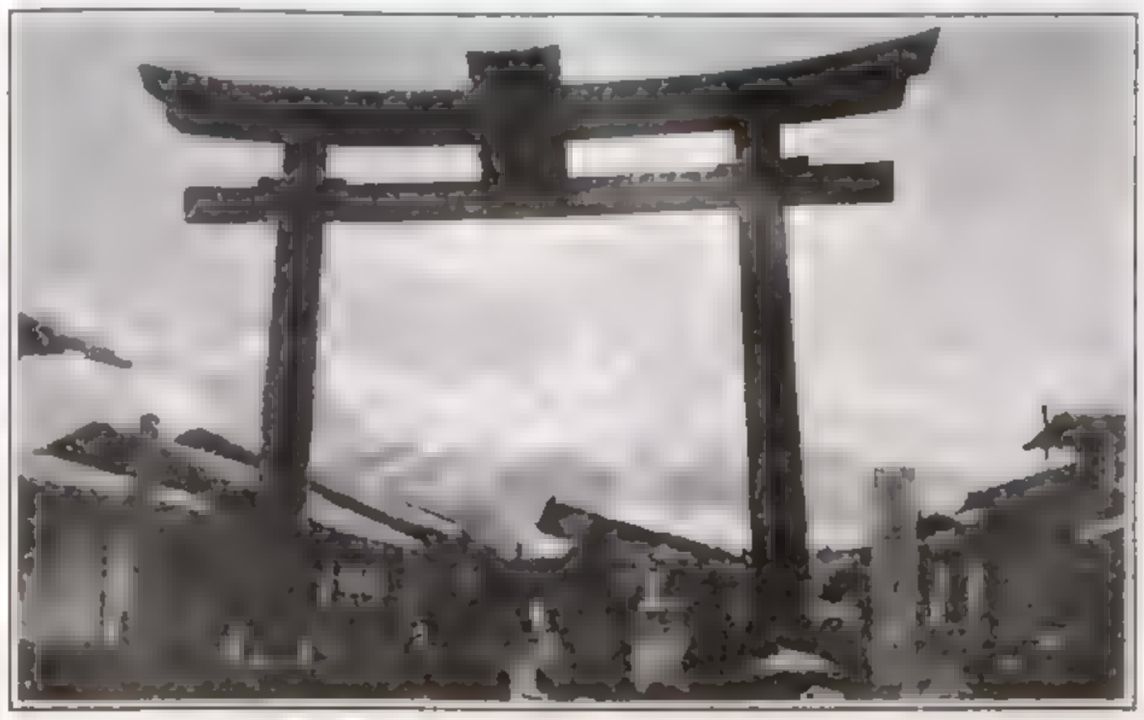
"Sorry, I forgot."

Phil turned and gave his old classmate a shameless wink. "I can't really blame the kid. I write him such awfully long letters."

"Father just landed from South America yesterday," Junior was explaining to Smithy. "So he hurried right up here."

"You see we're starting for the Canadian Rockies tomorrow," said Phil. "This fellow's got an impudent idea that he can out-cast the old man now, but I'll show him his place."

Mr. Fielding took the floor. "Junior ought to get some good material for the magazine up there," he said. "Boys, he's going to be one of the editors next year."



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I BEAT THE BUILDING GAME

Continued from Page 14)

houses it is a gloomy, damp forest of pipes, coal bins and preserved fruit. We intended to have no cellar at all, but we had to have a foundation; and since our lot slopes five and a half feet in the length of the house, we were able to excavate two feet, put in windows in the foundation walls and make a room. When we got well into it we saw that we had a room twelve by nineteen, which could be furred off and plastered. In that we could put the heater and the coal bin, as well as the hot-water heater, partition it off and have a brilliant dry room left besides.

It is the most popular room in the house. It is a study. The infant was easily taught to keep out—a thing which would have been impossible had the stairway been in the room above.

The plan of this house is the worst thing, theoretically, that the layman can indulge in. It is an amateur plan. I hold no brief for it except to say that it worked out beautifully and that my bills of cost were low. I do not let my right hand know what my left is doing, for my right sings the praises of the scientist and technician, the chemist, the architect, the contractor. But my left built a house, not cheaper than they could, but cheaper than they would. They cannot afford to build as I did. They might be accused of poor workmanship. But then they never have to pay the overhead; I knew that I would have to. So it is that though I know I beat the building game for my own purpose, I do not expect the technician to admit that I did.

Having decided upon the dimensions and the plan of our house, I went out as the family representative and searched for lumber. I did not call on my local lumberyard for an estimate. I went to the secondhand dealer. Secondhand lumber looks like something the Japanese earthquakes have dealt with, except that the nails have been pulled out. This hunch about it was straight out of my boyhood. When I was an adolescent I got a job with the contractor who was wrecking the old high school back in my Wisconsin home town. I pulled nails for a couple of months for seventy-five cents a day, in a day when a dollar a day was mighty fine pay, as the old ditty runs. I remembered that stuff as being well seasoned and sound. I remembered how carefully it was saved in those days when lumber was so cheap they used it for nothing except barns. I figured it was good enough for the stronger members of my dwelling. I hunted up the stuff. I found that there are dealers in such material in almost every city of the United States, and in New York a hundred or more, and that especially in the regions near army-camp locations there is a raft of it on the market.

Secondhand Lumber

Some of this stuff it pays to buy and have shipped to you—an easy thing to do, because there are dealers everywhere who handle mail orders. Some of the stuff it distinctly does not pay to buy and the dealers were frank to say so. Anyway, I made up a carload. I bought doors and door frames, subflooring, top flooring for unimportant rooms, windows and window frames, sheathing, joists, studs and girders. I could have procured much more of my stuff that way, but when I had made up my carload I stopped, thinking I would not need more material which could be bought secondhand. I could have bought the entire roof and the material for the garage, but I missed those bets. We did not expect to have enough money to build the garage in those first days.

And as a matter of fact, the cheapest lumber, such as that under the shingles or composition material on a roof, can be bought new and will be delivered to your door about as cheaply as the old stuff. When you buy secondhand your dealer is likely to be at a distance, as in our case, making it necessary to pay freight and truck charges at your own end. But on the other hand, much of the material I bought was just the right length and did not need to be cut. The studs fitted. The stringers could be matched. Something may have been saved there. At any rate, when my carload of stuff was on the ground, and I figured its total cost, a local contractor asked me about it.

When I said that the carload had cost me $700 delivered he whistled and said, "There is $2000 worth here."

I don't believe it, but I don't know. Prices are certainly awfully high. The lumberman from whom I bought some special doors, new flooring, the roof, extra windows, sheet plaster, siding and the materials for the garage insisted that I saved very little. We might put it this way: The stuff I got from him, as you will note in my bill of particulars later on, also cost me a little over $700 delivered. Some of it was cheap stuff, too, but I certainly got more bulk for my money the first time.

Right here I ought to say, too, that one commonly feared bogy did not exist for me. I did not expect to incur the displeasure of the local lumber dealer, even though he knew I bought the secondhand stuff. He would have liked to convince me that I had made an error. But he was glad to get what business I was able to give him. He gave me credit when I needed it, just as did the secondhand dealer. It seems to me that the fear of offending people by the methods you choose to pursue is highly exaggerated as long as the buyer doesn't go around bragging. My air was one of humiliation—isn't it too bad I had to buy secondhand stuff for my house?—although secretly I was as elated as any woman at a bargain counter anywhere. That love of an advantageous purchase isn't any more feminine than it is masculine.

Saving on Masonry

While I waited for the carload of materials to arrive I shopped around to make a contract for my foundation. Little good that did, because it was only by luck that I managed to find masons who were not too busy to spare me a week or two. The labor shortage all through was the greatest difficulty I had to face. But I did make a contract. The best I could get was the promise to do a good job and to charge me forty-five cents a cubic foot for the finished foundation. The contractor wanted to make the wall eighteen inches thick above ground, increasing the cost to me by an actual 50 per cent. There was a lot of wall above ground because of the dip of the land. One of my books, by a civil engineer, told me that a wall should be fifteen to eighteen inches underground and may—for a wooden house, at least—be not more than twelve inches thick the rest of the way. Since I was paying by the cubic foot, you see the saving arrived at through this lucky piece of knowledge. The price my mason gave me for the wall was in consideration of my furnishing the field stone for it. If he furnished it himself, his price for the wall was to be sixty cents a cubic foot. Somewhere in school I had learned that there are twenty-seven cubic feet to the cubic yard, so with the aid of a pencil I saw that his extra fifteen cents a foot for rock figured to four dollars a yard for stone. The local price is two and a half, delivered, or a saving on my material of approximately sixty dollars.

That does not mean that my mason was not a perfectly honest man. He is one of my good friends today, and a man after my own heart in almost every way. But he is working for a profit, which in this case was to have been sixty dollars for his management in having the stone brought up to my foundation. I managed that matter myself. I must have put in a half day at least taking care of that item—we had decided not to use the field-stone wall on the property. But I did it in the evening after coming home from my office. So I rightfully took the sixty dollars' profit, meaning a saving in the cost of our house. This whole detail is outlined here because it is a characteristic saving. It is the real heart and soul of the whole business of being an amateur contractor, of building a house, as I did, far under the conventional cost.

There were many, many of these items, some of which can be told as we follow through, but a lot which I cannot hope to remember. To me they are the savings of extra or spare-time work, the most profitable spare-time work I ever undertook. They in turn are often dependent upon being able to establish credit. The contractor is getting a banking profit as well as his handling profit. He has credit with the banks for his operations, or if not he is using his own resources. You must do the same, from your savings account, from your bank or from persons who will extend

(Continued on Page 148

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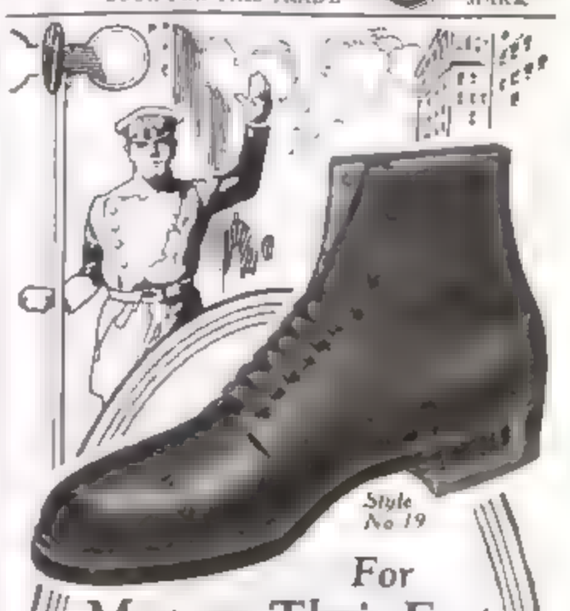

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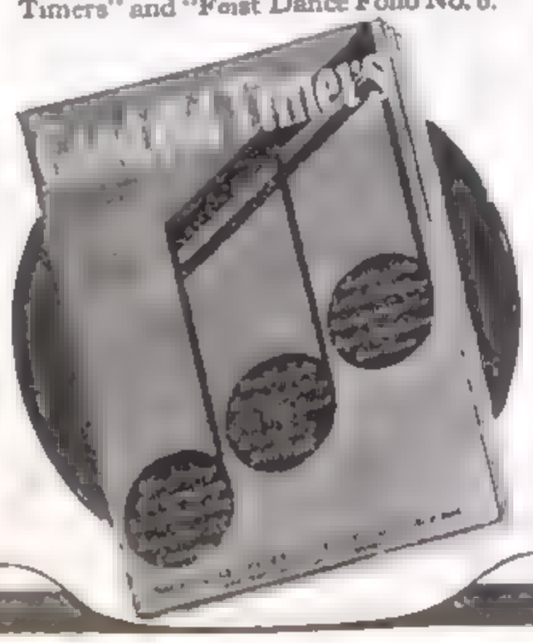

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(Continued from Page 146)

credit to you. They in turn usually get their credit from the banks. I was astonished to find how willing they are to extend this credit to you. And yet why should they not? The automobile dealer and the musical-instrument man, as well as most dealers in goods, work on this plan as a matter of course. So does a large proportion of the big businesses of the country. As never before, I understood from the lessons learned in being my own contractor how business is done on credit throughout the world. I had known the fact, of course, but I had never seen it really in operation. There isn't a fraction of enough currency extant to carry on the business of the United States on a cash basis.

With the foundation of the house up and in readiness for the attack of the carpenters, the plan thoroughly decided upon of course, we had to get men. For a while it did not look possible to hire a carpenter, let alone two, which we felt we needed. We finally located one forty miles from us. He had a friend who always worked with him. He wanted 50 per cent more than union wages, or twelve a day. His companion wanted ten. The union rate was eight. The twelve-dollar man was capable of being the foreman and I was to give him one laborer at five dollars a day. These three were to frame the house and garage. But the two from Jersey City had either to be boarded six days a week and their car fare paid home for the week-end, or else they were to commute that long journey every day. Their commutation figured to about a dollar a day apiece, and we arranged for that as the cheaper way. So my men cost me eleven dollars and thirteen dollars respectively. With the laborer, my pay roll ran to about $160 a week.

That is my specific misfortune, for I might have saved $200 or $300 had I been able to get men at regular wages, or a dollar or two above the scale. I should have been able to do so had we not been in such a great hurry to get a place to live. We had to move on June first and we did not get started until the frost was out of the ground. The foundation took about two weeks and the rest of the house and the garage a little less than two months. The secondhand lumber arrived, the carpenters went on the job and almost like magic the rough framework rose. The men went ahead as though they knew their jobs. I saw them each morning before I left for my office, discussed the job for five minutes, made what little decisions were up to me, ordered the materials they asked for and then forgot about it for the day. Each evening when I got back I looked over what had been done. Once I had to be away for ten days while they went on. My wife took my place, ordered what they asked, consulted with them.

Faithful Workers

Perhaps your head like mine has been full of the idea that the modern artisan is a loafer and a cheat. Perhaps you are convinced by the paragraph above that I was just a lucky idiot to have conscientious, well-trained men on the job. I wish I could cry from the mountain tops that such is not the fact. I have had a lot of experience with workmen since, and I am full of the theory that the overwhelming majority of workmen are more honest and more interested in their work than most office people. I have employed men who were noted as soldierers and had them work as hard as anybody could have asked.

The secret of it is being a human being with them, treating them with the respect to which they are entitled and making sure that they are getting some personal rewards besides the mere pay envelope. Obviously, these men knew their jobs much better than I knew them. I pretended no superior knowledge. I tried to be sensible and responsible and to respond to their suggestions. When I disagreed I offered to shoulder the loss in time or materials involved—in their opinions—in doing it my way. Those three men built my house and they know it. They are proud. They kept reassuring me as they went along that it was going to be strong and handsome. The laborer spent at least half his time grading and working outside. He had ideas on how it should be done. The carpenters could not use all his time, so the pact we made was for him to do odd jobs such as building dry grade walls when he had time. He became more and more full of suggestions. Together we combed his ideas and mine and decided which to use.

In spite of this miracle which I discovered half by accident, of course—I was still the suspicious amateur. I confess, although I am ashamed of it, that I watched those men from afar at times when they did not know I was watching. I sneaked upon them like a private detective, at various hours of the day, half a dozen times just to make sure that I was not being made a fool of. The clang of shovel on rocky soil, the ring of hammer striking nails square on the head, the call of a voice, "Hey, Jack, bring up that two-by-four over by the nail keg. Make it snappy," invariably met my ears.

My whole faith in human nature, half destroyed by some unfortunate business deals with unscrupulous men, was restored. These chaps were honest, and so have been all the men I have continued to use. Once or twice I hit a bad one. You can tell him often as not by the way he is treated by his fellow workers. Their pride of achievement is hurt by the delay due to one sluggard. When I came back home after my ten-day trip Gus was right after me.

"Oh," he said, "I wish you had been here to see how long that porch rail took! I had to dress each piece with a plane. I'm afraid you may think there is not so much done as there should be."

Then he called my wife in to obtain her evidence. She told me when we were alone that he was worried all the time I was gone because the work seemed to be going too slowly, and that he actually hurried it along at top speed, faster even than when I had been there.

The Matter of Plumbing

This may seem a hopelessly optimistic view. I submit that it is my experience and that it interlocks perfectly with my own theory of the matter. I think the loafing worker is due to the low-grade foreman or a shortsighted policy in management. I think the worker of today has the same pride of achievement that the old-time guild worker of England had, the man who signed his work with his mark on the corner stones of masonry walls. As to whether or not they get more money than they should, or are not so well trained as they used to be, I can make no generalization. I got my money's worth, but that is merely a particular instance from which I dare not generalize.

On many of the adjuncts to a house it certainly cannot pay to try to save money except so far as you want to drive individual bargains if you can. I did not play with that very much. I did get two or three estimates on the plumbing, the electric lighting and the heating. I checked those estimates with estimated costs charged my friends under fairly similar conditions. I learned, for instance, about what were the usual charges per electric outlet in my territory. I found that a good contractor bid a little lower than the amount I had expected. The heating went the opposite way, and since we wanted hot-water heat, it proved the most expensive accessory, one for which we paid as much as you would for a much more expensive house of the same size.

At the plumbing bids I rebelled. I went through the half-finished roof of my house almost literally when I opened those offers to do my work. It seemed to me that the prices asked were at least double what they should have been. I looked up prices. The more I studied the more certain I became. In the whole course of my building operation the incident of the plumbing represents the one time I threw caution to the winds and blew myself to one grand, red-faced, high-tension rage.

The bids were for supplying and installing a bathroom, a kitchen sink, a shower bath and a hot-water heating system. I asked one man if he would separate the items of the various appliances from the other supplies and labor. He did so. Then I went out to shop. I know that theoretically there are no seconds or slightly damaged bathtubs, closets, sinks and other things on the United States market. The seconds supposedly are shipped for export. Perhaps all of them aren't. I don't know the secrets of the industry. Maybe I got stung with seconds, but I do not think so. I bought a bathroom outfit on Thirty-fourth Street, New York—not the smallest, cheapest stuff, either—for seventy-six dollars, or less than half the price on my lowest bid. Add the kitchen sink, the hot-water tank and the kerosene water heater and the whole bill was under $130, including as

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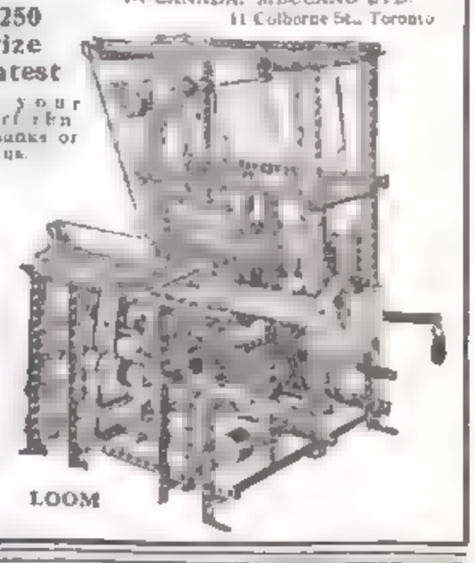

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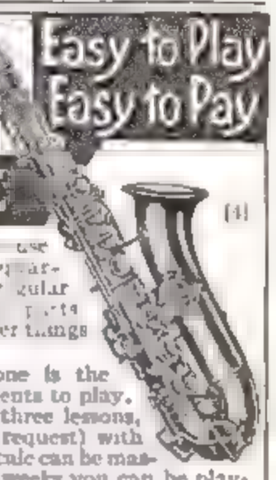

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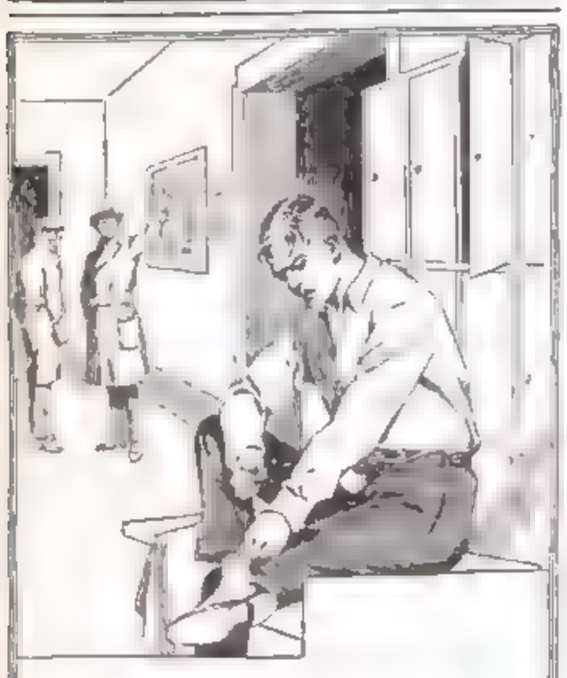

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good a shower-bath head as I have ever noticed. I made no bargain. I merely walked into a plumbing-supply house, paid twenty dollars on the order, agreed to pay a sight draft on arrival, and asked for immediate delivery. The whole thing came by freight within forty-eight hours—thirty-five miles—and was brought from the station to the house by motor truck. The delivery charges were under ten dollars. On the estimates, which were not for better materials at all, I saved $140.

Perhaps I got stung. I don't know. I don't care—except that they look and behave well. Nothing is broken. Everything is satisfactory.

Then I went out and hired my own plumber, asking him to supply pipe and other necessary fittings. I asked him how much he thought it would all come to. I told him I wanted merely to be prepared for his bill. I did not want an estimate to hold him. He figured it at about $160. His bill was almost $190. My plumbing thus cost me just over $300. My lowest contract bid had been $643.

I cannot explain this incident. I can see no reason for it. It is the one thing about my building of the cottage that smacks of an attempt to gyp me. But after I had gone around this job, my heating contractor, who had put in one of the high plumbing bids, looked over my completed water system and said, "I did the heating, but don't tell anyone I did the plumbing. Lord, what a job!"

Maybe so. Perhaps his practiced eye doesn't like the joints or the way the pipe runs. But I had told him I wanted no fancy work or prices, merely good value for as little money as was consistent with material satisfaction. That I know I got. I do not know that the plumbers he would have sent would have been any better than the one who did my job. As a matter of fact, I think that bird was alibi-ing himself and spoofing me. Well, he is a good man, and many a good man is in business for the money there is in it. I am.

Saving on Flooring

Just as the plumbing was not to be fancy, neither were the floors nor the trim. My economically inclined philosophy is that we spend too much money on frills in building our houses. So I used plain white pine boards for whatever trim was necessary. They cost aplenty, and I like them better than stuff with the added cost of millwork on them. I should like them better fitted than ours are, but our trim was put on by my carpenters, not by joiners. It probably would have cost us $500 more to have made the trim beautiful. No professional house builder would do it as we had it done. There are occasional angles slightly askew. I warned you in the beginning that we put economy first. Yet after all it is the ensemble that counts, and that is good.

The floors are cheap and have not been hand-worked enough. The new stuff, for the living room, was the cheapest flooring on the Eastern-seaboard market, North Carolina pine Number Two, or second grade. We saved perhaps $150 on that one room, which is twenty-six by thirteen feet. But the floor, since it has been stained and waxed, is rather handsome than ugly. The cottage has no pretenses and the floor fits it. The other rooms are floored with the secondhand stuff, and that looks remarkably well after a coat of stain and wax.

In the living room we used a two-coat instead of a three-coat plaster—float finish, or sand finish, it is called. It is a bit rough in work as well as being like sandpaper to the touch. As a matter of fact, we have had more favorable comment on it than on any other ordinary feature of the house—beyond the beauty of the living-room proportions.

It was amazingly cheap, a very light gray in color—gypsum color—a bit spotty. It might be painted, papered or kalsomined, but we are letting it stay in the natural, partly because it costs nothing this way and partly because we find that we like it and that other people think it beautiful. As it ages it will improve. Perhaps we shall get tired of it, but perhaps we won't.

Most of our trim is painted, the work done in our spare moments with white lead, oil and color. The baseboards are stained and waxed to match the floors. But the outside job, with the exception of the window frames, has no paint at all. The siding is the conventional cedar. Cedar does not require paint. Redwood does not either. But we did not like the bare boards. That was a little too plain even for us. It would be all right after a few years, but it gave the house an unfinished look.

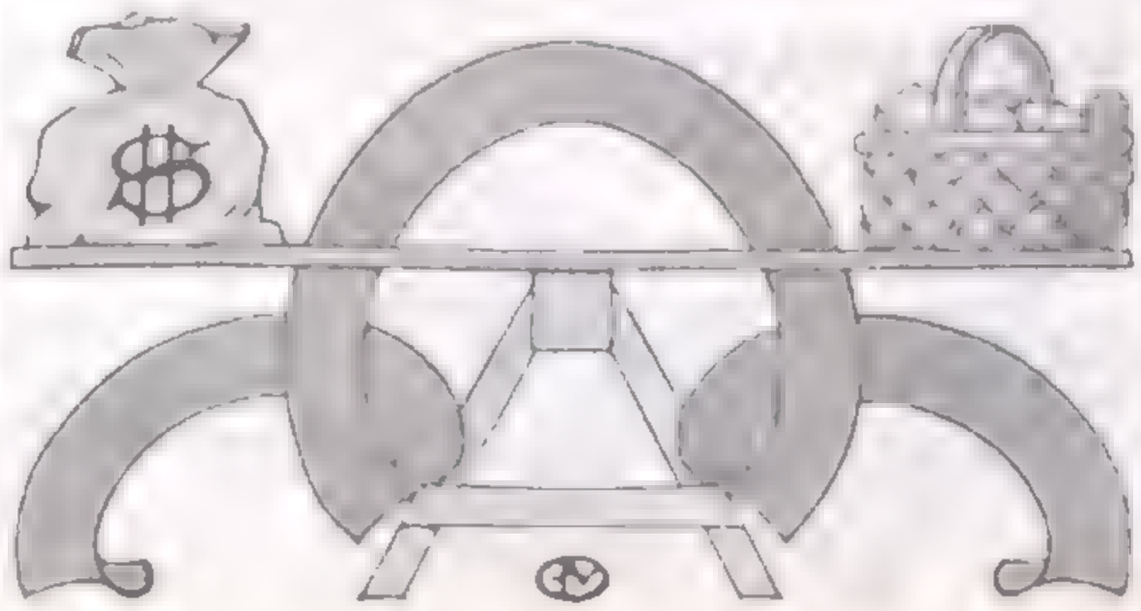
Fixed Screening

Creosote can be used in a case like that. Creosote is, according to the United States Forestry Service, the best wood preserver anyway. It coagulates the albuminous material of wood and makes it resistant to decay. We bought creosote stain enough for the house for less than ten dollars. It is sold in almost as many colors as paint. We chose a light gray, almost transparent, and had the laborer put it on with a paintbrush. The whole job cost us about twenty-five dollars. Paint would have been over $200, counting wages and materials. The result was all we could ask. We sought to make the boards look as though they had weathered for twenty years. We did not quite get that, but we got an effect we liked rather better than the one we had imagined.

We have not put in a fireplace. We arranged the flue for it, and it will improve the looks of our room as well as the joy of it. We have screened our porch with copper. We found that it would be a splendid outdoor dining room for the whole summer; in fact, for four and a half months. So we got a bid—$260 for the job. I was aghast. I gave it up. Then I went down and bought the screening at the local hardware store, got some furring strips and put in a holiday saving more than $200. It took two of us about twelve hours to nail up the strips and tack the screen to them. The cost was less than thirty dollars. The screen is fixed, for why should it not be? Weather does not hurt copper and we have not the bother of taking down frames and putting them up each year. The porch is not used in winter, and since it faces the woods, the screens—almost invisible, anyway—cannot mar the appearance of the house when they are not actually needed. In fact, that seemed so slick to us that we tacked copper screen over the windows in the same way.

We have a large attic, but no cellar. That room in the cellar which we enjoy so much has in it the coal bin, heater and hot-water-supply tank. They are segregated. There are some pipes overhead. But the ceiling and walls are plastered with the cheap two-coat stuff. You may not believe me, but it is a beautiful study, an honest room, well lighted because it is largely above ground and has windows; above all, private. It has its own radiator. It is better looking than an old-fashioned farmhouse room with a base-burner.

The bedrooms are small; the shower bath, our second bath, is a snide from the



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conventional point of view. It is inclosed, under the porch, draining to its individual, barrel-like cesspool. It has hot water, of course. It is there for summer bathing. The whole family reveled in it. The neighbors came to use it—our colony is an intimate little group. The baby cried "Bah, bah, bah" whenever he saw a bath-robed figure going in the direction of the shower, and on hot days always joined. The result was that he was the cleanest infant for miles around. He had a shower three or four times a day. After tennis it was a common thing for three or four people to be waiting to use it in turn instead of going on home to their own tubs. But in winter that is shut off and we have but one bath. That's why I say our second bath is a bit of a snide, but I whisper with pride that its estimated cost is less than fifteen dollars

As I said, there are details of savings that I cannot remember and details which are too small to which to give space. The whole saving is somewhere between $1500 and $2000, though it is really impossible to estimate it. It is made up of many small items and only a few big ones, just as are all profits in any business.

But that is merely the saving we made on what we built. We feel that we have what we needed and what we like at less than $5000, including garage; we feel that we could not have obtained it by any other means than those we used. No contractor is willing to be so materialistic. He probably would say shoddy. We literally could not get a house big enough for our family for less than $10,000.

So what I see is that we did an economic thing, a thing which anyone else can do if he likes, even though we frankly did in many ways cut into those standards of suburban house building which are fine. We sacrificed some beauty and a great deal of slickness or finish. But we did not skimp on the things that really matter to us—the insulated double walls, floors, the highest grade heating system, a great lot of electric outlets. There is one exception, perhaps, though if you think it one I shall have to disagree. We used a cheap roofing material, guaranteed for fifteen years. I should prefer tile, slate, asbestos, copper or zinc, or something more permanent and more fireproof. I think for us it was good economy, since it saved us $500 or $600, and there is always the fact that expensive stuff might have seemed out of place had we used it on such an unostentatious cottage. It looks well, however, for we cut it into strips a foot wide and attached it to the roof in a way which is slatelike in appearance.

In no two jobs will the savings be precisely the same. The facts that impressed us were how many are possible to any individual who wants to take courage and go try it. As I look back on the adventure it seems inevitable that we saved. The possibilities are so many that for every bet you lose there is another to make—probably a bigger one.

Here, for reference, are the costs we could not avoid, as taken from my daybook and according to bills actually in hand. I have not included in them the planting, but I have included the grading. Even the awnings are there, bought at a special sale, before the roof was raised:

Excavation and masonry	$[illegible]
Secondhand lumber, windows, and so on	[illegible]
New lumber, millwork, roofing, sheet plaster	731.00
Labor and commutation	1,147.24
Building loan legal charge	100.00
Plumbing fixtures	130.50
Plumbing, labor	185.00
Plastering and chimney	300.00
Heating plant	575.00
Electric lighting	[illegible]
Awnings	12.25
Stain	14.00
Screening	28.00
Engineering survey	30.00
Cartage	52.00
Paint	23.00
Total	$4,709.49

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy

Instructions to Final Pen Inspectors

Your training has fitted you for the exacting work of final inspection, upon which rests the responsibility of insuring satisfaction to our customers and Conklin users, through the perfection of our product.

You are the direct representative of the Management, to which only you are responsible.

Your authority to reject any product that does not conform to Conklin standards is final.

User Satisfaction Founded in Maker Integrity

That people expect more of a Conklin pen or pencil is, in a very real sense, a tribute to Conklin. For it is a fact, of course, that people are never really critical of a product until they know it is the leading article of its kind.

Which, undoubtedly, is why men will excuse defects in a lesser pen or pencil that they wouldn't tolerate in a Conklin, simply because they know the Conklin is the best made.

The Instructions to Final Pen Inspectors printed here are an earnest of what you may expect of a Conklin—an earnest of the longer life and better writing service that are so generally recognized as being guaranteed only by the name Conklin.

Back of every Conklin pen and pencil is an undeviating policy. That policy becomes a personal pledge to you the moment you select your Conklin.

And it is true of pens and pencils, as of everything that is made, that the surest guarantee of user satisfaction is to be found in the integrity of the maker.

Every Conklin sale—anywhere—carries with it the merchant's honor, and our own—and you may select your Conklin with the confident expectation of a long, long period of the finest writing service in the world.

Instructions to Pen Assembly and Inspection Department

Each employee in this department has a responsible duty to perform. The thorough and careful manner in which your work is done will enable us to keep our pledge with Conklin customers and users, viz., Conklin Pens and Pencils are guaranteed to perform satisfactorily under all conditions.

To Pen Inspectors:

As all manufactured parts are received from the factory you are to check sizes and dimensions as to their accuracy in accordance with our standards as shown on the blue prints and specifications.

You are to observe carefully that the character of workmanship as to finish and other details are in accordance with our written specifications to the factory. Special stress should be directed to the following points:

A—That the taper of the cap and barrel are the same to insure perfect fit.

B—That the threads on both the barrel and the cap are true and that they engage each other perfectly.

C—See that the section is inserted into the barrel neither too tight nor too loose.

D—The opening in the barrel for either the Crescent or the Lever must be true to the axis of the barrel.

E—That the chasing or engraving on the barrel and cap is perfect.

To Pen Assemblers:

A—Securely cement the ink reservoir to the section and straight in line with it.

B—The Crescent and lever filler must fit and operate freely in the barrel.

C—The lock ring must engage the Crescent ½ of its circumference in either direction from the open end.

D—The clip must be securely attached and in line with the cap.

E—The gold pen must be inserted firmly into the section at the prescribed distance extending beyond the end of the feed.

F—The feed must be adjusted firmly against the gold pen but not in such a manner as to cause undue strain.

To Final Pen Inspectors:

Your training has fitted you for the exacting work of final inspection, upon which rests the responsibility of insuring satisfaction to our customers and Conklin users, through the perfection of our product.

You are the direct representative of the Management and to which only you are responsible. Your authority to reject any product that does not conform to Conklin standards is final.

Instructions to Pencil Assembly and Inspection Departments will be published in a later advertisement.

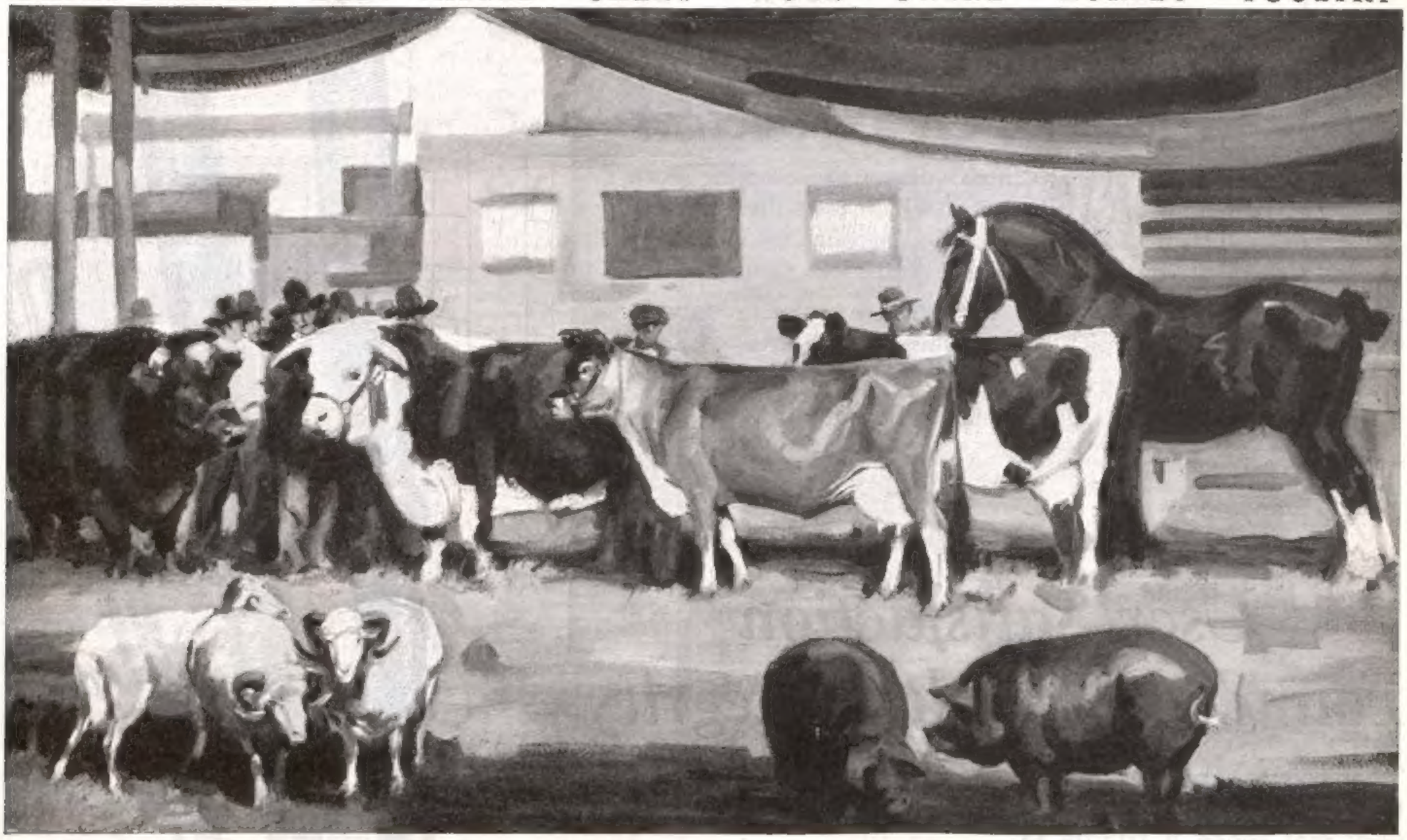
Conklin—Toledo

Boston San Francisco Chicago London Barcelona

Conklin

Pens - Utility Sets - Pencils

DAIRY CATTLE • BEEF CATTLE • SHEEP • WOOL • SWINE • HORSES • POULTRY



THE HOME OF THE PUREBRED

PLAINS where ranged vast herds of shaggy buffalo. Mountain valleys where the wild sheep grazed. Forest glades where deer found pasturage. Such—scarce more than a lifetime back—was the Pacific Northwest!

Rich pastures, clear streams and a kindly climate made this region ever a Land of Plenty for Nature's creatures.

Today—under the hand of man—the same natural advantages have made it a dairy land and livestock land supreme. Within a few short decades it has swept ahead to world pre-eminence.

* * *

Conditions, indeed almost ideal, favor the stockman and dairyman in the Pacific Northwest—climate, elevation, water, minerals and a wonderful abundance and variety of foods for all seasons of the year.

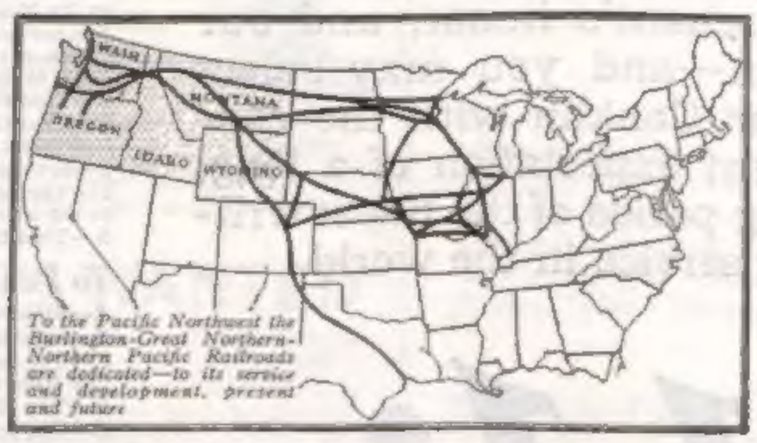
In the livestock industry these factors have contributed greatly to an exceptionally sturdy, high-producing stock and to a progress in purebred development that has made the region famous.

In dairying the same favorable conditions have put the industry on a plane second to none. The cows of this dairyland lead the world in average production.

It is significant that America's largest livestock show is now the Pacific International Livestock Exposition, held every year at Portland, Ore., exhibiting the stock of Montana, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Wyoming, together with showings from several other states and British Columbia.

* * *

Opportunities for stock raising are many and varied. They include specialization in beef cattle on large ranges; the breeding of purebred stock; the raising of stock in connection with diversified farming. They are to be found in the raising of beef, sheep, swine, horses and poultry.



As for dairying—no other region in the United States, it may be confidently stated, offers such rich opportunities. From Montana and Wyoming to the coast, the call and the opportunity is for more farmers to keep small herds, more farmers to specialize in dairying, more farmers to raise purebred stock.

Local and outside markets are growing. An effective, successful machinery for marketing, manufacture, and distribution is well established. Land of all kinds suitable for dairying and all kinds of stock raising—improved and unimproved, irrigated and unirrigated—is plentiful.

If you are engaged in, or wish to engage in, dairying or any type of stock raising, *investigate the Pacific Northwest*. Visit it if possible. Let us put you in touch with reliable sources of information.

Write for interesting book
"The Land of Better Farms"

Address: P. S. Eustis, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R., Chicago, Ill.; A. B. Smith, Passenger Traffic Manager, Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.; A. J. Dickinson, Passenger Traffic Manager, Great Northern Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

The PACIFIC NORTHWEST

The Chicago Burlington & Quincy R.R.
The Northern Pacific Ry.
The Great Northern Ry.

The Land of Opportunity

Burlington Route
NORTHERN PACIFIC

The dinner that failed

The long-anticipated dinner to the Pembertons had come and gone. Alice had never planned better things to eat, nor looked more charming. Yet, of all parties, this, to his employer's family, had not been served smoothly. Alice felt it keenly, and almost tearfully laid it to the lack of silverware. She explained that spoons and forks had had to be washed between courses and that she had done without several of the necessary pieces. Silverware, he realized in that moment, was about as important as any item in the equipment of the home. He wondered why they didn't have enough. Economy, probably; but certainly false economy. They must get more at once!

Are your wife's dinners handicapped by the lack of silverware?

WITH an important dinner in prospect, can your wife depend upon her silverware to meet every requirement—to make entertaining easier? Or does she often have to limit her guests and to suffer disappointment because the meal is not served as graciously as she *and you* desire?

Perhaps she has felt that to provide all the pieces she needs would be both difficult and expensive. But it is neither!

In 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate you can complete your table service at surprisingly small expense. And you can buy in quantities as small as you wish. A half-dozen table forks cost only $7.50. Other pieces are priced as sensibly.

But every 1847 Rogers Bros. pattern comes in all the different kinds of pieces the most particular hostess could desire. There are the refinements of the well-set table—bouillon spoons, ice cream forks and oyster forks—and fancy serving pieces that add beauty as well as convenience to the table settings.

For more than three-quarters of a century "1847 Rogers Bros." has stood supreme in richness of designs, beauty and guarantee. When you need more pieces you can provide them easily; for leading dealers everywhere have the newer 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns in stock.

Our booklet L-90, "HOW MUCH SILVERWARE," has been written as a guide to the sensible purchasing of silverware for families of various sizes. Its conservative estimates are based upon actual experience. You will find it very helpful. May we send you a copy?

International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

Dinner Fork HERALDIC PATTERN

HERALDIC VEGETABLE DISH AND CHOP DISH

Two practical pieces that match the knives, forks and spoons of the Heraldic pattern. There are also tea sets, water pitchers, trays, and even vases to match the newer 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

© Bain News Service

GIGLI — Victor Artist

Following in the footsteps of other famous artists, Gigli naturally became a Victor artist to insure perfect reproduction of his voice. Every one of the sixteen records he has made has been personally approved by him before being issued. Among them are:

	Double-faced	
Andrea Chénier—Un di all' azzurro spazio	6139	$2.00
Favorita—Spirto gentil		
Africana—O Paradiso!	6138	2.00
Faust—Salve, dimora		
Serenade	645	1.50
Santa Lucia Luntana		

© Mishkin

GALLI-CURCI — Victor Artist

Because the Victrola and Victor Records only are equal to the task of perfectly reproducing her interpretations, Galli-Curci chose to become associated with the other great artists of the world who make records for the Victor. Her forty-nine numbers include:

	Double-faced	
Sonnambula—Ah! non credea mirarti	6125	$2.00
Sonnambula—Come per me sereno		
Traviata—Ah, fors' è lui	6126	2.00
Rigoletto—Caro nome		
Chanson Indoue	631	1.50
Coq d'Or—Hymne au Soleil		

ELMAN — Victor Artist

Every one of Elman's seventy-one Victor Records is a reason why he is a Victor artist, for such absolute fidelity of reproduction can be secured through no other medium than the Victrola and Victor Records. Hear these selections from his Victor repertoire:

	Double-faced	
Thaïs—Meditation	6100	$2.00
Coq d'Or—Hymn to the Sun		
Humoresque	6095	2.00
Serenade—Ständchen		

Victrola No. 111
Spring motor, $225
Electric, $265
Mahogany or walnut
Other styles $25 to $1500

The Victor Company originated the modern talking machine and was the first to offer the public high class music by great artists. Victor Supremacy began then. It has been maintained by the continuing patronage of the world's greatest musicians and by the merit of Victor Products.

In buying a talking machine consider that you must choose the Victrola or something you hope will do as well, and remember that the Victrola—the standard by which all are judged—costs no more.

To be sure of Victor Products see the following trade-marks—under the lid of every instrument and on the label of every record.

Victrola

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Look under the lid and on the labels for these Victor trade-marks

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.